

Women's Weekly

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Bearded 24-year-old John Jones, who found a nickel mine at Scotia, Western Australia — a mine that might be worth \$100,000,000 (see pages 8 and 9) — with his sheepdag, Trelawney, Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON

 Singing great-grandmother Jessie Ross, nearly 80, has stormed, laughing, into N.S.W. show business

NOW I understand why hurricanes have female names. Right this minute a new and devastating one is lashing Sydney, Her name is Jessie Ross.

But instead of leaving tears and destruction behind her, Jessie, of the Sophie Tucker voice and enormous bulk, leaves laughter and

More important, she proves that life — and, who knows, perhaps stardom! — begins at 80.

Jessie Ross, who is "nearing 80," stormed into the

ing 80, stormed into the public eye when she came first (in a tie with a young jazz group) on a Sydney television talent show. She sang "Rambling Rose."

In her big black hat, trimmed with plastic roses, her billowing black dress — whose skirts she kept kicking up to reveal yellow bloomers, which she made from kitchen curtains, and a saucy blue-ribboned garter

Since her debut more television shows (as well as radio interviews) have followed. People packed the two Sydney night spots where she appeared as part of her prize. interviews)

Kissed her

One man, in fact, was so overcome by her perfor-mance that he jumped on stage and kissed her.

Fan mail is starting to pour in And young auto-graph-hunters follow her through the streets of Katoomba, N.S.W., where she lives, as though she were the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Jessie Ross, war widow, great - grandmother, pen-sioner, and senior citizen, has arrived.

Jessie certainly devastated photographer Ron Berg and me. We met in the tiny weatherboard house where she lives with her two black cats, Richard Burton ("I

she lives with her two black cats, Richard Burton ("I don't know where poor old Richard is today, love!") and Elizabeth Taylor, Dressed up in the incred-ible outfit that brought her fame, and cost her less than \$1, Jessie (or "Rose" as she's often called because of her partiality for roses and partiality for roses and rose" songs) was singing to ome children. They

"Don't forget to photo-

graph my famous garter," she told Ron, as she posed for a picture.

She thrust out a yellow-bloomered leg, her ropes of beads jangling as all 16 stone of her shook with laughter.

Still chuckling, she roared, "I look horrible when I'm serious. I want to look happy because I am happy."

Jessie, who burst into song at the slightest provocation, sang a snatch of "Every little breeze seems to whisper breeze seems to whisper Louise." She certainly looked

happy.
"I want to make other people happy, too. That's my aim in life." (Jessie has certainly cheered up

- By -VALERIE CARR

Katoomba's pensioners. She not only entertains them in song but she raises money for them. In return they have made her an honorary life member of their association.)

"Everyone has a sad story to tell," Jessie went on. "You have one." She pointed a scarlet-tipped finger at me. "So have you." She looked at Ron.

And, so, I discovered when the children left and the laughter stopped, has Jessie

Her vital statistics which, Her vital statistics which, she quips, are those of a barn ("Only, a barn is buffeted by the elements. I buffet the elements") have overshadowed—and influenced—her whole life.

"We fat people laugh a lot, love, but it's really our defence. You see, we don't want people to see how much their jokes hurt."

Surrounded by admirers' gifts, and faded photographs, and toys she sometimes sings to in her acts, Jessie still looked like an old-time music-hall artist. But now the laughing mask was slipping.

What I saw behind it moved me.

"I was always big and fat. Do you know, when I was a child I would hide if we had visitors. The first thing they'd say was, 'Oh, isn't she fat'."

fat."

Jessie's gaiety, which is never far away, sparkled.
"Even today people'll say the same thing to a fat child. But now it's a tactful, 'You look as though you've lost weight'."

At school Jessie's class-mates treated her like a freak. Consequently she was always playing truant.

At one stage she even left and found a job in a boot factory — until someone wanted to see her birth cer-tificate. She was 13. Of course, back to school — and all the hurt — she

had to go.

Her robust size wasn't
Jessie's only problem. Her
childhood was also dark with

She was the youngest of 11. Though she jokingly says she first discovered she had half-moons on her nails while handing things over pawnshop counter, her blue eyes cloud.

Jessie's past, in fact, is sometimes too painful to talk about.

"We were very poor people — just put that."

But even in those dark days she knew how to laugh. Because her family couldn't afford toys, the youngsters made the best of what they

d.
"I remember once being in the yard among the chooks and using two hair brooms as crutches.

"I was hopping around all over the place having fun, when a family friend saw me." Jessie roared with laughter. "She thought I was really hurt, Afterwards, my threatened to give

mother threatened to give me a belting."

Her voice softened. "Of course, she didn't. She was a wonderful woman."

As she grew older, Jessie admits, she "wasn't a badlooking sort." She was even slim — or "slimmer" — for a few too-brief years.

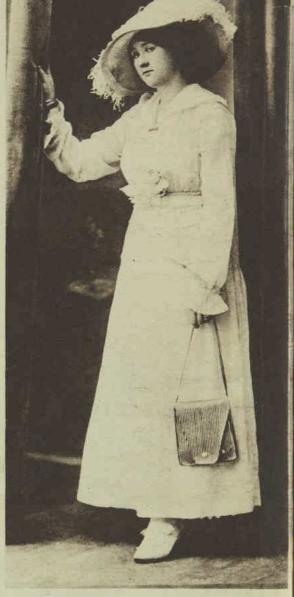
"But it didn't last long. I began working, and, of course, I was eating better. I used to go to Paddy's Market and buy 'spoilt' tins of condensed milk for two-

Fancy dress

It was about this time Jessie found a wonderful escape: skating at the old Exhibition Hall, "where the Redfern swimming-pool is

She loved dressing-up, just as she does today, and now she could, for fancy-dress contests.

"One time," she re-membered, "my nephew dressed up as a baby, got into a pram, and I pushed him around the rink.



 Jessie in 1915. Note the rose tucked in her waistband. Even then, Jessie, whose favorite songs are about roses, was partial to them.

"I'd blackened my teeth and pinned a notice to the pram, 'Made in Australia.' But the pram kept collapsing. It was so funny"— laughter shook her— "we won a special prize."

Another time Jessie bor-rowed a "marmalade" suit from a World War I soldier ("Detention soldiers were known as 'marmalades' because they lived on bread and marmalade"),

The imaginative girl stuck pieces of Austra-lian bush all over it, then added a notice saying, "This bit of the world belongs to

"I didn't win a prize, but I got into a lot of trouble. They wanted to know where I'd found the suit. You see, I wasn't supposed to have it in my possession."

Jessie's size also ruled her working life. She never felt

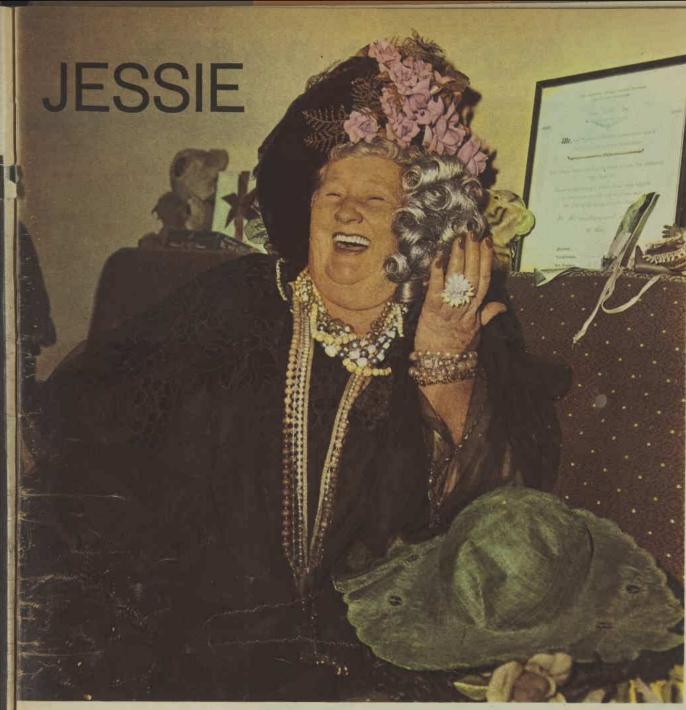
she belonged, so she we constantly in and out of jobs

Machinist, saleswoman, waitress, model for bigger figures ("They called me a structure, not a figure!")—
Jessie tackled all her jobs with the same gusto she sings with today.

Once she even looked after the children in the early Australian film "Sons of Matthew," directed by famous film pioneer Charles

But the job she'll never forget was the time she cooked for eight gold-miners. It was at Horseshoe Bend, on the Clarence River, NSW

"You won't find it on the map, love. It was about 72 miles from the nearest town — not that it was much of a town! There was only one store."





 Patting the hair-piece which a Katoomba hairdresser gave her, Jessie sings, "I have second-hand curls, and second-hand pearls..."
"Second-Hand Rose"
is one of her favorite
songs. Her dress,
about 50 years old, once belonged to an English stage actress.
"Why not take all of me?" sings Jessie, in another song. Then she laughs: "There's just so much of me."

· Every little breeze seems to whisper Louise." Great-grandmother Jessie sings Maurice Chevalier's famous "Louise" to children in the garden of her Katoomba home. She loves dressing up and is clever at it—as when, in a bunny-type costume for an Easter parade, she used the fluffy end of a dish mop to make the tail.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg

There Jessie, the only woman, made a discovery. Drovers were perfect gentle-

Drovers were perfect gentlemen.

"They'd sometimes drop by to have a meal with us. To let me know their progress they'd crack their whips. When I heard the first crack — about eight miles away — I'd put on the billy and make extra dampers in the camp oven."

She roared, "Of course, if the wind came the fire went with it!"

"Summer"

Even miles from anywhere,

Even miles from anywhere, Jessie managed to amuse herself.
"I'd tie a piece of meat to a tree to attract the crows. They'd look at it, then they'd work out how far the string reached, and fly to the fork of a tree and saw through the string. It was fascinating, love."

Not until the autumn (though, in Jessie's case, it's always summer) of her life did she discover where she belonged.

longed.
That was about six years o when she moved to

"I love the Katoomba people. They've treated me so well, and they've been so generous and kind."

She beamed. "Do you know, they've christened me the 'Fourth Sister'! They say the Three Sisters is a permanent landmark in Katoomba, and the fourth one is world known."

here voice softened. "You see, they believe in me. They were the ones who urged me to go on TV."

More important, when she started singing to the pensioners ("For a lark"), Jessie discovered her generous proportions were an asset.

After all, it was her any

portions were an asset.

After all, it was her enormous "structure," as well as her big voice, that swept her into the public eye.

"Where did I learn to sing? No one has heard me say I can sing, love," she told me. "All they've heard me say is I'll have a go."

The laughing mask was firmly back in place. A great gust of laughter, in fact, swept us on our way.

But now I knew it was

But now I knew it was only half of the Jessie Ross



THE \$2,000,000 PARTY



THE BEAUTIFUL Begum Aga Khan, widow of the late Aga Khan, who remains one of Europe's loveliest women, in the rich, graceful gown she wore. French by birth, she shops in Paris.



FIONA, Baroness Thyssen, with a triend. Special gardens had been laid out, and a pavilion erected over the river nearby, for the party. Fiona's dress was one of the least decorated and most elegant. But she's got thin.





HENRY FORD II arrives with his wife and daughter Charlotte (front centre). The party began at 10 p.m. and lasted till morning, with millionaires like the Fords everywhere.

GINA LOLLO-BRIGIDA (left), who goes to everything worth going to. To avoid gatecrashing and allow police to keep a proper watch, guests carried special red cards.

ROYALS present included Princess Irene of Holland, seen (right) here with her husband, Carlos of Bourbon Parma. Sculptures by Henry Moore and pictures by Picasso are among the treasures at Patino's farm.



 It was a house-warming, really. Multimulti-millionaire Antenor Patino, whose tin mines bestride the Andes in South America, had asked some friends (1200 of them, all rich or famous or both, and some royal) to his farm near Lisbon, Portugal. It cost him \$2,000,000, but that included all the incidentals (for instance, there were 200 valets and 200 police as well as the guests), a "small" dinner for 72 intimate friends before the party started, then 1800 bottles of champagne, \$15,000 worth of flowers, loads of French and Portuguese delicacies, four orchestras, a guitar group, and thoughtful extras - for example, Dominique, the French hairdresser, was present in case men guests needed a final trim or brush-up.



HOST Patino and his wife. She wore a beautiful gown. Servants wore new liveries with special silver buttons. The cream of the jet set were the guests, those not pictured here including Gunther Sachs, Guy and Cecile Rothschild, Princess Ira Von Fuerstenburg, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Stavros Niarchos (Charlotte Ford's ex-husband).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - September 25, 1968





MRS. YUL BRYNNER (above, left) was elegantly gowned. Audrey Hepburn, film star, and Paris dress designer Hubert de Givenchy (so tall) are at right. Patino's Portuguese estate has private woods and full-size swimming-pool.

DOUGLAS FAIR-BANKS, JUN., and his wife. A "warm-up" party given by American millionaire Pierre Schlumberger, a neighbor of Patino near Lisbon, cost \$1,126,000. It was Mrs. Schlumberger who explained that the Patino party was, in fact, a house-warming.



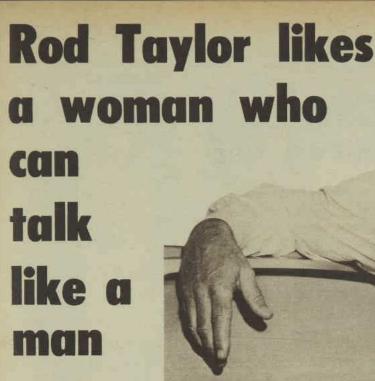
The sweetest! Delicious colour, light as floss, fine spun over the creamy smoothness of a tricot-cool nightie, all dreamed up with soft rosettes secured by button centres. By AYPI in BRI-NYLON. The Bri-Nylon label is your assurance of easy care clothes you don't have to fuss over, of colourfast clothes that keep their shape No maker can use the name Bri-Nylon unless his garment has been tested and approved. That's your guide to quality and value for money. And that's the promise of

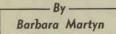
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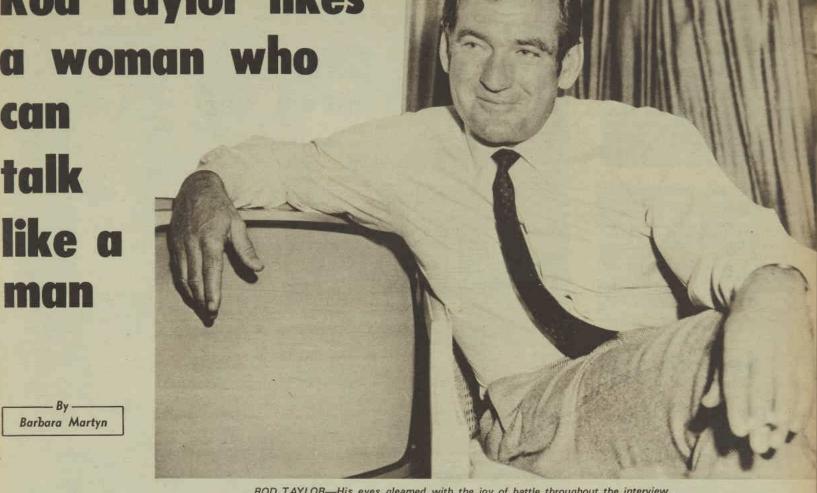
'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trade

Unfussable Bri-Nylon promises Jelly Bean Brights!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968







ROD TAYLOR-His eyes gleamed with the joy of battle throughout the interview.

WHAT makes Rod YY Taylor such a tremendously appealing man is his fighting ability. Not in the physical sense -he admitted his latest public brawl was a fiasco in which he landed flat on his back - but in his readiness to take on the

Each new situation and person is a challenge h meets with obvious relish.

I came in the middle of a long line of Press people waiting to interview the boy from Lidcombe, N.S.W., who had climbed to the top rung of the very slippery ladder of film stardom.

By then he had discarded the jacket of his quiet brown tweed suit to sit comfortably in blue shirt and conserva-tive dark brown tie. Medium height, muscular, tanned, he has the rugged good looks of at least one million Australian men.

But his eyes belied this impression of "Mr. Average." Frankly challenging, shrewd, direct, they summed up quickly, then gleamed with the joy of battle throughout the interview.

His voice was low and rich, his statements clear and confident, his expression well, a public-relations man had warned me beforehand: "His language is very
— er — colorful, I hope he
doem't shock you. If you can
ignore that, he's a good guy."

Forewarned, I kept my composure as, with a mis-chievous glint in his eye, Mr.

"Oh —!" he replied, "that's dangerous, I'm in the middle of a divorce at the moment."

(His five-year marriage to

(His five-year marriage to former New York model Mary Hilem, after several reported separations, has fin-ally ended.)
"But you could general-ise," I said. "What charac-teristics do you like in a woman?"

Strong character

He sank back into one of the chairs in the sitting-room of his hotel suite and frowned in concentration.

"This possibly doesn't sound right, but the most interesting women to me are those who have a large streak of the masculine.

"I like strong-charactered women — but not so strong they start taking charge. If they do that, they should be given a smack in the mouth."

mouth.

This sounded like the man who had reputedly thrown Anita Ekberg over a bar in a Rome nightspot.

But, remembering his earlier rueful comment that his movie image as a rough fighter and lover had caused such incidents to be exag-gerated, I remonstrated, "Do you really think a woman should be treated that way?"

His grin revealed he had His grin revealed he had been testing again, and he said, "Well, perhaps not a smack in the mouth, but they shouldn't be allowed to take

charge.
"I like a woman with the

Taylor tested my "shock-ability." ability to cope in a second position to the man," he said slowly, thinking it out, "and if she finds herself in first position she's got the wrong man!"

He laughed triumphantly.

"But I do like a woman who can talk as well as a man, is an interesting person, and socially acceptable.

"I guess the most interest-ing woman I have known is Anita. But being with her is Antia, but being with ner is like making a movic every day. If she would only stop making movies and realise she belongs in a kitchen sur-rounded by dogs and kids . . . she's wonderful."

Rod (at 38) doesn't think he is mature enough to cope

direct, and American women

commercial?
Commercial?
"Yes, After 14 years in America I find American women are inclined to think first of the financial benefits of a selection to the commercial benefits." of a relationship."

He was kinder to Australian women.

"There is a healthiness lacking in other countries. A kind of physical strength I find very attraction I find very attractive. It doesn't need to be bedecked with Dior fashions."

"What about the way women dress?" I asked.

"They should wear microminis every time, if they can. If they have a good bust, they shouldn't hide it, nor their waist. I hate those "who wears her

woman "who wears her beauty like a banner."
"You know, the type who goes along to a party and is obviously posing and using her looks.
"I think Liz Taylor has

great beauty, because (I don't know whether naturally or by education) she doesn't push her beauty on you.

or by education) she doesn't push her beauty on you. She's a good, down-to-earth bloke."

Who were his favorite costars? (The list is long and glamorous: Elizabeth Taylor, Doris Day, Shirley MacLaine, Jane Fonda, Luciana Paoluzzi, Debbie Reynolds, and Daliah Lavi, to name a few.)

few.)

He spread his arms in mute appeal. "Look, I can honestly say I haven't had one bad experience. It has to be that way, you have to work as a team. If I didn't reat on with my constant I. get on with my co-star, I wouldn't make the film.

"And I am completely pro-ssional when making a film Once my co-stars realise I
am not trying to get fresh,
or smart, or 'add them to my
list' they relax and we become good friends."

Was there any actress he
particularly wanted to work
with? Another frown of concentration. He obviously disliked singling out actresses—

liked singling out actresses-too easy to offend by omis-

too easy to offend by omission.

"I don't really think along those lines," he said, again diplomatically. "I think of the type of actress suited for the role. For example, this film I'm hoping to make here, "Last Bus to Banjo Creek." I think Audrey Hepburn is exactly right for the part. I'm going to Switzerland to talk to her about it."

Rod is here for the Ausralian premiere of "The High Commissioner," a film based on Australian author Jon Cleary's novel, in which Rod plays an Aus-tralian detective.

tralian detective.

"I'm really proud of this film and the chance it has given me to portray a real Australian," he said.

He especially wants to get the industry going here.

"I'm not just saying that to win friends and approval and big-note myself, I really want to do it and I'm working on it."

Rod works really hard most of the time. His occasional moments of hard playing have made headlines, but he insisted he was not

playing have made headlines, but he insisted he was not a real partygoer and definitely not a jet-setter. "You know, I lead a quiet life — conservative, non-drinking." The straight face he was trying to hold broke into that winning grin again.

Tramp the bush

"But, seriously, most of my close friends are not in the industry, and when I relax I like to get away sailing or hunting. It's not that I enjoy killing, but I love to tramp around in the bush away from telephones. I hunt with a bow and arrow, too, and I'm pretty good.

a bow and arrow, too, and I'm pretty good.
"I still paint occasionally (he started his career life as an artist) and I enjoy cooking and evenings at home.
"But I hate anything formal," he said with a grimace.
I couldn't imagine Rod being formal at any time.
He has too much fight in him for that—and that's what makes him so much fun.

Not a jet-setter

with a woman who also has

"Very few couples make a success of marriage on those conditions. You have to be

conditions. You have to be really mature, particularly if your wife is more of a success than you are."

His advice to would-be career girls is: "Have discreet affairs and marry when you are about 36.

"- - -! How's that for advice?" He exploded into laughter, What about women by nationality?

"Yes, women's attitudes and personalities can be typed nationally," he said, getting ready to enjoy him-self.

"I think Italian women are sneaky, English women

waistless, tentlike dresses. All men admire a woman's shape, and a woman should dress so a man can be proud

"Don't you think so?" he There you think so? he threw at me suddenly. I said I liked the comfort and camouflage of tent dresses. It was his turn to be shocked and he gave me a look of mock (?) horror.

But although Rod likes figure-revealing dresses he doesn't believe in full revela-tion on the screen.

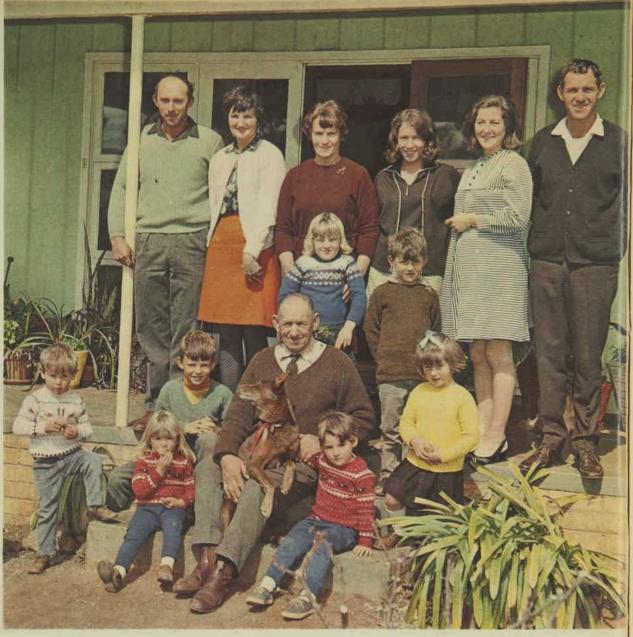
"I believe sex should be "I believe sex should be made intriguing and enter-taining. There's nothing in-triguing in nakedness. If I get a film script with a scene in which we are supposed to appear naked I rewrite it." His pet aversion is the

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SOME OF THE JONES FAMILY (right): Back row, from left, Bart, his wife, Nell, Mrs. Jones, sen., Mary, Judith (Bob's wife), Bob. Second row. Catherine, 6, David, 5. Third row, the youngest Barton, 8, Mr. Jones, sen., Chanelle, 5. Front, Brendan, 4, Amanda, 2, Beverley, 4. Chanelle and Brendan are Bob's children. The other children are Bart's. Picture above, twin homesteads at "Hampton Hill."

 Searching for nickel, he tackled a desert by motor-bike



JOHN JONES FINDS A FORTUNE

NICKEL!

IT'S the mineral of the 20th century, base of much of its currency, heart of the stainless-steel industry, its potential still hardly touched.

It's the magic word that lifts temperatures and shares in stock exchanges round the

And young Mr. Nickel himself is bearded, good-looking 24-year-old John Jones. He personally found a nickel mine which might be worth a hundred million

dollars.

He found it not by accident but by design. Completely self-trained as a geologist, prospecting on his motor-bike with his sheepdog Trelawney perched on its petrol-tank, he licked the giant mining co their own game. mining companies at

He found what they now call Scotia, a treasure-house in the lonely waterless out-back of Western Australia, 35 miles from Kalgoorlie and its legendary Golden Mile. And back of him stood his equally remarkable family.

Once upon a time they called the Jones family "the Kings of Billygoat Hill." John's grandfather ran a thousand goats on their thousand goats on their property, "Hampton Hill," 17 miles out of Kalgoorlie.

Driven by gold fever, accountant Grandf at her Jones went west in the 1880s. He began opening stores wherever there were gold-finds, operating his own transport long before the railway came.

He married a magnificent pioneer woman in 1898 and took her to Bulong (now a ghost-town), 20 miles out of Kalgoorlie. They had three girls and two boys, including Barton, John's father, patriarch of today's Jones family. family.

Mining declined, and so the Jones family came to nearby Hampton Hill, where they took up a pastoral lease. Mostly Grandmother and the girls ran it, while first Grandfather and then Barton went gold-prospect-

It was a rough, tough

pioneer life. You couldn't make a real living running cattle, and after he took over management Barton also worked at pulling sandal-wood and carting ore. ("Any-thing," he says now, "to earn a crust.")

John's mother, Grace, was the daughter of a prospector at Mt. Monger, 30 miles away. Barton wed her at 18 and brought her home to Hampton Hill,

For 14 years she lived in the old homestead with the

— By -KAY KEAVNEY

matriarch and the sisters worked as only pioneer women work, and bore seven

They were young Barton, now 32, Eileen, Robert, 29, Lucy, John, 24, Burchell, 22, and Mary, 19. All the girls were to train as nurses, all the boys were to work

on the property.

But first they had to be educated, which meant boarding-schools in Perth,

a crippling expense. Barton, sen., added a wood-carting business to his extra-curricular activities and worked harder than ever.

He had great plans, of going into sheep, of expan-sion so as to give all his sons a stake in the land, in the future. But it was hope-less until one of them at least came home from school to lend a hand.

Eldest son Bart did — at 15 — and then Bob, and then John, and then Bur-

Said John, "I left Guildford Grammar at 15, with just my Junior Certificate. I never studied geology and I wasn't particularly bright at

"I left with some regret, but I left, like all the others, because my life was on the

"We all worked very hard indeed — fencing (we put in hundreds of miles of fencing with our own hands), mustering, droving, develop-

ing.
"We worked as a family, we do everything as a family. We wanted security for the family.

"When I left school, less than ten years ago, we had 7000 sheep. Now it's nearly 30,000. We've acquired two adjoining properties, which my brother Bob runs, while my brother Bart runs 'Hamp-ton Hill'."

("What am I these days?" laughed Bart, sen. "General roustabout!")

Today the Jones family own more than a million acres — own, that is, the pastoral rights. As with all Western Australian pastoral leases, mineral rights are not included, and mineral rights take precedence . .

(Ironically, another company has taken out large mineral claims on "Hampton Hill" itself. They could find nickel under the Joneses' own homestead, and the Joneses would have to move it—though, of course, with due compensation.) due compensation.)

The expansion cost a great deal of money. And a new generation of Joneses was growing up at "Hampton growing up at "Hampton Hill." Lucy and Eileen mar-ried and left, Mary left to train as a nurse. But Bart and Bob married, and between them produced seven more children. The search for security

went on. So did the search for water — 1964 saw a two-year drought. The Jones boys carted water from Kalgoorlie, also at enormous expense. The family sank big sums into the search.

And, without knowing it, young John moved a step closer to making Australian

history.

"Working with geologists in the hunt for water," he said, "started my interest in geology. In those days I only

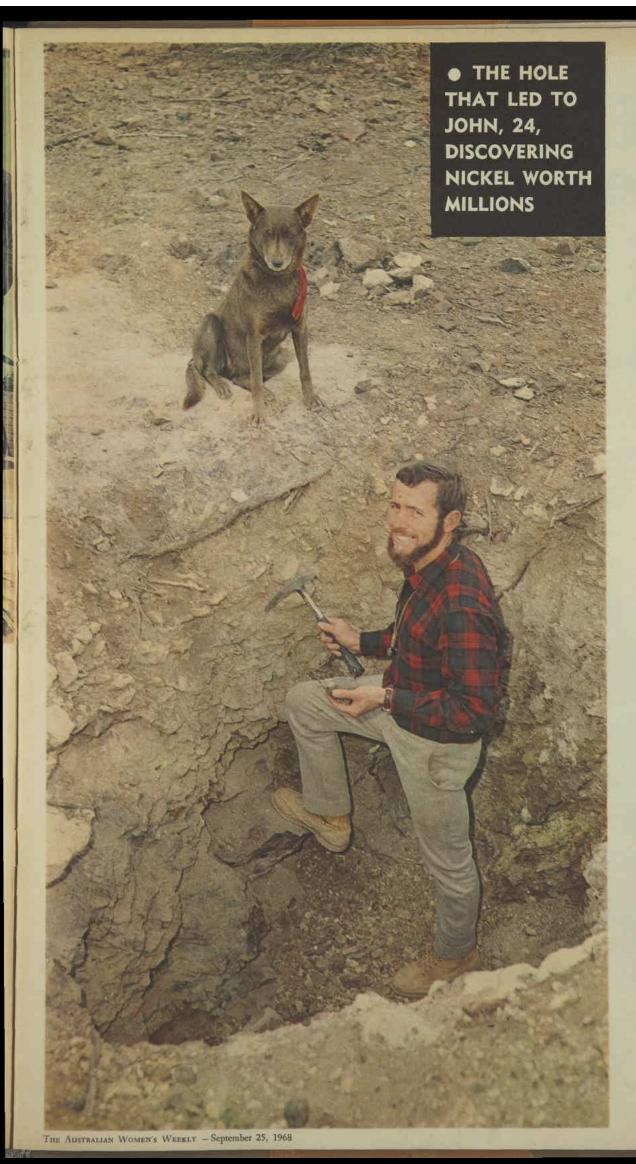
geology. In those days I only knew the difference between granite and greenstone.

"All his life, Dad, as an old goldminer, sampled rocks, but I wasn't that way inclined. I didn't even know he'd had an assay made of he'd had an assay made of nickel found on our property in 1962. He was told that it wasn't of commercial importance, anyway.

"But, like most people with their minds fixed on gold, we didn't know the signifi-cance of nickel, or what to look for. look for.
"When I think of the hills

Continued on page 12

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968





JOHN and Trelawney look down on Scotia, where a nickel town is destined to grow up.



JOHN AND TRELAWNEY hit the trail on the famous motorbike John used for prospecting.



HORSESHOE for luck? Mr. Jones, sen., near a Royal Flying Doctor Service sign.



AT LEFT: The famous hole at Scotia which led to the discovery of the mine. John and Trelawney are seen. ABOVE: John, Bart, and Nell with the typewriter on which she typed nearly 2000 sheets for the family claims. Nell would like to have an automatic dishwasher.

The Pretty Girl goes all out for the romantic look. Feel super soft ... super feminine. Lady Pelaco knows that's how s were meant to be.

STYLE 529: V NECK BLOUSE WITH CASCADE FRILLS ON FRONT AND SLEEVES, WHITE 32" TO 38", \$7,99.



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National Library of Australia

SOCIAL By Mollie Lyons ROUNDABOUT

EARLY trip to Sydney on September 9 for the Morris Jackamans from their property, "Varro Ville," at Minto, to welcome home their daughter, Kyrenia, after two years abroad. During her stay overseas, Kyrenia studied in Paris, skiled in Europe, and spent some time with relatives in Buckinghamshire, in England.

AND I hear that Anabel Parbury, the Philip Parburys' daughter, arrived home on August 22 after nearly two years abroad. Anabel spent part of this time in Paris at finishing schools and some time in England.

SO many people just leaving or just returning from Fiji and island resorts I have almost lost count. Judy and John Reynolds are just back (sporting magnificent suntans) from Castaway Island, where they spent two and a half weeks. Other Sydneyites they saw there included Mrs. Jack Field (on her way home after eighteen months abroad), the Ken McMahons, and the Sid Howards.

ALSO just back (and also sporting wonderful suntans) are the John Coghlans and their two children, David and Melissa. The family stayed at The Fijian Hotel in Fiji (where they saw Mrs. Stephen Rich and her children, Jody and Nicolette) and then did a three-day cruise by boat around the islands.

WHEN he stayed with them recently, American visitor David Jay had lots of news for the Peter Grogans of Mr. Grogan's sister, Mrs. Bruce Taylor, her husband, and their four childred, Matthew, David, Naomi, and Simon, who live near him in Temple, Texas. The family has just bought a yacht and spend every spare minute on the water. The Grogans stayed with them last year while they were abroad.

ENVY the Brien Cobcrofts the wonderful trip they have planned to the Olympic Games in Mexico City and then on to Bermuda, New York, the West Indies, and South America. Mr. Cobcroft (who's a member of the equestrian team) leaves on September 22 with the rest of the team and their 12 horses, and Mrs. Cobcroft leaves on October 9. In Mexico City they'll share a house with a group of other young Australians. Altogether, the Cobcrofts will be away for three months, planning to be back for Christmas with their small son, David, on "Parraweena," their property at Willow Tree.

THE bride's three nieces, twins Elizabeth and Caroline Hill, and Jo-Anne Hill, will attend Judith Frew on October 5 when she marries Martin Kleeman at the Central Baptist Church, City. Judith and Martin met in New Guinea 12 months ago when he was working up there and Judith was nursing.

BLUE-RIBBON award this week to attractive "young-married" Judy Jacovides and her designer-husband, Chris, for the outfits they wore one night to dine at a new Paddington restaurant. Judy's sleeveless green linen cardigan-dress bound with white crepe was worn over a high-necked gipsy blouse in the same white crepe and had an exciting green wooden belt at the waist. Chris topped his slim-tapered pants with one of the new Nehru jackets in an embossed cotton in blues and browns.

DIARY dates . . . September 20 when the Cornucopia Committee are holding a luncheon called Best of All Worlds at the Caprice Restaurant; and September 28 when the Lebanon Ladies Maronite Association are holding the Maronite Ball at the Wentworth Hotel. There's to be a display of national folklore at the ball.

OFF on September 22 for a three-month trip abroad, Catherine McMullin will meet her uncle, Mr. Ken Bernard-Smith, in Venice and tour by car with him in northern Italy and Spain for the first fortnight. Later, Catherine will make her way down to South Africa for a month to stay with the Robert Cottons in Pretoria, where he is attached to the Australian Embassy.

NEW address for Judy and Rodney O'Neil and their baby daughter, Emily, who have moved into the delightful house in Rupertswood Avenue, Bellevue Hill, formerly owned by the Richard Opies. Judy is busy planning a redecorating scheme and choosing wallpapers.

LONG, bright, and breezy letter from Diana Fisher in London tells how much she and husband Humphrey are missing Sydney and their friends. Diana says she often pops into Australia House to read the papers and magazines to catch up on Sydney news. They are planning a holiday in October through Holland, Belgium, France, and Spain, and will eventually stay in the south of Spain with Lew and Jenny Hoad on their ranch near Malaga.

MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. James Rushing with their attendants, Miss Denyse Fitzsimmons, Miss Sandra Davis, and Miss Megan Davis (left to right) at the reception at the Leonay Country Club, which followed their marriage at St. Thomas' Church, Mulgoa, via Penrith. The bride was Miss Anne Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis, of Lapstone. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rushing, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, United States.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968



AT LUNCHEON. Mr. and Mrs. Norton Belknap (at left) with Lieutenant-Commander A. Quartly, USN, and Mrs. Quartly at the luncheon given at the Trocadero by the Australian-American Association, the American Society, the American National Club, and the American Chember of Commerce in Australia. Guests-of-honor at the luncheon were the new American Ambassador, Mr. William H. Crook, and Mrs. Crook.





ABOVE: Miss Jan Comber, Mr. Derek Watt, and Mrs. Ronald Kears (left to right) at the gala opening of an exhibition of paintings by diploma-course students of the National Art School, which was sponsored by the English Speaking Union. Lady Macarthur Onslow officially opened the exhibition, which was held in the Cell Block Theatre at the East Sydney Technical College.

AT RIGHT: Miss Wendy Dotch and Mr. Martin Maudling photographed in London, where they recently announced their engagement. Miss Dotch is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dotch, of Bellevue Hill. Mr. Maudling is the eldest son of Mr. Reginald Maudling. Deputy Leader of the British Conservative Party, and Mrs. Maudling.



MARRIED, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Weir Henning leaving St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, with their attendants, Miss Bronwyn Raphael and Mr. Graydon Henning, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Prudence Raphael, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Raphael, of Neutral Bay. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Ross Henning, of "Strathaven," Beulah Park, South Australia.



PREMIERE. Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Whiteley (actress Diana Perryman) at the Australian premiere of "Wait Until Dark" at the Independent Theatre. The play is the first of three which will be staged during the Independent's spring season.

JOHN JONES FINDS A FORTUNE

Continued from page 8

I've ridden over without noticing, mustering on my bike or on horseback! These days I can't keep away from

ays I can't keep away from hills.
"Two years ago I didn't even know how to peg a claim!"

Then the incredible happened.
Prospectors found a fabulous nickel mine at Kambalda, 35 miles south-west of Kalgoorlie. It sent shockwaves round the world.
And at "Hampton Hill."
"Dad, the old prospectors

"Dad, the old prospector, was fired," said John. "We all were. We decided to peg claims on our property where nickel had already showed We'd battled for security all our lives, and now we saw how we could get it. The Jones family would find a nickel mine."

Dying town

Everyone in and around Kalgoorlie had the same idea. Kalgoorlie was virtually a dying town. Gold was its reason for being, and gold was ceasing to be profit-able. For years now popu-lation had drifted away. Now there was a new rallying cry
— "Nickel!"

Prospectors swarmed everywhere.
"The whole area south of Kalgoorlie," grinned John, "was busier than St. George's Terrore at the peak bour." Terrace at the peak hour." Suddenly, under the excit-

ing challenge, young John Jones found himself. The incisiveness of his mind, the breadth of his imagination, his patience and persever-ance and capacity for hard work were all called into

He studied, he picked the brains of the geologists, he got to know nickel. He began evolving his own theories.

The competition was cruel. Immensely wealthy companies, with equipment and know-how, were now

And prospecting for nickel was prohibitively expensive. It cost, overall, \$300 to peg

a claim. It cost \$7 a foot to drill it. It took time, all the time in the world.

Expansion had left the Jones family short of ready cash. And each of the sons was required on the vast property to run it.

Conference

For a time, John pros-pected part-time, moving about, learning the rocks, learning the techniques, talking to the geologists, keep-ing his eyes and ears open, first pegging on the Jones property, then moving property, the

farther afield.

But the Jones family think big, and now, once again, they proved it. About June, 1966, there was another family conference.

"We decided," John said, "that I should prospect full-time while Bart and Bob and Dad ran the properties. With Burchell away on National Service, this was a pretty big decision.

"The others said they

"The others said they would trust my judgment completely, back me up in everything I decided to do."

John decided to go north of Kalgoordie

of Kalgoorlie.

of Kalgoorlie.

He was living and breathing geological maps, aerial maps showing magnetic anomalies in the area. He conceived the idea that nickel would run in a straight line from Kambalda in the south-west through to the north-west. He took a rule to his map and drew his straight line.

"The family usually

"The family usually didn't know how far and how long I was going," he said. "I'd take the Land-Rover, which had two-way radio—as you can imagine, security was absolutely was absolutely security was absolutely vital, but we had our own frequency.

in the Tre-"My bike was in the back, and my dog, Tre-lawney, was always with me. Sometimes I'd take an assistant, an Aboriginal or a white stationhand.

"Then I'd leave the Land-Rover and grid the country on my motor-bike. Nights, I'd just sleep anywhere. If it rained I just got wet.

"I can remember trying to fix a broken axle in a down-pour, hungry and dirty and tired and wet-through, and I cursed nickel!

"I worked until I nearly dropped. Time was passing, the big companies never slept, and I was going to find that nickel mine.

"I worried about time and I worried about expense. It's a very clusive mineral,

"I was looking for the serpentine belts or intrusives — the host rock — working all the time off the geological maps. Blackbutt trees can be an indication.

"Above all, I was looking for gossans, the iron silica rocks, colored light brown to red, which are the surface indication of nickel.

"Looking for gossans is like looking for a needle in a haystack."

Got thinner

Week after week, month after month, John's tough, lonely odyssey went on. From time to time he was pulled back to help in some emergency at the property.

He would sit up in the kitchen, poring over his maps. His mother would hear him tossing in the small

hear him tossing in the small hours. Sometimes he would get up and return to the maps until dawn came to "Hampton Hill."

Social life, always centred on Kalgoorlie, was almost nil. John was consumed by the search. He got thinner, the red-brown beard was touched with grey. touched with grey.

Nearly a year passed. And at last John came to Scotia. He nearly missed it.

"That first day," he said, "I got lost because of a navigational error. I wasted a whole afternoon, and sud-denly I found myself disil-lusioned with the whole deal. I just packed up and went home.

But I couldn't sleep. I



JOHN with the statue of his great predecessor in mineral discovery — Paddy Hannan, who found gold in 1893 at what was to become Kalgoorlie. The statue is in Hannan Street.

up and checked my map and found I'd been two miles off course. Well, I decided to go back, and that was the most important decision I ever made."

On the second trip, John recognised the trees as the type for a serpentine belt. He and his assistant worked like madmen and pegged nine

"That cost \$2700 and I "That cost \$2700 and I had to justify the expense. I looked harder, gridding the rough earth on my motor-bike. Of course, I was looking for gossans, the surface expression of a nickel sulphide orebody."

Treasure-house

John kept it up for weeks, living and camping in the lonely area, with its stunted bush and its blackbutt trees,

bush and its blackbutt trees, under the lonely sky.

His instinct was strong. He radioed the family, and the family rallied. They pulled men off the property, and 15 of them went up and pegged 7900 acres.

It was frantic, backbreak-ing, expensive work, clouded by the eternal need for security. There were rumors in Kalgoorlie; but there had been so many rumors.

Then John Jones literally rode over the clusive gossan. His bike stubbed its toe on the treasure-house.

He got off and looked, his heart thudding. Only a few feet were exposed, the needle in the haystack. Green carin the naystack. Green car-bonate rocks were about, rocks which can carry nickel. Patiently, John gridded the place minutely on his motor-

Samples were sent to Kal-porlie for assay. The results goorlie for assay. The results were so astounding that John had them checked again. It was true. The nickel content of these surface rocks went as high as 4.15 percent!

The next months were a blur of hard work, peg-ging, sampling, drilling, dig-

DRILLING AT SCOTIA. John and his parents, Barton and Grace Jones, look on. Water has to be carted the whole way from Kalgoorlie. ging pits on the gossans. Rumors flew fast. The big mining companies breathed down the Jonesses' necks.

The Jones men worked on, sick or well. The Jones women endured and hoped. Nell Jones, Bart's wife, sat up night after night typing out the intricate claims—nearly 2000 separate sheets

sat up night after night typing out the intricate claims—nearly 2000 separate sheets of paper in all.

John Jones had found what the giant companies sought. But as baking December blazed on the family decided that—even with all their resources stretched—the job was too big to handle alone. They called for tenders.

Huge foreign companies responded. So did two local firms, Great Boulder and North Kalgurlie.

Said John, "We had to choose the company which would be best for the mine. But we were delighted, especially Dad, when the local companies succeeded."

John, a mere 23 years old, appeared the

John, a mere 23 years old, negotiated the contracts and the right deal for his family. "I had a sense of unreality," he remembers,

reality," he remembers, "negotiating millions of dol-

lars."
The strain was enormous.

The strain was enormous. Once again, his mother heard him tossing and turning through the night hours. And John did his family proud. In cash, shares, and royalties, the deal should be worth well over four million dollars.

Within six weeks of com-mencing drilling, the com-panies struck nickel sulphide. The announcement fluttered stock exchanges as far away as London.
Assays showed the richest

nickel in the world ev found at 800 to 900 feet.

In August, 1968, the com-panies announced that they indeed had a mine on their hands. John slept soundly that night for the first time in more than two years.

By his effort and imagin-

By his effort and imagination, backed to the hilt by his family, he had won them security. He had found a nickel mine, What was left to John Jones, at 24?

The answer was simple. Look for another one!

"We're still carrying out

extensive prospecting," he said, "It's become a way of life. Money means a chance to do more, but even if we to to more, but even if we threw in everything we've got we'd still be small beer. You could swallow up two million and get nowhere."

Exploitation, of course, costs fantastic money. At Kambalda, Western Mining Corporation have had to build roads, build a whole town, with schools, shops, amenities.

And already a little com-munity is growing up at Scotia to serve the nickel. This will be the town that John built.

These days, when com-panies hear that John Jones sis prospecting an area, they sit up and take notice. And in the bar at the Palace Hotel in Kalgoorlie it's the geologists who listen to John.

Old machine

Kalgoorlie is an exciting place again, as it was in the days when the cry was "Gold!" Mining people and suppliers are flooding in. Those who left are hurrying back. Land and property values are appreciating. The place is like a junior United Nations.

But the Joneses live much

But the Joneses live much as they lived before. The women have bought no mink coats, the men no roadsters. John's mother still uses the old treadle sewing-machine she has used all her long married life.

The whole family want to

ravel, and some day they will, but they're prepared to wait and work, just as they've always done.

John is learning to fly. A plane is very useful for aerial reconnaissance. And the family have bought a spanking - new Land - Rover For John to prospect in. Soon Burchell will be home from National Service, and John will have company on his search apart from the faith-ful Trelawney.

He's probably out there now, among the age-old rocks — young John Jones, the nicket millionaire, with his pick and his dog, living and sleeping rough, searching with infinite patience for a 20th-century El Dorado.



THEATRE IS HER LIFE



MARGARET WEBSTER, American actress, director, lecturer, and author visiting Australia.

Margaret Webster has theatre in her blood. It shows in her graceful movement, her compelling voice, her mobile face, by turn serene and alight with laughter.

MARGARET WEB-STER is one of the great figures of contemporary American theatre. She is currently in Australia giving lectures and public recitals at univer-

Her achievements are im-pressive. She has worked with many members of the theatrical peerage since she made her professional stage debut in 1917, at the age of 12. Dame Sybil Thorndike, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Sir John Gielgud are but a few.

Miss Webster was the first woman to stage opera for the New York Metropolitan Opera Company. She has also directed for the New

also directed for the New York City Opera. With Eva Le Gallienne, she was co-founder of the American Repertory Theatre, now one of the top com-panies in the United States.

KNITTING CORRECTION

There was an error in

the knitting instructions for the cardigan of the kilt outfit in our book-let "Let's Dress a Doll" (August 28 issue).

The 25th row should be: Rib 4, k 21, sl. next 30 sts. on to a holder, cast on 4 sts., k next 42 sts., sl. next 30 sts. on to a holder, cast on 4 sts., k 21, rib 4. (100 sts. on needle.)

She directed the revolu-tionary New York produc-tion of "Othello" which starred the Negro actor Paul Robeson. "It took us five years to find anyone willing to put up the money, because we wanted to use a Negro in the title role," she said. "But it was an enormous success. was an enormous success.

the title role," she said. "But it was an enormous success. Since then I've had no trouble casting Negro actors."

Born into a famous theatrical family—her mother was the stage and screen star Dame May Whitty, and her father was Ben Webster, whose theatrical background stretches back for generations—Miss Webster trained as an actress in London with the Oxford Repertory Theatre and the Old Vie.

In 1937 she returned to her birthplace, New York, where she began to build a reputation as a director.

"I was invited to go over by Maurice Evans to direct Richard II." I had been working with John Gielgud in a two-year run on the West End. Long runs can be very tedious, and I was beginning to look round for something different."

Although she says she would rather act than do anything else, Miss Webster enjoys directing. "I like drawing the factors of an enterprise together. A director has to be practical. My training helped, because in the early days we had to do everything—sweep floors, sell tickets, do the lighting, type everything—sweep floors, sell tickets, do the lighting, type

tickets, do the lighting, type programs, everything."
Between other theatre jobs, Miss Webster began lecturing throughout the United States on Shakespeare, on whom she is an authority.

"After a while I got bored with speaking my own words,

so I began working on a one-woman Shakespeare re-cital, because his words are a little better than mine," she said, her eyes twinkling. Later she extended her solo repertoire to include a

show on George Bernard Shaw called "Seven Ages of Bernard Shaw" and "No Coward Soul," which is a dramatised scrap-book on the Bronte sisters.

"The research behind this sort of one-woman show becomes absorbing when you get into it," she said. "I get fascinated by the people, but it isn't like acting where you

_ By -SALLY WHITE

become immersed in a part. It's really more like showing lantern slides."

Miss Webster is also an author. She has published a book, "Shakespeare Without Tears," and numerous articles and monographs. Just before she left for Australia she sent the manuscript of a new book to her publisher. It is a family history and traces five generations of theatrical Webaters from the 1800s to 1937.

"The book is called 'The Same Only Different,' because throughout that period there was no change in the nature of theatre or actors," she said. "But if I wrote a sequel about post - war theatre it would have to be called 'Totally Different.'

"The theatre has been

"The theatre has been revolutionised by television." But Miss Webster thinks But Miss Webster thinks there are dangers in the changing situation. "Mecha-nical media are making damaging inroads into talent because television can't give an actor the essential all-round training. At the same time, television may be in trouble when the theatrically trained people are replaced trained people are replaced by the younger actors." Like many actors trained

in the old school. Miss Webster is suspicious of tech-nology in the theatre. She tells two stories to illustrate

notogy in the theatre. She tells two stories to illustrate her point.

"I went to South Africa to direct 'A Man For All Scasons' in Johannesburg. We were playing in their new civic theatre, which was designed for both opera and theatre. But when we filled in the orchestra pit you couldn't hear a word of the play. It was ridiculous.

"And when the new opera house at New York's Lincoln Centre opened with a production of 'La Traviata,' the first-night audience didn't see the third act. The revolving stage stuck. I'm afraid I don't trust anything where a man can't pull on a rope and get things going."

and get things going."

Miss Webster's tour of
Australia is her first. "I'm
here to find out about Australian theatre," she said.

She arrived when Australian theatre was buzzing with the banning of the "Motel" segment of the controversial play "America Hurrah."

Mis. W. J.

urrah." Miss Webster holds strong Miss Webster holds strong views on censorship. "It never really works, because the public is its own censor. People are not compelled to go to see any play. "Censorship isn't much use, because most banned plays enjoy only a small shock success among a small wiblic.

success among a small public. The general public aren't interested.

"It's a vindication of public taste that the highly moral 'A Man For All Scasons' has had the greatest popular success of any modern play."

The only thing Miss Webster hasn't tried in theatre is writing plays. "That requires a great talent which I don't possess," she said with a slow

"Play-writing is a primary creative impulse. And acting is only an interpretative art —although it can be a great one."

NEXT WEEK

There's a lionsize collection of bright little . . .



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. . . in our 16-page lift-out booklet: a mod menagerie of birds and beasts to knit



plus some delightful to sew, and enchanting presents designed for girls.

and . . .

lf you've a

PAIN IN THE NECK

- you'll be interested in a doctor's detailed explanation of its causes and effects.

and ...

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NEXT

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Our food editor has brought home some wonderful recipes from Tahiti—and taste that South Seas flavor!



and . . .



Our new serial is a mystery: oices from the Shadows."

New LYCRA under-fashions

Don't miss the parades of the new LYCRA designs in under-fashions illustrated in the SHAPE OF SUMMER fashion supplement in this issue. They will be modelled at David Jones' Elizabeth Street Store, Sydney, from Monday, September 16, to Friday, September Monday, September 16, to Friday, September 20, inclusive at 12.15, 1.15, and 2.15 p.m.

NEXT WEEK . NEXT WEEK



Would you believe it?

A few weeks ago I wanted to hide my face!

I was so embarrassed. Ugly pimples and acne were getting me down. I imagined people were talking about me. I felt lonely and miserable. I scrubbed my face—but this only made it worse.

Then our family chemist (bless him!) told me that acne troubles 7 out of 10 young people. He said that acne is not a sign of "dirtiness." It's caused by excess skin oil blocking the pores, forming infected pimples. Then he suggested Stri-Dex, the *complete* acne treatment that's so easy to use.

First, I washed my face twice a day with Stri-Dex Foam (no soap). Stri-Dex Foam cleans deep down in the pores and leaves an antibacterial film on the surface of the skin to fight the acne infection.

And, twice a day, I rubbed a fresh Stri-Dex Pad over my face. These pads are medicated —clear and stainless. No medicinal odour. They remove pore-clogging oils and make-up —leave your face clean and refreshed. They leave an antibacterial barrier, too.

In five days I could see a big improvement. And now I am back in the "swing" . . . able to face the future with confidence.

STRI-DEX

Medicated Foam (in handy aerosol) — \$1.47 Medicated Pads (42 in compact jar) — \$1.26





SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

N232.2-58

Jane 14

JUDITH AS A SOLO PIANIST

 Judith Durham plays a piano solo, with the backing of a big orchestra, during her eagerly awaited special on TCN9 this week. This is her first big solo show since the Seekers broke up, and will be a key to her future career. The show includes several old songs - "Georgy Girl" among them.

JUDITH DURHAM, the heart of Australia's top singing group, the Seekers, who have now disbanded, is having a wonderful time singing on her own, doing as she likes without restriction.

likes without restriction.

First fruit of her musical freedom is the "Judith Durham Special" made in Melbourne recently, to be telecast by TCN9 on Sunday, September 22, at 7.30 p.m.

Judith sings "Music of the World," "After You've Gone," "Back in Your Own Backyard," "Danny Boy," "Nobody But You," and —wait for it—"Georgy Girl." "I thought it was a shame

"It thought it was a shame not to sing one of the songs we were so well known for," Judith told me.—Don't take wrongly Judith's story of her years with the Seckers being "restricting."

"The restrictions I felt

"The restrictions I felt when I was working with the boys were all self-imposed," she said.

Piano studies

"Naturally I always felt I must choose to sing and con-centrate on the songs that suited us best as a group."

As well as singing, Judith plays a piano solo, with the backing of a big orchestra, during the special.

Judith has had a piano fest since her return. An accomplished pianist, she put her studies—then at an advanced stage—to one the her return. An ished pianist, she studies—then at an d stage—to one put her studies—then at an advanced stage — to one side for singing when she joined the Seekers. Part of her freedom to-

AFTER a solid bom-

bardment by scholars sitting for the exams, they are showing a series of

and

serican and svies covering the Eng-texts set for the sool Certificate and

All the telecasts are on

Those shown at night

are shown round 10 o'clock when the 8.30 movie ends. "Jane Eyre," Septem-ber 28, 10 p.m.

Higher School Certificate

Saturdays, when they don't interfere with other

British

American

examinations.

HOMEWORK MADE EASY:

EXAM TEXTS ON FILM

• Remembering the anguish of their own

pre-exam weeks, the powers-that-be at

TCN9 are out to help younger viewers.

NAN MUSGROVE

day is a new-found lust for the keyboard. She has had lessons from her former music teacher, Ronald Farren Price, since her return, has been practising madly.

On top of this, Farren Price, a former pupil of world-famous pianist Claudio Arrau, introduced Judith to Arrau, and later took her to one of his concerts.

'He played Chopin's Preludes so magnificently you couldn't imagine they were couldn't imagine they were the music you were familiar with," she said. "I have fiddled my way through them, but Mr. Arrau's playing was a revelation."

Judith had her picture taken with Arrau after the concert. "He was so sweet to me," she said. "He said because he taught my teacher

because he taught my teacher and my teacher is teaching me I am really his musical granddaughter."

Judith, her Englishman John Ashby, 27, the Seekers' road formerly the Seekers road manager, and her musical director, Ron Edgeworth, director, Ron Edgeworkhave a busy time ahead.

Any day now they take off for New Zealand and an engagement there, then go on to Los Angeles, where Judith is to make albums for is to make albums for Capitol and EMI records, arriving back in Australia for a concert tour of all the capital cities in late Novem-ber, early December.

After that, all Judith knows is that Melbourne will be her permanent head-

"Kidnapped," Octo-ber 26, 2.30 p.m. matinee.

"Lorna Doone," November 2, 2.30 p.m.

"Macbeth," Novem-

"The Admirable Crich-

"St. Joan," October 12,

"The Horse's Mouth," October 19, 10 p.m.

"Look Back in Anger," October 26, 10 p.m.

October 5, 8.30 p.m. "Sons and Lovers," October 5, 10 p.m.

ber 2, 10 p.m. Higher School Certificate quarters, and she'll commute round the world from there.

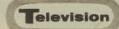
I still wonder what was the real reason behind the Seekers' break-up. Was it natural evolution as the group says — or what did trigger the break?

when I saw John Ashby at Judith's Sydney launching luncheon, I wondered whether he was part of the break-up. Did he and Judith romance together? No, they both assured me, with slightly heightened pink flushes, their association was a business one

Judith, in her earnest, endearing way, assured me she had considered whether she would come home and "live a normal life," going out, meeting men and enjoying herself, or become a career mid

"I decided to be a career girl for at least two years, she said.

It is always nice to see someone who is happy.



Judith certainly is, I think probably she is the Seeker most likely to succeed on her She no talent, she also has the tenacity to push ahead, what-ever she encounters.

Her first special will be worth watching, it should give the key to her future.

PATRICK McGOOHAN PATRICK McGOOHAN

Jans who yearn for his
good old TV days before he
became "The Prisoner" will
see their hero in a completely
different role on Sunday,
September 22, if they care to
burn the Sunday night candle
at both ends.

In a complete turnabout, McGoohan plays a Russian — a cosmonaut whirling a cosmonaut whirling round in a spacecraft com-pletely out of control, unable ever to return to earth.

By one of those technical accidents that occur inex-plicably in movies, he has a freak radio link with a Can-adian woman, alone except for a sick daughter in a remote outpost.

remote outpost.

They talk together. Her daughter is dying of diphtheria beside her, McGoohan is condemned to the infinity of space, so I don't imagine they will talk about the weather — or perhaps they

The movie, made specially for TV, is called "The Man Out There" and starts on TCN9 round 10.15 p.m., romping on for more than an hour.

He looks forward, he says, to two more or less crime-less weeks in Moscow during the Games.

the Games.

The crime-free graph fell very dramatically during the last Russian summer when, one Sunday, Russia played England for Europe's football cup and lost the game.

Zorin, whose Sunday pro-gram "Seven Days" is watched by an audience of an estimated 40,000,000, remembers that Sunday.

"I got a record audience that day," he said, "because my show had been squeezed into the half-time break in the game."

All-night viewing

In Russia, sport telecasts are given priority over all other programs. Athletics events are covered from beginning to end, and all other programs scheduled for the same time on TV channels are automatically cancelled.

Even news programs are shifted so that the viewers are not deprived of a minute of sport.

Preparations for the Olym-pic Games were started months ago in Moscow and given top priority. Transmis-sions will cancel everything else and will keep going, if necessary, all night.

TV sets are called "tele-vizors" in Russia, female presentation officers are "speakerinas," and, yes, they have commercials.

Moscow, however, follows the Italian fashion and tele-casts its commercials in batches, twice during the day and evening.

and evening.

Their commercials are different from Australia's. Take the case of the presentation of the brussels sprout.

Brussels sprouts were quite unknown in Russia until last winter, when they were grown experimentally for the first time on a grant "sovhoz," a State farm, outside Moscow.

With hundreds of tons of of advertising and promoting

e sprout. They decided to launch novel vegetable

They bought ten minutes commercial time, delegated an expert cook to the TV studio, where, armed with the studio, where, armed with the necessary utensils and baskets of sprouts, he indoctrinated viewers with the nourishing and vitamin-rich qualities of the sprout, and demonstrated how they were cooked.

The commercial proved fantastically successful, with the total crop sold out in a

the total crop sold out in a few days.

PROGRAMS



JUDITH DURHAM'S fans will be hoping she has a smash hit up her sleeve in her first big show since the Seekers agreed to separate. Judith says going it alone is "a relief."

Sport and sprouts

on Moscow screens

TV round the world is the Ty round the world is the same — only different. Take Russia, for instance, where in Moscow, as in Sydney, viewers have four channels to choose from, offering much the same fare.

Moscow viewers have dif-ferent tastes from their

Moscow viewers have different tastes from their Sydney counterparts.

With Muscovites, sport is king on TV — all the time, every day, prime time, day-time, night-time.

Indeed, Moscow viewers are so mad on sports telecasts that the majority of the Russian police force have been given their annual two-week holiday leave from October 13, 1968, when the telecasts of the Olympic Games from Mexico begin.

Interviewed on a Moscow TV station by Russia's leading news commentator, Valentin Zorin, the head of Moscow's Police Department revealed that the police force was going on holidays for the Olympic Games.

"Our petty crime rate sinks to its lowest during the important sports events on TV," said the head of

the important sports events on TV," said the head of the police department. "Even the pickpockets are busy watching. This is a fact proven by statistics."

READ TV

TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WERELY - September 25, 1968

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5795863



land of holiday places



TAA's Australia has everything. More snow country than Switzerland. More beaches for sunning and tanning than anywhere else in the world. More fun, and spectacular scenery than you could ever hope to see in a lifetime. Make this your year to discover TAA's Australia. Say when, where and how much . . . or choose from TAA's range of pre-planned Friendly Way Holidays featuring low.



discounted prices. And don't forget that only TAA has the famous Ann Travaire women's travel advisory service to answer your every question. From Tasmania to the Tropics, fly TAA, your holiday airline, to a hundred places throughout Australia and Papua/New Guinea. Call or phone your Travel Agent, Tourist Bureau or TAA Travel Adviser for free brochures and prices. Call or phone today!





TAA your holiday airline

Fire Angrania Women's Wasser Com 1 or



MINNIE (Ruth Roman), Will Varner's woman, who runs the hotel, craves the respectability and security of marriage with Varner, ruler of the town.

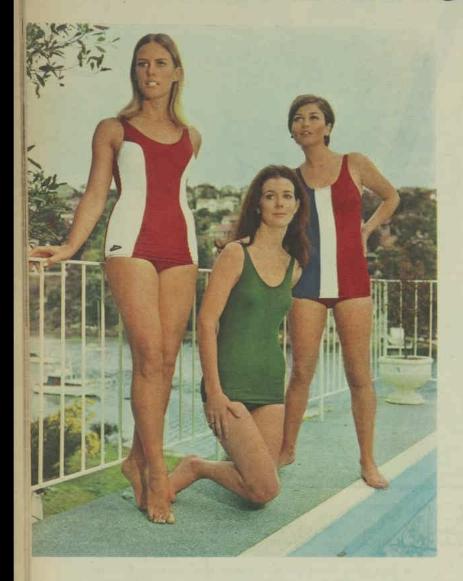
BEN QUICK (Roy Thinnes) comes back to Frenchmen's Bend, falls in love with Varner's daughter. Varner loathes him, says Quicks are rodents. AMBITION of Varner (Edmond O'Brien) is to see daughter Clara "wedded and bedded before the leave's turn," so he can see his grandchildren.

"THE LONG HOT SUMMER"

Back in a repeat on the National Nine Network, Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m., "The Long Hot Summer" is delighting old and new fans with its tempestuous love, feuding families, and glossily presented traditions of America's deep south. Roy Thinnes, as Ben Quick, at the apex of the triangle, is the heart of this heavily romantic drama said to be based on the works of William Faulkner.



AUSTRALIA'S WINNING STYLE



 The Australian swimming team will be the most attractive to take to the water in this year's Olympic Games in Mexico. Their racing swimsuits, specially made and designed by Speedo Knitting Mills, will be green-and-yellow in a wattle print.

I^N all, swimming contestants from 23 nations, including America and Britain, will be wearing Speedo costumes at the Games.

The style, which is known as the Jetstream, was first used by the Australian team at the Melbourne Olympics in 1956.

Competitors from other countries, admiring its shape and fit, took some home to their associations, saying, "These are the suits we need."

In 1964, when the Games were held in

Tokyo, Speedo supplied the costumes for 19 of the countries competing, including America, where they won the contract against competition from American manufactures.

"Australian swimsuits, on the whole, have always been considered superior to any others in the world," a spokesman for the

others in the world, a spokesman for the firm said.

"Where swimsuits—even bikinis—have been made for style only in other parts of the world, Australian counterparts have been noted also for durability. They can be

worn in the roughest surf as well as being attractive on the sand.

"The Games competitors liked the fit of our racing suits, as well as the fabric and the designs, which are a result of many years' research.

"When were the warm rough is called."

"Where once they were made in only a three-color range, now they come in a variety of prints, stripes, and panels.

"Also it is interesting to see how female swimmers have changed their shape since ten years ago. Once they used to be bigger, more solid, muscly. Today, with isometric and isotonic exercises, they have the necessary strength without the bulk.

"We submit several designs for the suits to each country and they choose the one they want, sometimes slightly altering it. For instance, this year Sweden chose the pattern we suggested but asked that the colors be reversed.

"With three suits to each swimmer — and America alone will need almost 1000 — I estimate that about 4000 Australian racing swimsuits will be used at the Mexico Olympics."

-GLORIA NEWTON

BRITAIN, IRELAND AND SWITZERLAND chose these nationalistic designs: red, white, and blue in broad bands; allover deep green; and scarlet with broad white panels at the sides.

Pictures, by staff photographer Ron Berg, were taken at Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delany's swimming-pool at Beauty Point, Sydney.

AMERICA'S COSTUME, right, has a hint of Uncle Sam's trousers, in narrow vertical stripes of red, white, and blue; Sweden's is royal-blue with two gold vertical bands in the front.



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The Face Diet

Helena Rubinstein say make-up can be more than just a pretty face. So, The Face Diet; a way to play down the bad, play up the good things about your face to make you lovelier than ever before.

Step 1: Silk
Fashion Liquid
Make-up. The only
foundation that
moisturises your
skin while it covers
naturally, flawlessly.
Finishes with a dewy
translucence.





Step 2: Silk Fashion Face Powder, Dust over make-up if you prefer a more matte finish.

Step 3: Silk Fashion Blush. Brush on beautiful colour over or under powder.

Use it to thin down or round out and subtly play down had, play up good. Contour your face for exciting new beauty.



Step 4: Silk Fashion Compact. Silk powder and foundation in one for day time touch-ups. Like Liquid Make-up it moisturises and covers beautifully.

Special hint: Finish your new face with Silk Fashion
Highlights. Over or under makeup, as eye shadow or eye liner, it sheens pearly and pert.
Dazzling touch.

There's a Helena Rubinstein face diet that's right for you in the prettiest collection of make-up colours you've ever looked beautiful in. Ask about them at department stores and special pharmacies everywhere.



Your new face:

Silk Fashion by Helena Rubinstein

Page 20

Thousands watch one man and his dog

At any of the big royal shows, when sheepdog trials come on the program, a hush falls - while thousands of spectators follow the slightest moves of one man and his dog. Here is a portrait of a man who knows what it is like to be that solitary figure in the ring.

MR. ALLAN MIL-LER, of Romsey, Victoria, is a "dinkum Aussie" of the old (country) school . . . he rolls his own, talks about blokes and mates, and says he could never bear to live in a city.

A sheep-and-cattle farmer with 300 acres at "Gowan Brae," Romsey — a green, lush farming area in the shadow of Mt. Macedon — Mr. Miller has bright blue eyes, a fanned, weather-beaten face, and a "short-back-and-sides" haircut.

He also has a hobby competing in sheepdog trials

— which has taken him all over Australia, as a judge as well as a competitor,

Mr. Miller has been so successful that he was asked by the Australian Government to show his sheepdogs at work — they are border collies — at Expo 67 last year in Canada.

Mr. Miller modestly claims that he was "just lucky" to be chosen to go to Canada.

"I enjoyed the trip, too, although I did have one worrying moment when one of the two dogs I took became deaf for a few days after the long flight. I thought he'd be useless if he couldn't hear me or my whistle. However, he recovered in time." ered in time.'

The dogs he took were Herdman's Jewel, bred by Mr. W. R. Marshall, of Tatura, Vic. — "That dog's mother, Herdman's Gem, is the best all-round dog in Australia," said Mr. Miller — and Gobber, trained by Mr. E. Morris, of Alexandra, Vic.

The two dogs had to b left in Canada because of quarantine difficulties.

"I was sorry that had to happen, but I made sure I left them in the hands of two good farmers," Mr. Mil-ler commented.

Mr. Miller's next appear-Mr. Miller's next appear-ance in Australia is at the Royal Melbourne Show (September 19-28). This will be the 50th anniversary of sheepdog trials at the show, and two additional trials will be staged in celebration. These will be a night trial and a utility trial.

Only 13 dogs were entered in the 1918 trials compared with last year's figure of 47

"There's more interest these days in sheepdog trials —and, really, I don't know where the woolgrowing where the woolgrowing countries would be without sheepdogs," said Mr. Miller. "They'll never be obsolete.

"I know that motor-bikes are often used nowadays in-stead of horses, but they still usually carry a dog."

Although Mr. Miller alternates between judging and competing, he prefers to be a competitor.

"Tve had successes with male and female dogs, but more success with the females," he said.

He breeds and trains his own dogs and has at least a dozen on his property.

"A dozen is not unusual. A friend of mine, in Camper-down, has a hundred."

success at trials is a 50-50 deal.

'It's a bet each way, on



---- By -----BARBARA CURNOW

the dog and the man," he said. "I don't have a special training course, just get the dog well under my command and let him know who's boss. You have to be firm and kind—the way any parent has to be with a child."

Fach trial lasts 15 minutes.

Each trial lasts 15 minutes. "Three sheep and three obstacles, then herd them into a pen; it helps if the dog is used to crowds and has a good temperament," Mr. Miller said.

His lifelong hobby—"I've been doing it for too many years to recollect the exact number"—has taken him all over Australia.

"I've judged and com-peted in nearly every State, and in New Zealand."

Mr. Miller is often away, travelling all over Victoria during the winter and spring months, when the trials are

held.

"When I was young I'd go anywhere, travel any distance for a show, but now I enter only the big royal shows."

Mr. Miller, who is 69, said his wife did not go to watch him at trials. "I guess she's too busy at the farm while I am away, although I do have a man to help with the work."

Special trailer

The dogs travel in a specially fitted trailer at the back of Mr. Miller's car.

Born in Tatura, Vie., Mr. Miller spent his early years there, before his father, the late Mr. Martin Miller,

moved to Romsey.
After he left school,

SITTING on an old hay rake, surrounded by four of his 12 sheep dogs, is Mr. Allan Miller, of Romsey, Victoria. The dogs are, from left, Miller's Pandy Lou, Miller's Duke, Dixie Moroka, and Moorlands Mac. Mr. Miller breeds border collies.

Allan Miller worked and Pictures by BILL COYNE travelled in New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland, doing general farm and station work. He brought his young bride to Romsey in 1929.

They have one married daughter, Mrs. Lloyd Parks, daughter, Mrs. Lloyd Parks, whose husband is a dairy-farmer near Romsey, and two grandchildren. Mr. Miller has a stepdaughter, Mrs. James Grozier, of Newham, and a stepson, Mr. James Hall, of Heywood.

"Country life is hard and vigorous, but I love it," he said. "I could never live in the city. But I do think that

it is harder now for the small farmer to make a living, with

In the sitting-room of the Millers' comfortable brick brick house are dozens of gleaming trophies and cups, recording Mr. Miller's sheepdog trial successes.

"My wife goes crook now whenever I bring home an-other cup or silver tray-she

He has won many trials at royal shows and country shows, as well as special awards.

One prize, a big purple velvet piece of embroidery, framed, and hanging on the wall, was awarded by the National Sheep Dog Trial National Sheep Dog Trial Association for the winner of the highest points given over a ten-year period (1947-

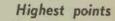
This was presented to Mr. Miller by the then American Ambassador, Mr. Pete Jar-

At this year's Royal Melbourne Show Mr. Miller will use a 22-month-old dog, Moorlands Mac. They won

With his record of past

all the rules and regulations and streamlining operations."

has to clean them all," said, chuckling.

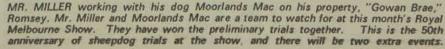


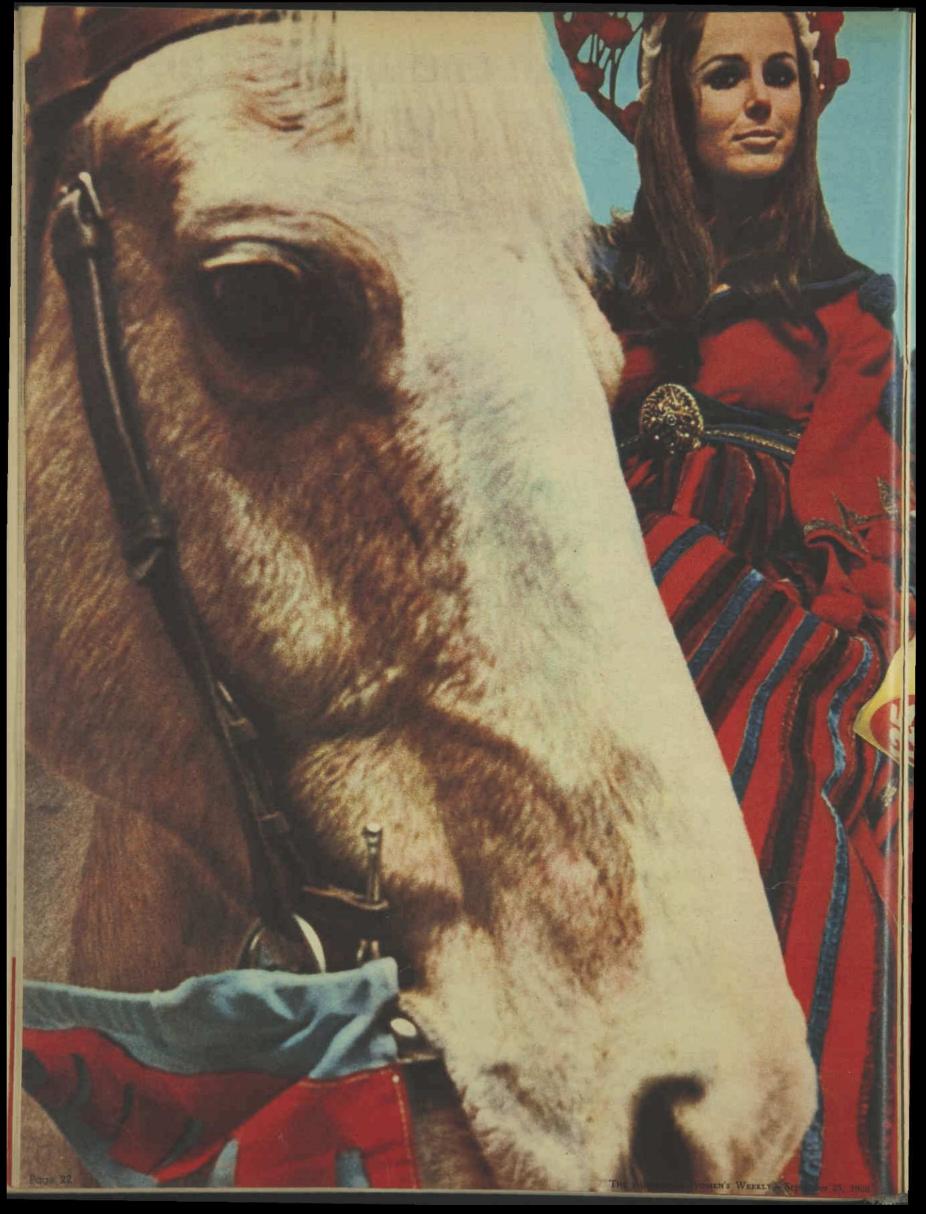
In pride of place on the sideboard is a huge silver cup—awarded for winning the National Trial Cup for three successive years.

the preliminary trials to-gether last month,

"I'll use him for all four trials," said Mr. Miller.

wins, it wouldn't be too risky to make Mr. Miller and Moorlands Mac this year's favorite team to round up







To the Colours! A fabulous garland of poetic colours found only in Harlequin Scotties. Four captivating colours in every box. The softest, strongest, most colourful tissues of all.

Close the ranks for Colour! Bring brightness to family mealtimes — Harlequin Scott Family Napkins — 3 great colours, 60 in a pack. A colourful value that only Scott can offer.

Now, kitchens yield to colour, too! Turquoise, pink, yellow and the purest of white in big 125 sheet rolls of ScotTowels. Convenient, colourful and economical — because ScotTowels give you 26 more towels on every roll.

A veritable colour-posy! Scott 2 ply. Pretty as Spring itself — soft pink, soft yellow, soft green, soft white... in a toilet tissue that's 2 ply strong. It's Scott's winning combination.

Flock to the Scott banners... share in the colourful values at your store now!



OUR GLAD

mornays her own fish on the GOLD COAST

 AT 76, AND RETIRED, SHE'S STILL A HANDSOME WOMAN

> MISS MONCRIEFF is about to put into the oven a delicious whiting mornay. She's in the kitchen of her Gold Coast home.



MISS GLADYS MONCRIEFF'S retirement home on the Isle of Capri on the Queensland Gold Coast has a gay, lighthearted charm reminiscent of the theatre life she loved and left eight years ago.

The house has a tranquil setting that would color any stage scene, and faces a blue manmade waterway with a rugged mountain range be-

yond.
"The mountains wouldn't come to me, so I came to the mountains," Miss Mon-crieff said as we admired the outlook from the ter-

Miss Moncrieff and her friend and companion of 36 years, Miss Elsie Wilson, moved from Bellevue Hill in Sydney, where they had lived for many years, to Surfers Paradise last January.

They chose the site and had the house built. Actually it was built around them. As soon as the living quarters were ready they moved in, "We had a very good builder," Miss Mon-

They have now been liv-ing in their new home for about eight months.

Everything locks beautifully settled already.

There is a flourishing courtyard garden at the entrance — "Elsie must get the credit for that," Miss Moncrieff said, "she has green fingers" — and on the waterway side of the house a very promising lawn slopes to the bank.

"The man command with the said of the said of

"The man comes and cuts it every week," Miss Mon-crieff said, looking at it hopefully. "It seems to be coming on."

She seemed reassured when told that in Queensland grass shows very little growth in winter.

"I love the climate," she the courty and to enjoy the warm winter sunshine. She looks remarkably youthful for her age — 76 years.

Home State

"The weather is good for nine months of the year. For three months we have to put up with a bit of wind and rain. I don't mind hot weather, and it never gets really hot on the coast.

"After all Opensaland is

"After all, Queensland is my home State.

"I was born in Bundaberg, and went to school in Bun-daberg, Maryborough, and Townsville. I was the worst scholar in the world — on my word of honor I was.

"I miss my friends in Sydney and Melbourne, but a lot of them have come up to see me, and all the time people are dropping in.

"They ring me and I say — come and have a cuppa."

The coast is also provid-ing new friends and admirfrom many walks of life.

Miss Wilson recounted a story: "A new

story: "A new b a k e r was coming on our run, so the old baker

made out a list of customers to be called on. At the top of the list he wrote, 'Our Glad.'

"A neighbor told me — she saw the list."

It also turned out that the man who delivers the launman who delivers the faun-dry and cleaning was an outrider in an Army escort provided for Miss Moncrieff when she sang for troops in New Guinea in World War II. "We had quite a chat," she said.

she said.

"You sang for the troops in World War I, too, didn't you?" Miss Wilson said.

"Yes," replied Gladys Moncrieff with forthright humor, "but not in the Crimean War."

Complimented on having remained so much younger

looking than her years, Miss Moncrieff said: "Nowadays everyone knows my age, and it doesn't matter.

"For years on the stage I didn't tell my age, but the main reason then was not to spoil it for people in the audience, especially younger ones, the kids.

"My leading man was nearly always younger than I was For example, in 'Vic-toria and her Hussar,' a lovely show, the leading

man was about ten

years younger than I." Miss Moncrieff still has to watch her weight.

By JEAN BRUCE

"It's all those barbecues we go to," she said, "al-though it's nearly always steak and salad, and that's good food."

Asked about a pineapple-and-lamb-chop diet she was said to have followed at one time in her theatre days, with a dramatic slimming effect, she said:

"It's a very good diet. Pincapple and lamb chop three times a day. I was in London when I tried it and found it very effective.

"I came back to Australia for 'Rio Rita' at 9 stone 11, after having been a very fat

"I have always loved food and put on weight quickly— though when I was just starting in the theatre I

was very thin.
"Mrs. Hugh Ward, the wife of the director of J. C. Williamson's, used to make me swing clubs and have stout at night, anything to put weight on. put weight on.

"I'm carrying a little more weight than I want at the moment."

"Delicious"

From the delightful kit-chen wafted the delicious smell of a whiting mornay that Miss Moncrieff had put into the oven earlier.

She has a reputation as a good cook and the dish, accompanied by cold beer, bore this out. This is the bore this out.

Butter the bottom of a dish. Coil the whiting, or lap over (I like to use small ones). Make a sauce of butter, flour, and milk. Stir until it thickens nicely. Add cheese (I use processed cheese), a little cream, and pour over fish, putting parmesan cheese on top. Cook raw fish with sauce in oven until bubbling, then place under grill to brown. Mud crabs rank high in Miss Moncrieff's choice of

scafoods at the coast. "They are really delicious," she said

Cherished possessions in furniture and gifts add lustre and warmth to the attractive living-room area of the house.

A James II English oak dining-room suite, brought from the house in Sydney, from the house in Sydney, fits perfectly into its new surroundings. A comfortable chintz-covered settee, with large roomy chairs, that was also in the Bellevue Hill house seems just right, and testimonial gifts of silver candelabra and sparkling glassware add to the harmony.

"Only the carpets and curtains and lights are new,"
Miss Moncreff said,
"I'm really thrilled with
life on the Gold Coast. And
I love life."
It was time to leave and
the visit with one of Aug.

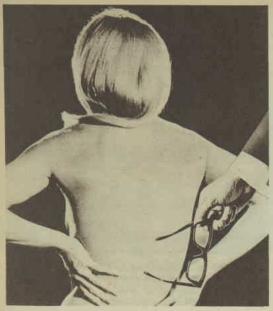
the visit with one of Australia's best-loved theatre stars was over.

"I might hum a melody around the house occasion-ally," she said, "but I started work—my work was singing —in 1913.

in 1913.
"I always had to watch I didn't catch cold. I was really terrified of catching cold. Now I don't get colds —I suppose it's because away from all t draughts."

THE AUSTRALIAN WGMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968



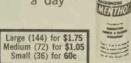


Backache or stiff, aching joints?

You need MACKENZIES MENTHOIDS

Mackenzie's Menthoids gentle antiaeptic, diuretic and laxative action helps kidneys and blood function at their best, giving more vitality, more joy of living. Stay at normal weight, keep in good shape with Mackenzie's Menthoids. Safe for everybody—no unpleasant side effects.

Send a stamped addressed envelope to Dept. WW2, P.O. Box S, Amcliffe, N.S.W., 2205, and receive your copy of Mackenzie's Menthoids "Way of Living" Chart.



You can buy them everywhere

MEZIX.82

Low Calorie Sweet eating recipes are so easy ACCHARIN the safe weetener in the convenient plastic squeeze bottle

Why aren't you married, Alice Brown?

 ALICE BROWN says this is not a fair question. "So I just don't answer it."

She feels that no person should be obliged by social pressures to reveal all her secrets.

A LICE says if people ask her why she isn't married, and she doesn't wish to tell them, she simply creates a diversion.

She says she has now up-set more champagne cock-tails than any other single girl in this country. Until last November, she also held the spilt-martini record, but

the spilt-martini record, but she has refinquished this to an American air hostess.

"Of course, fainting is a very effective diversion," Alice went on. "But it has to be really well done. There's a redhead in the opera company who's a dab hand at it."

I pointed out to Alice that some of us lack the panache to carry off such spectacular tricks.

"Try changing the sub-ject," she said. Alice learnt subject-chang-ing from a well-known writer

ing from a well-known, who lives in her street. HE learnt it by doing tele-interviews. When HE learnt it by doing television interviews. When asked a question which he does not wish to answer, he simply sits quietly for a few seconds, sighs deeply and sadly, and starts on a completely different subject: "This morning I saw a small child eat a live goldfish..."

For daytime television, this is often sufficient to drive the

For daytime television, this is often sufficient to drive the original question from the interviewer's mind. However, the evening people are used to off-putting tricks, and he sometimes has to go on for a bit: ". . he had it on a peanut butter sandwich. Wholemeal bread . ."
"Of course," said Alice,

"Of course," said Alice,
"hardly anybody wants to
interview him these days.
Most of them have heard
about the goldfish."

No privacy

She says he doesn't mind being spurned by mass media. It's privacy he cares

That's what we all care about. But unmarried ladies

about. But unmarried ladies aren't allowed to have any. Everywhere we go some kind (or unkind) questioner brings us to a halt with "WHY aren't you married?" I said to Alice, "We just cannot win. If people see us yawning on the bus in the mornings they want to know what sort of mischief we've been up to. If they get the idea that we're staying home nights, watching "Peyton Place," they start scheduling baby-sitting jobs for us."

"You must develop guile," said Alice. She mentioned, with great admiration, the lady editor of a chic magazine who was asked what her New Year Resolution was going to be. This resourceful lady said she had resolved to have at least one love affair, during 1968, which polody during 1968, which nobody found out about.

found out about.

"What a lovely piece of insurance," said Alice. "After that she couldn't lose face whatever she did."

I said to Alice, "Sometimes, though, you must have to answer when people ask why you aren't married. So what do you say?"

She said it depends on who asks, why they want to know, and how many people are listening for the reply.

If a man wants to know, and there is no audience, it may well be a preliminary

does not agree with this to look round her at the next party she goes to and ask herself, "Where do plumbers

go in the evenings?"

Alice says that questions about her single state are frequently asked by aggressive wives at cocktail parties.

"They loom up just as I'm having a smashing time," she said. "If this should happen to you, I advise you to get rid of such persons before they cause you some real trouble."

trouble."
She herself does this by

saying, "Your singlet has bunched. Did you know?" She says this is enor-mously effective, especially with those who aren't WEARING singlets.

When setting off on her annual holiday, Alice feels it is best to forestall questions by purchasing a chainstore

mate asked suddenly and loudly, "Alice, why aren't you married?" Alice said that everybody

turned to look at her. The standees jostled one another for a better view, and one old lady was so eager to judge for herself that she landed head down in Alice's dilly bag. "It took seven stops to get her back on her

Alice said that this was a very good diversion, but it is wise to have a reply ready for such an occasion. "It isn't

for such an occasion, "It isn't every day you are lucky enough to see an old lady flying past your head."

She said that, when so cornered, a girl should point suddenly out the window and shout, "Look, they've got no clothes on!"

Alice says that there are

Alice says that there are some occasions when she is prepared to answer up answer up

quickly and clearly.

If she were helping her-self to coffee one office morning and the Personnel Manager came up to her and said, "You're not married, Miss Brown?", she would reply, "No, and I never shall be."

shall be."

She said he may be thinking of promotion and only a cloth-head would put herself out of the running. "They think if you're married it's not worth promoting you. They imagine you'll spend all day shelling peas and skinning carrots."

Missed opportunities?

I asked Alice whether she felt it was wise to change the subject so drastically. I asked her whether she did not feel that by getting people off the subject she might be missing out on some interesting opportunities.

She thought about this and

said that no, she didn't think this was so.

"For instance, the people I've met through my married I've met through my married girlfriends all seem to have some little flaw in their make-up." she said. "Either they have the resident mother problem or they've just served a jail sentence for bigamy. Some little disagreeable thing like that."

I really do admire Alice. She has placed herself far above the fear of embarrassment.

As she walked away from me, I heard somebody stop her and ask her a question.

Alice's voice drifted back to me through the chatter. "Are THOSE your toenail clippings?" she said.

By JOAN FLANAGAN

which she may wish to participate "to a limited extent, of course."

In such a case, she may reply, "Alas, I must remain single until I am 28 or for-feit an inheritance from my grandmother."

They always find a way to ask how old she is now, and she has found it best to say "just turned 26."

She said this is the ideal way of dealing with the man who eagerly records a tele-

phone number but who fears to dial it, lest by asking for one date he should find him-self irrevocably committed. "Some of them seem to

Some of them seem to think I'm a White Slaver, shipping chartered account-ants to New Zealand."

I asked whether she thought it a good thing to start off a relationship with

a lie.

"Do unto others," said Alice, "before they get ready to do unto you."

I had to agree with her that some of the men one meets handle the truth

meets handle the truth lightly.

"Look at the over-40 group," she said with a sniff.
"Every one of them a survivor of the Battle of Britain. If they were all telling the truth, there wouldn't have been room in the sky."

Wa agreed that the

We agreed that the younger ones aren't much more reliable, but that the lies they tell mostly concern

their mode of employment. Alice advises any girl who

wedding ring. Otherwise, she may be forced to spend her three weeks' break helping people wonder what is wrong with the young men these days, and deciding whether or not they need to have their eyesight examined. "Kindly meant," she said, "but time-wasting." Alice warns that anybody

purchasing a cheap wedding ring should resist the temptation to explain to the sales-girl why she wants it. She says that a friend of hers, buying a ring on Alice's advice, caused a near-riot in advice, caused a near-riot in one chainstore. Some house-wives standing nearby got the wrong idea, and an ugly situation developed. "She would have been per-fectly all right if she hadn't tried to justify herself," she said.

Alice maintains that the wearing of a wedding ring doubles her holiday adven-tures. "Of course, people probably go about behind my back wondering what hap-pened to Mr. Brown, but I don't care about that." She believes that the unattached lady on holiday can only benefit from such specula-

Commuting to and from work presents another prob-lem. Alice believes that so much daily travelling makes people inquisitive. "All that much daily travelling makes people inquisitive. "All that time on their hands, no wonder they get nosy."

She said she was sitting quietly on the bus one morn-ing recently when her seat-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHEELY - Septem



Hello Foot!



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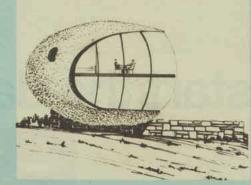
Read your character in the home you like



- Test of 13 houses

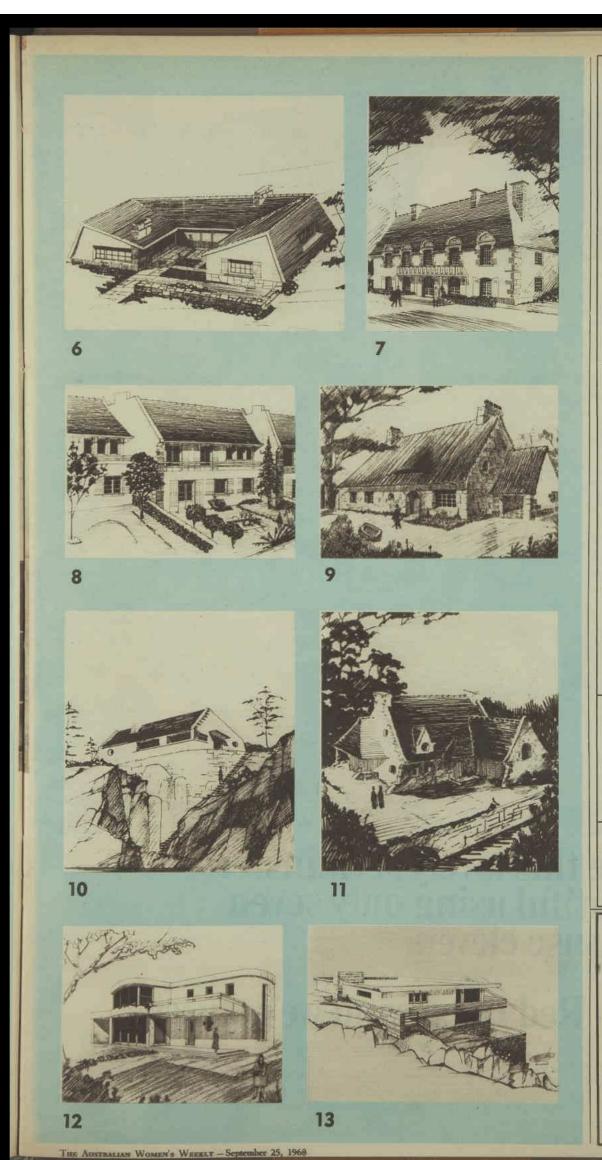
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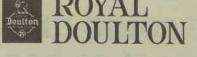
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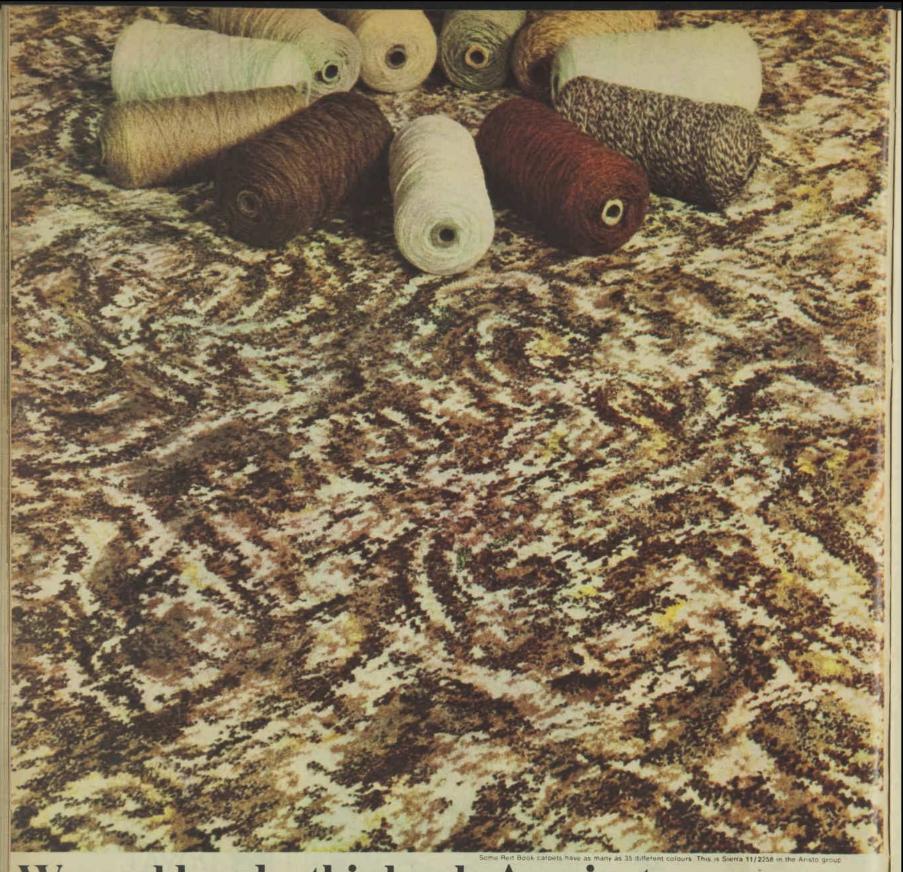
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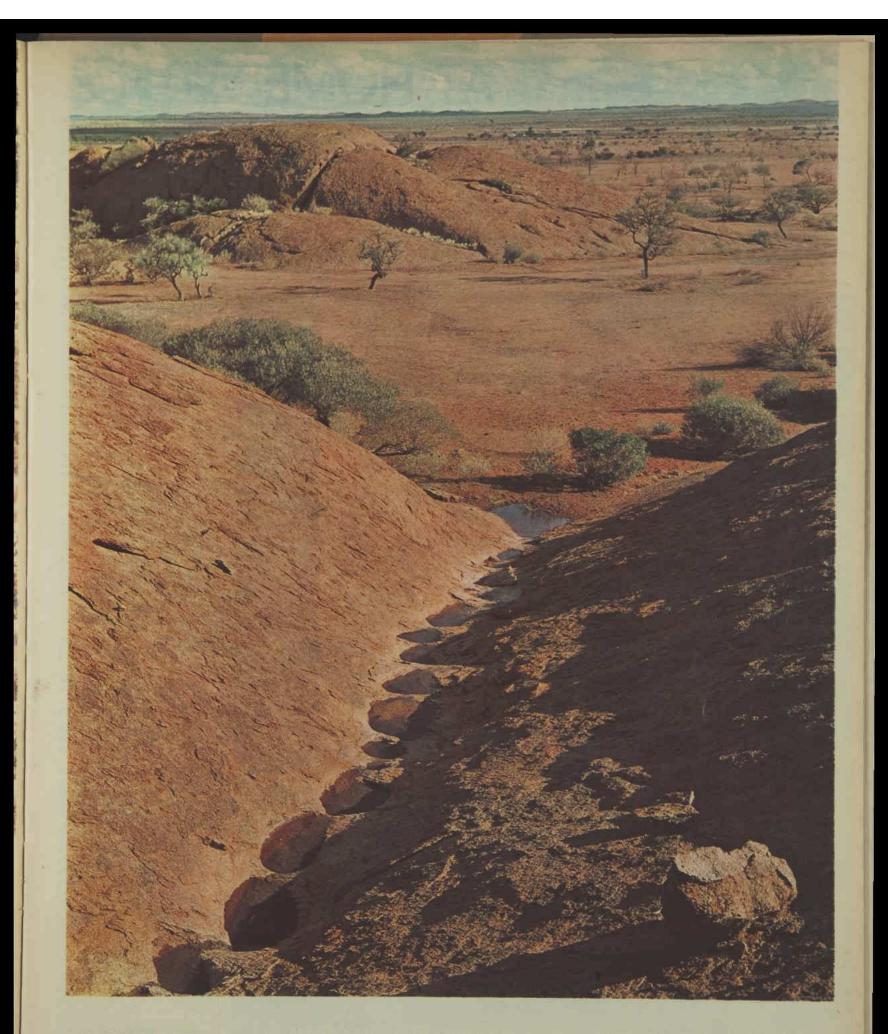


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY -

x - September 25, 1968



DESERT
POOLS—
like a chain of tears

COUNTRYSIDE around Kulgera, 180 miles south of Alice Springs near Mt. Cavenagh, on the South Australian-Northern Territory border. Kulgera is a station with an airstrip, a general store, and accommodation. Its name derives from an Aboriginal worship place a mile and a half from the station. Legend says that the series of pools in the rock are the tears of a weeping eye, and that they do not dry up, even during a severe drought.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

Picture by H. E. Kalkreuter, Claremont, W.A.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968



AT HOME WITH

Traveller's Tale

by Celia Winter-Irving

KELANIYA TEMPLE, with the Buddhist shrine behind.

Colombo at 11 p.m., and the 20-mile drive from the airport to the city was interesting enough to keep my attention after 18 hours without sleep.

Peak village shopping time appears to be midnight. Way-side stalls do a roaring trade. The roads are full of sari-clad women with either basket in hand and small child on shoulder or small

child in hand and basket on shoulder. The midnight exodus from the village taverna (Ceylonese equivalent of the local pub) spills out on to the road.

For the past year I had worked with the Ceylon Tea Bureau in Sydney, talking to women's groups and schoolchildren about Ceylon.

We arrived at the Galle Face Hotel in the early hours of the morning. The Galle Face, built during the latter half of last century, when the British controlled Ceylon, is a large solid building which I heard an elderly Englishman once describe as "the worst piece of Regency architecture to be built in either Britain or her empire."

Although Ceylon is rapidly realising its tourist potential, the

Although Ceylon is rapidly realising its tourist potential, the Galle Face remains outwardly the same as it was in the days when ladies stepped on to Colombo wharf, and, after adjusting fly veil and bustle, stepped into a waiting curricle. I expected to find the foyer deserted except perhaps for a few retired tea-planters asleep in armchairs, and was surprised to see it full of people: men in dinner jackets, women in even-

dinner jackets, women in even-ing dress and exotic saris, and young people in the most with-it clothes heading for a door marked "Coconut Grove," from which came loud, raucous

Next evening I dined with some friends who were on the academic staff of Colombo Uni-

A car in Ceylon is a rare and precious thing. My friends had borrowed one (a good car, but it has no brakes, was the com-

Ancient capital

In this car we would drive to Kandy, ancient Sinhalese capital in the hills. While I saw round Kandy, one of the students with us would be able to visit the girl his family had arranged that

he should marry.

In spite of the Westernised progressive attitude of Ceylon's younger generation, they accept the traditions of their ancient culture, such as arranged marriages, without question.

marriages, without question.

This girl's father was one of the most esteemed men in Kandy. He was the guardian of the precious relic of the Tooth of the Buddha, enshrined in the Temple of the Tooth.

I had read about a Buddhist temple called Kelaniya in a village outside Colombo, where wall frescoes told the story of the coming of Buddhism to Ceylon.

It was a pity, my friends told

coming of Buddhism to Ceylon.

It was a pity, my friends told me, that I could not visit Kelaniya. My only free time was in the middle of next day, and no one goes out in the middle of the day in Ceylon. And it would be far too expensive to go to Kelaniya by taxi.

While the conversation drifted to other things, my thoughts turned to the network of red ex-London buses which carried people all over Colombo. Why not catch a bus to Kelaniya?

1 set out at midday next day.

not catch a bus to Kelaniya?

I set out at midday next day.
I knew I had to catch two buses to reach Kelaniya, but was not quite sure where to find the bus stop. Whom to ask?

A nearby awning declared that the shop over which it hung had been "Jeweller to Royalty for One Hundred Years." Surely a family holding such an esteemed position for so long would have a knowledge of Colombo's bus stops. stops.



His feet won't be completely formed for 16 years... one pair of ill-fitting shoes can damage them forever



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Page 32

CEYLONESE FAMILY

Inside, I found a dark young man polishing a gleaming ring.
"Please, could you tell me how to get to Kelaniya?" I asked him.
"Ah, yes," he replied. "You want a taxi."

"No," I replied. "I want to catch the bus." "You want to catch the bus?" he said in disapprov-

ing tones.

I laughed, and told him I did not have enough money for a taxi, but was quite capable of travelling on a bus—as long as it was the right bus.

"But not alone." His voice was severe. "I will come with you. I have never been to Kelaniya. I am a Hindu. Kelaniya is a Buddhist temple, and I have a great respect for Buddhists and their faith. Wait a moment."

He disappeared into the

their faith. Wait a moment."

He disappeared into the back of the shop.

"My father says I must come with you. He says otherwise you are likely to catch the wrong bus and will end up in the wrong village. My father is always right."

Knowing how Ceylonese sons and daughters respect their parents' wisdom, I feared this might be so.

No charge

"And please do not think I am offering you my service as a guide. There is no money involved. After all, Kelaniya will be new to both of us," he added.

Neianiya will be new to both of us," he added.

We went down the winding streets, arrived at a bus stop, and leaped on to a departing bus, which had a different number from the one I had been given. My friend said something in a low voice to the driver.

"This bus has a different number," I said doubtfully.
"I know," he said cheerfully. "But the driver says he is happy to go off his usual route and drop us at the stop where we can catch the next bus to Kelaniya. It is not often that he can drive European girls in large straw hats."

We sat upstairs, among

hats."

We sat upstairs, among students, schoolboys, and elderly ladies clutching precious tins of powdered milk, the most poorly supplied and greatly demanded consumer product in Ceylon.

"My name is Ahmed," he said. "You are a student?"

I told him of my year at the Tea Bureau and why I had come to Ceylon.

"But this is wonderful.
You spend your time telling people in your country of my country. You must be the first ambassador for Ceylon who has never been there."
"And you?" I select

mrst ambassador for Ceyton who has never been there."

"And you?" I asked.

He told me his family had made jewellery which had adorned Queen Victoria. He had learned from his father the art of cutting and polishing gems. It was his duty to go into the family business.

He lived with his family in a village outside Colombo. He had no wish to leave. It was his home, and his place with his family. When he married he would remain in the village and take his wife to live with his family.

"Ah, but come." said Ahmed. "Here is where we change buses." I thanked the driver.

"Not at all," he replied. "I ould have taken you to Kelaniya."

The squat temple stands a little way from Kelaniya village, which is a cluster of wayside stalls selling tooth-

village, which is a cluster of wayside stalls selling tooth-paste, combs, comic books, cups of hot tea, coconut milk, and sticky sweets, together with the inevitable taverna. A small boy with a transistor slung round his neck came up to us.

"Come," he said. "I will show you the temple."

Inside I felt the kind of peace I have experienced on entering a cathedral built in the middle of a busy square in Europe.

The air was heavy with the smell of incense and frangipani. The frescoes across the walls were so realistic and vital that I felt I was part of the entourage of richly robed princes and prancing lions with amber eyes that accompanied the monk Mahinda to Ceylon.

The inner room was filled by a larger, than life statue.

monk Mahinda to Ceylon.

The inner room was filled by a larger-than-life statue of the Buddha made from goldleaf. He reclined in the manner of a Roman emperor about to have grapes popped in his mouth by a servant waving a palm leaf.

"But we must go," said Ahmed, "Our bus will leave without us."

Outside, I put on my shoes. Our guide turned on his transistor. We were back in the world again, and of it.

in the world again, and of it.

"I am glad to have done that," said A h m e d.

"Hinduism is not part of Buddhism, but Buddhism is part of Ceylon, and I am part of Ceylon. But I must ask you something. Have you read the works of Ian Fleming? I am at the moment much absorbed in the adventures of James Bond."

It so happened that I mere

It so happened that James Bond was one of my weak-nesses. We discussed the adventures of Goldfinger and

American woman.

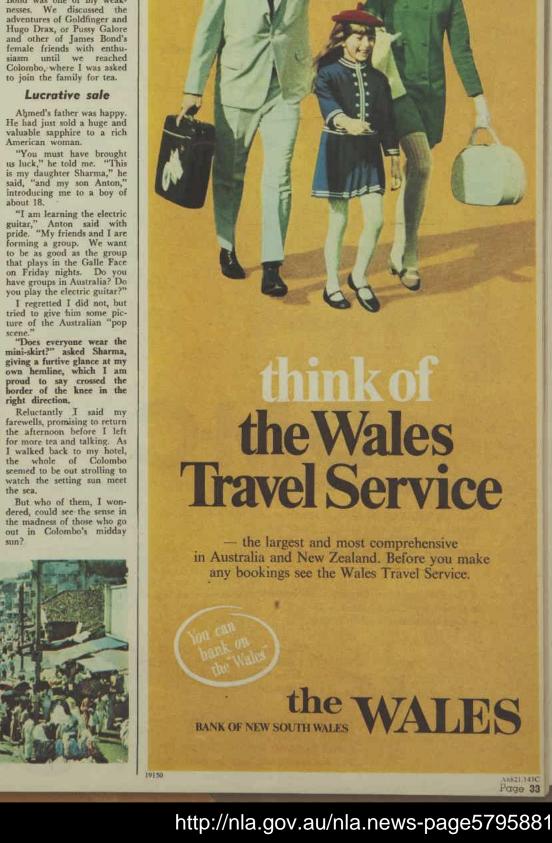
about 18.

I regretted I did not, but tried to give him some pic-ture of the Australian "pop

But who of them, I won-dered, could see the sense in the madness of those who go out in Colombo's midday



the colorful buses which tourists use to see the sights of Colombo and surrounding areas.



think of

travel

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time there were 60 rats.

THERE was nothing special about them. They were just rats, perfectly ordinary rats bred from a single strain in a laboratory at an American university, each one of them not differing from the other 59 in any easily discernible way.

At the same time, in the same university, there were 12 psychology students. They probably did differ from each other in lots of easily discernible ways, but that's nothing to do with the story.

Each of the 12 students was given five rats, and the

for each of them to teach his five rats to negotiate a maze in return for a food reward, and to answer questions and write a report on his rats at the end of the experiment.

Six of the students were told that their five rats (bred from exactly the same strain as all the others, remember) had been specially bred for brightness in running a maze. The other six were told that their rats came from a strain that, for various genetic reasons, could be expected to be rather poor at learning to run through a maze in return for a food reward.

Just to keep the record straight, let's call the first

Just to keep the record straight, let's call the first group

(those the students were told were bright rats) the A rats and call the second group the B rats.

Right from the start in this experiment, the A rats did better than the B rats. They had more initiative, and they made a pretty good job of learning by experience how to get through the maze and win their reward without too much mucking about. The poor old B-group rats made a much slower job of learning to run the maze, and sometimes just refused to budge an inch from the startingpoint when they were put into the maze.

The students' reports were interesting, too. The students who'd been given A-group rats reported that their animals had proved brighter, pleasanter, and more likable than the average rat. Because of this, they (the six students with A-group rats) had handled their animals more, and more gently; they'd been more friendly, more enthusiastic, and more talkative with them. The six students with B-group rats knew they were dealing with a bunch of clots, and got the expected results.

The moral of this story is the property the

The moral of this story is . . . no, let's forget the moral, and come to the reason for the experiment. It was set up by some educationists in the United States who believed that "disadvantaged" children suffer a handicap in their education which persists throughout their lives.

"Disadvantaged" children there are defined as Negro Americans, Mexican Americans, Puerto Rican Americans, or any other child who lives in conditions of poverty. "He is," they say, "a lower-class child who performs poorly in an educational system that is staffed almost entirely by middle-class teachers." The definitions would vary from country to country, but every country obviously has its own numbers of "disadvantaged" children.

The rat experiment was a beginning. Obviously you can't do a parallel thing with children, because you can't wantonly brand a group of children as "dull" just to prove

Instead, they did part of the experiment at a San Francisco school, establishing in the teachers' minds only the idea that certain students might show superior performance. They used a standard intelligence test, but it was a new one the teachers weren't familiar with.

The teachers, were told it was a new sort of test designed to predict academic blooming or intellectual gain in children, and that all results would be sent to Harvard to be assessed. Every child in the school did the test.

"Tested" children shaped up rather like the rats

ASUALLY, at the end of a staff meeting some weeks later, the experimenter said to the teachers, "By the way, if you're interested in who did what in those tests we're doing for Harvard . . and about five children in each class were named as potential intellectual "spurters."

The names were chosen by means of a table of random numbers and had nothing to do with the actual test results. In other words, the difference between these named children and the others existed only in the minds of their

The children were tested again three times in the next year. The results showed that children from whom the teachers expected intellectual gains showed such gains. Asked to describe their pupils' classroom behaviour, the teachers rated those they do been told would make intellectual gains as "having a better chance of being successful in later life, and as being happier, more curious, and more interesting than the other children... more appealing, better adjusted, and more affectionate."

better adjusted, and more affectionate."

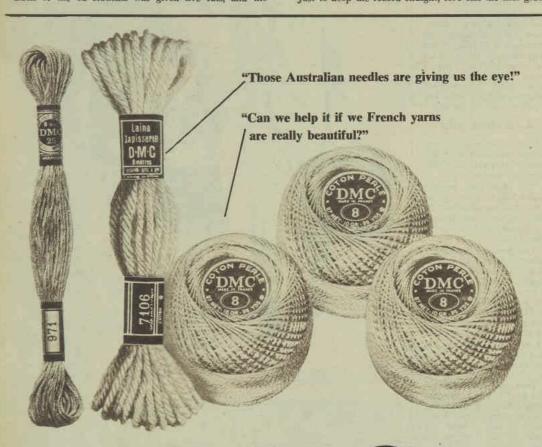
Many of the other children (those not pointed out to the teachers as likely intellectual "spurters") had also made big intellectual gains over the year's testing period. The teachers were asked to rate them. The more they had gained, the less favorably they were rated.

"From these results," the researchers say, "it seems evident that when children who are expected to gain intellectually do gain, they may benefit in other ways. As 'personalities' they go up in the estimation of their teachers. The opposite is true of children who gain intellectually when improvement is not expected of them. They are looked on as showing undesirable behaviour."

Money is being spent in many countries on trying to overcome educational handicaps by working on the child. This work suggests that his handicap is not all within himself and his environment, but that some of it comes from his teachers' preconceived ideas about his potentialities.

Maybe there's a moral in the rat story, too, for parents. They, too, like teachers, are only human beings, given to looking at their own children with plenty of preconceptions, misconceptions, and prejudices based on ill-digested information handed down by experts.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968



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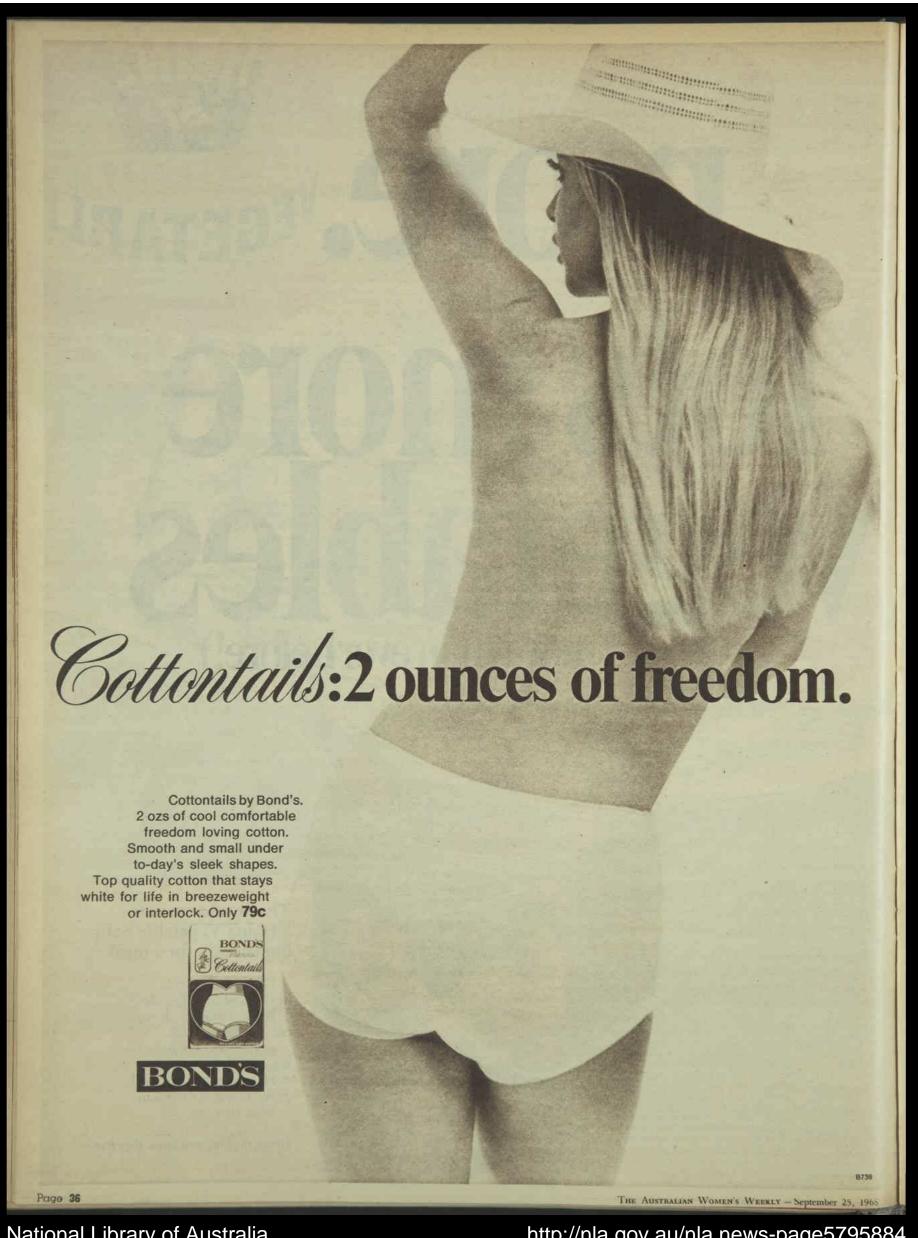
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Shattering the word for these

MRS. MONKS is not the only one to have had shattering experiences. Years ago we had a lamp-glass cracked when a small boy gave a piercing scream. A cracked when a small boy gave a piercing scream. A couple of years later we found a thick drinking-glass shattered into hundreds of pieces in a kitchen cabinet. Only a week ago, a very sharp "crack" from the living-room proved to have been my glass punch-bowl acquiring a crack halfway around its base. And we don't have any supersonic booms around here.

\$2 to Mrs. K. M. Jurss, Eumundi, Qld.

WE (and the window) were shattered when our three-year-old announced that he'd seen a mosquito on the garage window and had killed it.

\$2 to R. Dockery, Balgow-lah, N.S.W.

DURING a week of exceptionally cold weather, I was startled from sleep by a tremendous cracking sound. I found the dressing-table's I found the dressing-table's heavy plate-glass top had cracked. Next morning, while showering. I was dismayed to see the shower-screen crack in three directions. \$2 to "Startled" (name supplied), Kilsyth, Vic.

WE live opposite a State school, in direct line with the sports oval's cricket pitch. Sports time in summer is a war of nerves. I still can't decide whether one should pat these would-be Bradmans on the back or harder - somewhere lower

down. \$2 to "Crash" (name sup-plied), Box Hill, Vic.

Working wives

IT seems that every second paper I pick up has something to say on "Why Married Women Should Go To Work." Every other one is equally definite on "Why Married Wo men Should Not Work." They all share the same irritating flabit of assuming that all women are identical, mass-produced mothers. Granted that we have much in common, we're still individuals. If you find that running a home for your family is all you need, good luck to you. But don't feel smigly superior to your neighbor who goes out to work. Make your choice according to your circumstances, and don't be brainwashed into thinking that what is good for one woman is good for all.

**2 to Mrs. C. Worthington, Bray's Greek, N.S.W.

I WAS a happy stay-at-

I WAS a happy stay-at-home wife and mother. I enjoyed Guides, school and church meetings, trips to town, art and picture shows, other women's views. In fact, a varied life. Now I type in an office all day, wash and iron at night, clean the house and sew all the weekend. No, I am not a stay-at-home and sew all the weekend. No, I am not a stay-at-home cabbage but an utter working-wife cabbage.
\$2 to "Stay Home" (name supplied), Balgowlah, N.S.W.



• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

The other bank!

YEARS ago, when times offered little entertainment, we four children lived with our parents in the Riverina. Sometimes on weekends we'd go in a spring-cart down to the Murrumbidgee River, about eight miles away. The first time we all went to Sydney for a holiday, we went to Dee Why Beach and saw the sea for the first time. For years afterwards my parents laughed when they recalled my five-year-old sister exclaiming: "Dad, where's the other bank?"

\$2 to "Cam" (name supplied), Medlow Bath, N.S.W.

Labor of love

IT'S amusing to see footballers playing in the rain, just as if they were enjoying it. But if you asked the same men to work in the rain, that would be a different matter altogether—out of the question.

\$2 to "Maidi" (name supplied), Sheffield, Tas.

Oldest flowers?

CAN anyone settle a friendly argument, please? I said that roses were the oldest flowers in cultivation, while a woman I know argued that lilies were because they were mentioned in the Bible. Roses are shown in oriental paintings which are aeons old, and so are lily-like flowers which were painted on the walls of Egyptian tombs as religious emblems. Which of all the flowers we know today are the oldest?

\$2 to Mrs. M. Feeric Callings Old

\$2 to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.

Dealing with discord

KNOW a garden which is continually filled with children, who come from far and wide to play with the I KNOW a garden which is continually filled with children, who come from far and wide to play with the owner's three. There is never discord of any consequence and they all stay until they have to leave. Remarking on this, I asked her how she managed to have such a United Nations group. "Well," she said, "there is one firm rule here, and everybody knows it. If anyone starts anything, they ALL go home."

\$2 to "Flettie" (name supplied), Sandy Bay, Tas.

Truth in saying

IN this modern rush of doing a dozen things at once (like getting breakfast, cutting lunches, getting family off to work and school), you find you are really getting nowhere. So stop to think of the very old saying, "The hurrier I go, the behinder I get." So very true.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Craig, Toowoomba, Qld.



If it is true that closest family ties
Exist in lands where snow replaces dust,
Do Eskimoes, for instance, take the prize
Because their clime inhibits wanderlust?

All in together through the Arctic night, Young with transistors blaring, true to form, Do parents cry, with less than sheer delight, "Let's scatter in some country where it's warm?"

- Dorothy Drain

Point of view

RATHER ruefully I had been considering the extra cost of buying bread already sliced and wrapped, when my four-year-old son remarked, "I think sliced bread must be for poor people who can't afford to buy a bread-

\$2 to Mrs. R. Bright, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Cruelty to cats

WHY do people own female cats if they are not prepared to either find good homes or have the young destroyed at birth? Nothing is more horrifying than to drive along country roads and see half-starved domestic cats staggering along the sides. People who dump animals claim that cats can catch their own living, but don't trouble to take them into bushland where this would be possible. Such people should be dumped in the desert to try to scrounge a lizard or two on which to exist. If their cats can do it, so can they.

\$2 to Mrs. Gwen Beebe, Northcliffe, W.A.

EACH TO HIS TASTE

A Dutch migrant, taking his family back to his homeland, said that Holland was better for family life because the climate kept young people house-

Entering Sauna bath -temperature 120°.

'ARRID' Deodorant

ARRID

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perspiration



10 minutes perspiration has commenced.



Notice no perspiration on "ARRID" treated area.

proves that NEW with amazing 'PERSTOP'

> stops perspiration before it starts



So if you are going where the action is — buy



Ross Campbell writes...

BURNING DESIRE

ONE of the strange passions that grip people in middle age is lighting fires in the back-

I have known several cases of it. A typical one was Mr. Dreer, who was staying next to us at Flathead

As there was no garbage collec-tion, visitors had to either bury their

garbage or burn it.

I chose burial, but Mr. Dreer leaped at the chance to use his incinerator.

Instead of going to the beach, he would gaze for hours at his smouldering garbage. I have never seen a man enjoy a holiday more.

Unfortunately, where there is fire there is smoke. The smoke from

backyard fires has caused the breakdown of more than one neighborly friendship.

I heard lately of the feud between the Hopgoods and the McDimms, who live next door to each other.

Mrs. McDimm seemed a normal woman, rather quiet and reserved, until her husband bought her a metal incinerator for her birthday. It caused a personality change.

She developed a mania for fire-

She would burn anything. If there was no garbage or paper, she would



around for dead leaves and bits

of junk.

Mrs. Hopgood complained that

Mrs. discomfort. Mrs. Hopgood complained that the smoke was causing discomfort. Mrs. McDimm looked up, wild-eyed, from the incinerator and said: "I'm within my legal rights!"

The teenage Hopgoods tried to discourage her by making rude

remarks. They would call out: "Old Smoky's at it again!" and "Ma McDimm, please fall in!"

But she went on grimly burning. One day Mrs. Hopgood was hos-ing the lawn when smoke came pouring in from next door. She deftly raised the hose so that it went over the fence and wet Mrs. McDimm,

The latter screamed: "You'll hear from my solicitors!" She ran inside, put on a raincoat, and returned to the firing line.

From what I have heard, Mrs. McDimm showed remarkable forti-

The younger Hopgoods hid bungers in her incinerator, so that her fires were interrupted by loud bangs. But she carried on, throwing in damp wood to increase the smoke output.

Her husband, a good-humored man, was worried about her. It was he, not the Hopgoods, who cured Mrs. McDimm of her addiction.

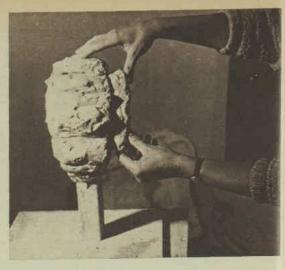
He did it by giving her a barbecue, She gets her kicks now by incinerating chops and steaks.

The smoke still rises, but there is less of it. She has even made peace with the Hopgoods. Last week she gave the children some blackened sausages.

THEA BLUHM SAYS:



"ANYONE CAN SCULPT"



3. Start building up the clay with roughly rolled lumps, keeping in mind the egg shape of the head. You can use odorless Plasticine instead of clay, in which case no butterflies are needed. Put on the rolls of clay and look at the shape from every direction. Press firmly to avoid air holes. Turn the table often so that no more than ten minutes is spent on any one part.

 Not long ago while I was demonstrating sculpture on an Adelaide television station I said, "Anyone can sculpt."

The remark was meant to encourage people who had the desire, but thought they did not have the ability, to start from scratch and turn out a reasonable piece of sculpture — for instance, a head.

From the letters and telephone calls I've had, there must be dozens of people in Adelaide now trying their hand at this art, which is great fun and wonderfully satisfying.

Some of my callers have told me that they had got so far, and could go no further. "What do I do now?" they ask. "I've forgotten what you said on television."

So I've had these photographs taken to help anyone who wants to try some home sculpture.



2. Now measure your model — perhaps your husband, your child, or even yourself — and, using a ruler, note the exact distance between the calliper points and write it down. Take as many measurements as you can, e.g., from the highest spot on top of the head to a point under the chin, between cheekbones, from ear to ear, nose to chin, the root (beginning) of nose bone to hair-line, width of forehead from hair-line at the sides, from ear to ear, and from back of head to nose-tip.



7. The head is finished — but a solid clay head cannot be fired (baked). So you make a plaster mould, using 10 to 12lb. of superfine plaster of paris and some thin metal "shims." Cut these from a sheet of brass or tin (from any large supplier of auto parts); they are used to build a fence along the line where the mould will be separated. Press them into the clay so they overlap a little.



1. First you need a turntable and tools. The turntable can be a board about 18in, square, placed on your kitchen table. You can turn this around as you work. The small modelling tools (left) and the wire (tool with loops, in centre) are obtainable from artists' suppliers. The 8in, steel calliper, in front, is available from suppliers of engineering tools. A ruler is necessary to measure the distance indicated by the points of the calliper. The armature, which is the stand in the middle, is of wood about 7in, long and 1½in, square, nailed to the turntable. Use nails to fix two loops of galvanised wire, at least ½in, thick, at right-angles at the top of the armature. The "butterfly" — pieces of wood about 2½in, long tied into a cross — is suspended from the armature wires. It prevents clay from sagging. The beginner needs three or four 5lb, bags of modelling clay, available from art shops and the art and crafts departments of department stores. I would recommend the light-grey clay for the novice.

THE SCULPTRESS

• Mrs. Bluhm is a graduate of the Academy of Art in West Berlin, and also studied in Paris and Montpellier. She was commissioned in Europe to sculpt fountains, figures, and heads, and is now working on sketches for a monument called Prayer for Peace for a client in Melbourne.

Her husband, Dietrich, went to an art school in Danzig (now part of Poland), and became a potter. They have two sons — the eldest, now 22, is serving with the Royal Australian Navy — and a married daughter in Brisbane.

The Bluhms came to Australia nine years ago, and Dietrich worked at a variety of jobs. They managed to buy their own home at Hope Valley, a pretty, still fairly rural, suburb in the foothills eight miles out of Adelaide, and now they are hoping to spend more time on their art. They are gradually buying the materials to build a larger studio, and also to build their own kiln for firing their sculptures and pottery.

They are hoping, in the not-too-distant future, to be able to hold a joint exhibition.





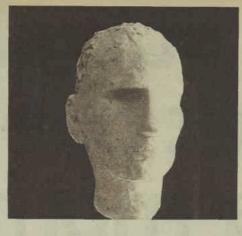
11. Tie the moulds together and press more terracotta along the seams, reaching with your hand to the top of the inside of the mould. Leave for at least one day, then open the mould carefully and do small repairs, such as removing the seam lines. Put the terracotta in a place where the air can reach it, but don't let it dry too fast. Sometimes it takes weeks to dry properly. Drying depends on climate; if you are not sure, ask your pottery to put it in the dryingroom for you. Any pottery that makes things like flower-pots will do the firing (for \$1 to \$1.50).

Paga 35

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25 1968



4. You can begin to place the features, first drawing a line down the centre of the head and then marking the eyebrow line, the nose, and the mouth. Check the rough shape you have made with the measurements of the model taken with the calliper, for the accurate placing of these lines is of the greatest importance. Now you can start shaping the features.



5. Model with your thumbs and fingers the large planes of the face (modelling tools can be used for this, but most sculptors make more use of their hands), cut out the eye sockets, and roughly model the nose and ears. Keep the shaping simple and leave all details till the last. Don't forget that the modelling of the entire head goes on at the same time and that no part is finished before the other.



6. Now set the eyelids and model in the eyeballs. Start to build the mouth, give the nose form, and remember to look at the head from every direction as you work on. Don't concentrate on any one part for much longer than ten minutes. And don't forget to keep checking scrupulously with your notes. When you are not working on the head cover it with damp rags and a big plastic bag to keep the clay moist and workable to the end.

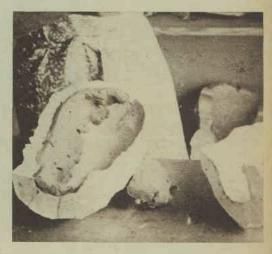


8. Some husbands like making the plaster cast, and this can be a great help. Fill a bowl, preferably plastic, with water, and sift, preferably with a sieve, into the water (never water into plaster) and wait until the plaster rises to the surface. The correct proportion for mould work is 2½lb. of plaster to one quart of water. Wait a minute, then stir carefully until it becomes smooth. Use only plaster of paris. Now, with a spoon or your

Now, with a spoon or your hand, stir gently, to avoid air bubbles, until it is of a creamy consistency. Take the plaster in your hand and throw it against the clay or paint it on with a soft brush. The plaster settles very fast, so you must work quickly. When the first cover is on you can wait until it settles. Meanwhile, mix another bowl of plaster. Flick on the second coat and then the third, to make a total thickness of at least one inch. When the coat is thick enough you will feel that the plaster cast is warm, as chemical reaction sets in. Wait an hour before separating mould.



9. Gently remove the metal shims and patiently separate the moulds with careful use of chisel and hammer. At first you should try to have a little gap on the top of the mould. You can pour water into this to help the separation. Gently clean inside of mould under running water with a sponge or a soft brush. Let it dry for four days or more.



10. Buy terracotta clay (from art shop or arts and crafts department) in plastic bags already mixed or as a powder to be mixed with water until smooth. Now press the terracotta firmly into each half of the mould with your fingers until the layer is about half an inch thick, as shown in the shape at left, where terracotta can be seen more clearly.



12. After the firing you can give your terracotta head a finish. There are too many methods to name here, but wax, as on the child's head at right, gives a good polish. Even plain brown shoepolish will do a good job (polish it to bring out the highlights). On the man's head I have used a fake bronze patina. Mix oil colors — black, raw sienna, raw umber, and a very little red and green — and a little turpentine. When you get the color you want, paint it on generously. Polish with wax; rub in highlights.



Step out of the velvet pile era for a moment



Ireland wants to show you the original textures of Tintawn woven carpeting

Tintawn's designers in County Kildare, Ireland, assessed the very basics of weaving. They came up with four characteristic textures for Tintawn — Traditional is naturally a warp and weft pattern. Cord is a twisted, linear weave. Bouclé loops into vivid

splashes of colour and Trend intersects tone on tone designs. Ireland knows no more beautiful things than the textures and colours of her countryside . . . and she has cleverly incorporated them both into hard-wearing Tintawn carpet. Selected stockists will show you their range of moderately priced Tintawn woven carpeting today.

Tintawn

WOVEN IRISH CARPETING

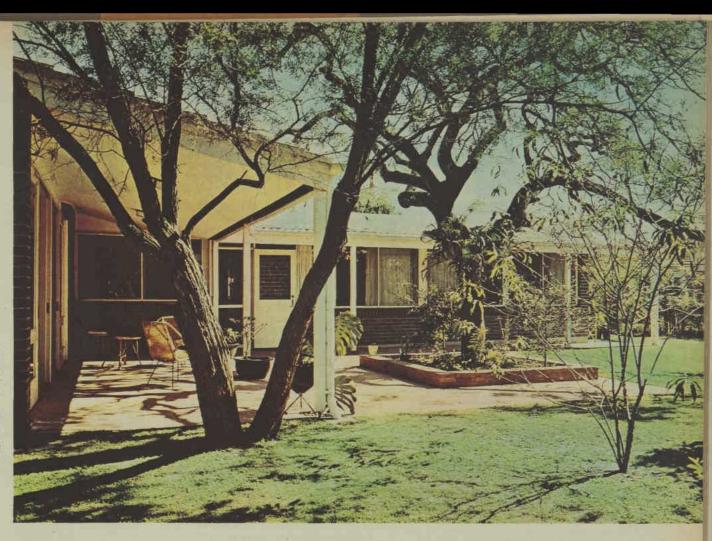
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HOUSE of the WEEK

Poinciana tree (at right) was largely responsible for choice of site for Mrs. V. M. Nutter's house at Chelmer, Qld. The L-shaped house was designed round tree, and all main rooms look out to it and the paved garden terrace area.



Creative planning for a practical house

Architect Mr. David Nutter gave particular thought when designing a house for his mother, Mrs. V. M. Nutter, at Chelmer, Brisbane, to make it as near trouble-free as possible for one person. He included easy-care provision for house guests in a house that has maximum garden aspects. See story overleaf.



Entrance hall (above) is spacious and has direct access to the garage — two-way switches in hall enable whole house to be lit on entry. Louvred door, sliding into the wall, leads to hall of bedroom wing.

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Dining- and living-rooms (above) are furnished with treasured pieces from owner's former home. North side of living-room has sliding glass doors to garden terrace; glass area on opposite wall looks to front garden.

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Beautify Your Skin With Lemons

THE natural, skin-beautifying properties of special beauty lemons are used by lovely women throughout the world to bring to their complexions clarity, radiance and a fine-grained texture. Here are some beauty suggestions to help you discover the smooth, young, dewy potential of a lemon-toned skin.

Clear, Flawless Skin

AFTER cleansing stimulate the skin by clearing away blemishes with mild lemon-toning Delph freshener. Moisten a cotton-wool pad with the freshener and wipe it lightly over your face and neck to clear plugged pores and sweep away blemish-inducing impurities. The tonic effects of Delph freshener immediately bring a delightful coolness and clarity to your skin and promote the natural, flawless bloom that characterises the loveliest of healthy, invigorated complexions.

A Smooth, Beautiful Neck

NOTHING will keep your neck and throat more beautifully toned than a "slap-up" treatment with lemon Delph freshener. Routine bracing with tonic lemons prevents the skin from becoming slack and lined. Simply soak a pad of cotton-wool in freshener and briskly pat both neck and throat, in an upward and outward direction, whipping up the circulation so that sluggish skin cells are re-activated and any tendency to sallowness is corrected. Follow this toning with a smooth film of oil of Ulan to give the neck clear, petal-soft beauty.

A Revitalizing Beauty Pack

WOMEN have used honey and lemons for centuries to smooth, tone and beautify their complexions. Make your own special facial pack once a week by cembining two tablespoons of honey with three tablespoons of lemon Delph freshener. Apply this blend to the complexion to draw out skin impurities and offset any tendency to keratinization (skin coarsening). Remove the pack with cold water after ten or fifteen minutes and notice how wonderfully clear and youthfully dewy your complexion looks.

Sparkling Eyes

YOUR eyes will stay young and beautiful for as long as the delicate skin surrounding them remains clear, unshadowed and unlined. Every day, stimulate the circulation and soften this tender-tissue area by gently patting on lemon Delph freshener. Then smooth on a film of oil of Ulan, applying it lightly from the inner corner beneath the eye and circling out and over the eyelid. This treatment will help prevent wrinkles and crow's-feet.



MARY WHITE *
One of Australia's leading interity decorators — see her favorite humes photographed in color each mouth in the ALISTEALLAN ROME
JOURNAL

FOR ASTHMA
FOR ASTHMA
FOR ASTHMA
MENUACO WASTA DAIL TO FEBRE

MENDADO works fast to relier attacks of Asthma, Brouchtis Smustits and Hay Fever. Exse wheezing, coughing — lets you breathe castly and sleep like is baby, Oct MENDACO at chemista

Page 42

HOUSE of the WEEK

... continued from previous page

L OW maintenance was a main consideration in the design for Mrs. V. M. Nutter's house at Chelmer, Brisbane. Mrs. Nutter has been living in her new home about 12 months and enjoys using the features included for her comfort and convenience.

The house, which cost \$21,000, was built on a concrete slab floor on a level site, so the only steps are one at the front door and one at the kitchen door. The floor of the living-room extends out to a paved terrace, protected by the 9ft. roof overhang.

In the kitchen, which also has access to the garden terrace, a recessed cupboard behind the workbench holds electrical appliances—when

required they are readily accessible.

Two-way switching of the external pillartype light and lobby light allows Mrs. Nutter
to turn these lights on at the gate when coming
home at night and turn them off again from
inside the house. In the entrance hall inside
there are three light-switches, again two-way,
which means, in effect, that Mrs. Nutter can
illuminate the whole house on entry.

The 32-perch site was part of an old property

The 32-perch site was part of an old property and had a fine poinciana tree in the middle of the block. The land was chosen because of this full-grown poinciana, and the L-shaped house was built round it.

was built round it.

All major rooms (see plan at right) look inward to the private garden area and paved terrace under the tree, which throws its branches across the terrace, losing leaf in winter but giving shade when needed in summer.

Mrs. Nutter loves to be out of doors and with lots of wide windows finds she never feels shut in. Large timber sliding doors along the north side of the living-room open on to the garden terrace. On the other side a smaller glazed area and door give view and access to the front garden and provide cross-ventilation in summer.

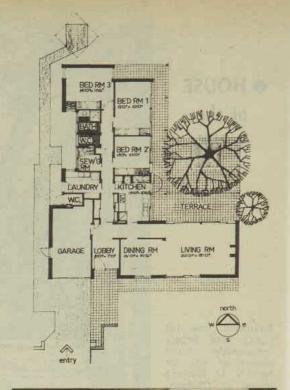
The house is gauzed throughout against mosquitoes and flies.

Externally, the finish is a dark, purple-toned face brick, with white tiled roof, white painted doorframes and windowframes. External paving is terracotta tiles.

Story: Jean Bruce Pictures: Bob Millar

An attractive corner in the double guest room (right). There is also a third bedroom, furnished for Mrs. Nutter's visiting grandchildren.

Tall external pillar light and interior lobby lights operate off a two-way switch, for convenience when entering or leaving the house.









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Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

• NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 50. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



No nappy rash with Vaseline Petroleum Jelly!

Try this test and see how it waterproofs skin. And how powder doesn't!



Rub Vaseline Petroleum Jelly gener-ously over the palm of your hand.



Wipe off with a napkin



Pour on water. See how it runs off, leaving your skin perfectly dry.

Now, with baby powder, do the same test on your other hand. Feel the moisture going right through to your palm. You've just proved that Vaseline Petroleum Jelly keeps irritating wetness out better than powder, because it waterproofs skin. Use Vaseline Petroleum Jelly at every nappy change. You'll have a happier baby.



A "TOP DOG" OF GUIDES

Clive K. Thelning — the newly appointed Executive Officer of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association in South Australia and Northern Territory (he is blind) — is a modest, quiet man.

He smiles broadly and claims his success is due to "just plain everyday hard work."

But his smile covers the cast-iron will and years of determination by which he overcame his disability.

Clive was blinded by a cycling accident when he was 22—and just starting a successful career for himself with the N.S.W. Education Department.

In 1954 he married Yvonne, the girl to whom he was engaged before the accident. They moved to Adelaide, as he thought it would be easier to begin a new life in a new place.

a new place.

Clive joined the rehabilitation centre at the Royal Institution for the Blind in South Australia. There he was taught basket-making, but he soon felt dissatisfied. About this time Clive became interested in poultry husbandry as a hobby.

From a shed in the backyard with 100 birds, the hobby ended up as a flourishing State-wide business.

But Clive felt he was still not really independent; he had to rely on people to drive him wherever he had to go.

go.

"I felt I was weighing Yvonne down with responsibility," he said. "She had the house to run, managed the book-keeping for the business, and then, on top of all that, drove me everywhere — usually averaging about 1000 miles a week."

Change for the better

Yvonne had a young baby to look after, too — their first child, Dawn. (The Thelnings now have two children. A son, Stuart, was born in 1964.)

In the early 1960s, life changed for Clive. He obtained a guide dog, King, after training with him at the Guide Dogs for the Blind Jack Davey Memorial Centre in Kew, Victoria.

A brantiful colder less than 1960 and 1960

A beautiful golden labrador, who lies quietly in a basket in one corner of Clive's office during the day, King has been with his master for five years now. During that

time, the two of them have covered more than 21,000 miles. Of this, about 2500 miles have been travelled on foot.

Clive decided to return to the Blind Institute in 1964 and he commenced training at the St. Margaret's Commonwealth Rehabilitation Centre, studying secretarial procedure.

With his training at the Centre completed, Clive took job with a big concrete firm, as a customer-relations officer.

This work appealed to him so much that he decided to undertake a course of Public Relations at the South Australian Institute of Technology. He successfully completed this in 1967.

pleted this in 1967.

Clive was the first blind person to attempt such a course at the Institute and, although he didn't top the class, he passed very creditably.

No special allowances were made for Clive during the course — and this was how he wanted it.

A year ago, Clive resigned his customer-relations job to become Public Relations Officer of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association in the region.

Now, in a manner of speaking, he is "top dog."



This jet age! An Australian living in Leeds, Yorkshire, reports that while shopping in the local market she saw this notice on a stall selling eggs: "Australian eggs — 3/6 dozen. Fresh today."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968

COMPACT

She won't paint other towns red

enough to discourage most young artists. Yet, to a raven-haired Wollongong, N.S.W., schoolteacher - who had taught herself to paintthey formed a challenge.

"People were always tell-ing me I wasn't good enough to be an artist, that I was too lazy," said Margaret Jennings, a tall 24-year-old "passionately" fond of life.

"I had to prove to myself they were wrong—that I could do anything I set my mind to."

Already Margaret has proved she is far from lazy. Since coming to Sydney in February to paint full-time, she has completed 100 paint-

ings.
"When I start to paint," said Margaret, who o "brushes" paint on with a

YOU'LL never make palette knife and even drink "swizzle" sticks, "I lose all sense of time; I become so involved."

Whether Margaret proves she is "good enough" to make a living as an artist is still in the balance.

But recently, at her first important one-man show, she sold four paintings in less than two days.

HAD FEARS

Painting, says Margaret, is as natural to her as walk-ing. It always has been. She couldn't visualise herself without it.

This was why, last February, she abandoned her teaching career (and the financial security that went with it) to paint seriously.

"I was scared I might wake up one day," she said, "and find I was much older and had lost the ability to away security

something that wasn't a certain thing." Smiling, she added, "The most wonderful attribute of youth is the blind faith you have in yourself. This is why it's so important to find out the full extent of your talent when you're young." (Margaret certainly seems to have measured her own talent Actess poets

(Margaret certainly seems to have measured her own talent. Actress, poet, pianist, flamenco dancer — she has discovered she can play all these "parts" successfully.)
Margaret considers it "terribly wrong" for an Australian artist to live and paint overseas.

"What does he contribute to this country? He can't have a school here to help young artists. Nor can he stand beside his paintings at an exhibition and explain his reasons for painting them.

reasons for painting them.
"I feel," she went on,
"that an artist has a degree of duty to his country. After all, you can't just use some-thing and then walk out on it - whether it's a person, place, or situation."

Artist Margaret Jennings "involved" in a painting.



★ Rosemary Jones, author of our September 4 Traveller's Tale, "We're Glad We Didn't Leave the Children at Home," wrote about Italy and made a big hit with an Italian living

And thereby hangs this tale - which points up the pride of a mother-to-be . . .

The letter to Mrs. Jones went: "Just a few lines to tell you that I enjoyed your article—and, silly as it may sound, 'I love you' for the wonderful words you wrote about my country and my people.'

But it was the signature that particularly charmed us: "An Italian Mother of 5 7-9th Australian Children"!

MUM'S <u>SUMS!</u>

Why Singapore?

Instant Asia Many Asian worlds blend here. Malay, Chinese, Indian, Ceylonese, and Eurasian live on this miniature, perennially sunny Island, in peaceful co-existence and in dynamic progress.

Shopper's Paradise A wealth of duty-free bargain shopping awaits you - in airconditioned departmental stores, in crowded small shops and noisy night markets. Fabulous textiles, jewellery, watches, cameras, electrical goods, curios and antiques, the choice is bewildering, the prices are right and the bargaining is fun.

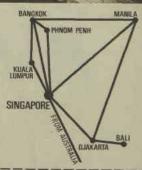
Festivals Strange, gay, noisy, colourful—each festival by any one of the many races in Singapore has its own flavour. Ten nationally recognised festivals each year, include Chinese New Year, the Indian Deepavali, and the Malay Hari Raya Puasa, and there are scores of local festivals of Gods and Goddesses, of penance and of thanks-giving.

Food Singapore has been called the world's biggest eating-shop. The Singaporean Cuisine contains many examples of European and Asian dishes - delicate succulent Chinese specialities, fiery Indian curries, rich Indonesian food, delicious Malay braised meats and coconut sweets - to cater for the gourmet.

Hub of South East Asia - Singapore is a hub for travel in South East Asia - the magic of Bali, the temples of Bangkok, the charm of Manila, the beauty of Kuala Lumpur, the fabled ruins of Angkor - are all within easy reach. Over 21 airlines and 150 shipping lines bring you to Singapore.





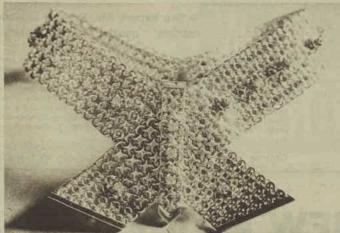


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PRIZE JEWELLERY DESIGNS





DESIGNER Mr. Alan Smith and the bracelet, winner of Class A for Mackay and Co., Brisbane.

- Chosen from entries in Australia-wide contest

Two women and a man share the design prize for amateur entrants in the 1968 Australian Design Award conducted by the Federated Retail Jewellers' Association.

They are:

Mrs. Leone Meatchem, of Eastwood, Sydney, whose design is a brooch of yellowand-white gold studded with diamonds.

and white gold studded with diamonds.

Mrs. Meatchem, mother of five, was originally a badge-designer.

"My entry was strictly a last-minute effort," she said.

"The day before the contest closed, I sat at the kitchen table and frantically drew and painted the design."

Miss Michelle Connolly, of Double Bay, Sydney, for a chunky wrought gold bracelet set with sapphires. Michelle, a pretty English girl, arrived in Australia two years ago on a working holiday. She studied art in London and is now working as a commercial artist with a Sydney publishing company.

Mr. Niklaus Twerenbold, of Highgate, Perth, for an unusual pendant design comprising a cluster of gold cone shapes each set with a pearl. Their prizes are \$50 each, replacing the original single prize of \$100.

The amateur section was Class D of the contest, aimed at increasing the standards for design of jewellery and

Prizes in the three profes-sional classes:

sional classes:

CLASS A: Piece of jewellery (including a watch) worth up to \$500 retail value, including tax. Entry in this class becomes the overall contest winner. Prize, \$250, to Mackay and Company Pty. Ltd., Brisbane, for a bracelet designed by Mr. Alan Smith, of Highgate Hill, Brisbane.

It is an 18 cerest veller.

It is an 18-carat yellow-gold flexible bracelet set with 21 diamonds and worn 21 diamonds and we crossed over on the wrist.

An Englishman who came to Australia nearly two years ago, Mr. Smith worked on the design and manufacture of the eight entries he submitted on behalf of the firm.

All his work

He is Mackay's head jewellery designer and was responsible for the whole manufactured article—for plating and polishing, engraving, and setting the stones in the bracelet.

The judges also highly commended Richard Kirby, of Fred Kirby and Sons, Dubbo, N.S.W., for his design—a combination cocktail ring and brooch—and



MICHELLE CONNOLLY ... a Class D winner.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - September 25, 1968



BROOCH design, above, won the \$100 prize for Class C for apprentice jeweller Donald Merrell Right, the 18 - carat yellow - gold diamond ring with six shoulder diamonds that won Class B for Angus and Coote Ltd., Sydney

young Melbourne designer Gary Bradley.

Twelve pieces of Gary's jewellery were exhibited at Expo 67 in Montreal. The Australian Government has commissioned him to make several presentation gifts, in-cluding earrings, for Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, wife of the U.S. President.

U.S. President.

His entry in the contest was a bracelet of 18-carat gold set with seven Australian black star sapphires.

CLASS B: Diamond ring suitable for an engagement ring and worth up to \$250 retail, including tax. Prize, \$100, to Angus and Coote Ltd., Sydney, for an 18-carat yellow-gold six-claw diamond engagement ring with six shoulder diamonds. diamond engagement ring with six shoulder diamonds.

It was the work of two men — designer Mr. Eric Davies, manager of the Davies, manager of the Angus and Coote jewellery factory, who has been with the company for more than 26 years, and Mr. Frank Thompson, one of the company's leading craftsmen, who has been in the trade for 28 years.

28 years.

They have worked together on many important assignments, including the Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race trophies and special silver spades used by the Queen and Prince Philip to plant trees for the Drive of Rememberge in Camberra. trees for the Drive of Remembrance in Canberra.



CLASS C: Piece of jewellery worth up to \$150 retail, including tax, designed and manufactured by an apprentice jeweller. Prize, \$100, to Donald Merrell, of Granville, Sydney, for his 18-carat white-and-yellow gold brooch set with four four-point diamonds and two synthetic rubies and one solid opal.

"I'd had the design idea or some time and this contest was all the incentive I needed," said Donald, a fifth-year apprentice with Simpson Jewellery, of Amcliffe, Sydney.

"The firm supplied the material and allowed me to make it in office hours," he said. "All told, it took about eight hours to manufacture."

Presentations

On the judges panel were Mr. Roy Worfold, Federal President, FRJA (Chairman); Mrs. Betty Keep, Fashion Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly; Mr. J. Wieneke, Director, Queensland Art Gallery; Mr. R. V. Knowles, Fellow of the Gemmological Association of Australia.

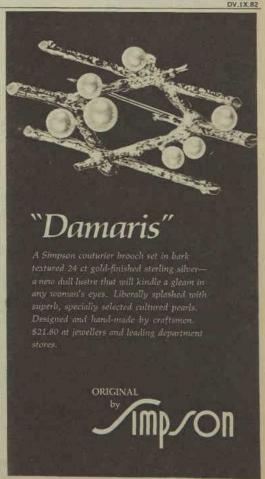
Presentations will be made at the annual banquet of the FRJA hosted by Eterna, dur-ing the 1968 Federal Jewellery Convention, at Lennons Hotel, Brisbane, on September 19.



remove unwanted hair ...so easy to use! Lanolin enriched Veet 'O' - as nice

to use as a beauty cream! The moment you smooth it on you know it's different. Delicately fragrant . . . kinder to your skin . . . so easy to use! In minutes every trace of unwanted hair simply melts away, without fuss, mess or depilatory smell, leaving underarms and legs soft, smooth and flawlessly shadow-free. Always use gentle Veet 'O'—it's the hair removing cream with lanolin.

VEET ODOURLESS WITH LANOLIN 50c, 75c, \$1.10.





COLLECTORS' CORNER

 Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

HEREWITH a picture of fou." I understand he is a Buddhist lion. I found him very dirty and cobwebby at an auction room, but the colors are beautiful now he is clean. The glaze in places seems to have run out of control, and under the back paw

Chinese kylin.

is a hole which is black and smoky, as is the inside of the mouth. Would this be caused by joss-sticks? I can't find any identification markings. Can you please date this piece for me and give me any further information about its use?—Mrs. E. J. Hewitt, Launeston Tas.

ceston, Tas.

Majestic Chinese kylins similar
to your example, which is richly

embellished in transmuted glazes, were originally made as temple

were originally made as temple ornaments.

While your example is characteristic of those made during the reign of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung (A.D. 1736-1795), I suspect that it was made during the latter nineteenth or early twentieth century. Nevertheless, it would have to be personally inspected before a definite opinion as to the period could be expressed. period could be expressed.

A WHITE, flower-patterned teaset which has been in my possession for many years (see enclosed photograph) has stamped on the sugar basin "Victoria, Conrad, Austria." Each piece has the figure 93 in gold. Could you please give me any information about it?— Mrs. M. Cornish, Broken Hill, N.S.W. Your teaset was made about 1910. It is a typical Continental example of the period.

HOME HINTS

A prize of \$2 is awarded for each of these useful household hints sent in by readers.

SPRINKLE ground rice on fish before frying instead of his before riying instead of the usual egg and breadcrumbs. The fish will not stick to the pan and will cook to a nice golden brown. — Mrs. P. Dixon, 6 Crosshill St., Leichhardt, Ipswich, Qld. 4305.

A bicycle- or pram - basket filled with toys and hung on the inside of baby's cot will keep him amused for an hour in the early morning. This is particularly valuable for parents of the 9-to-15-month-old baby who usually wakes at 6 a.m. and enjoys discovering and discarding toys. — Mrs. M. Salisbury, 26 Gould St., Frankston, Vic. 3199.

Improve the flavor when cooking cabbage by adding some mint, I teaspoon vinegar, a small piece of bacon, and a knob of butter. — Mrs. L. Rust, 3 Brooke St., East Devonport, Tas.

An old plough disc makes an excellent cooking surface for a barbecue. Clean the disc, then support over the fire on stones or empty soft-drink cans. support over the fire on stones or empty soft-drink cans. The disc will retain the heat and waste fat from the meat will run off through the centre hole, thus helping to keep the fire going.—Brian Beesley, Box 23, P.O., Milton, N.S.W. 2538.

thiton, N.S.W. 2538.

* * *

If you have difficulty in cleaning under refrigerator or low cupboards, wrap a cloth round a fly swat and secure with rubber band. It will remove dirt with ease. — Mrs. R. Ongheen, 19 Palm Beach Ave., Palm Beach, Qld. 4221.

An easy way to spread liquid floor polish is to cover an old broom with a clean soft cloth (I use an old napkin), sprinkle a little polish on the floor and spread evenly with the broom.—Ruth Fritsch, Pine Park, Temora, N.S.W. 2666.

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ways, patio, terrace - any floor or table top!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - September 25, 1966



1946. — One - piece shirt-dress in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1946 original Vogue Americana pattern by James Galanos, price \$1.40 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

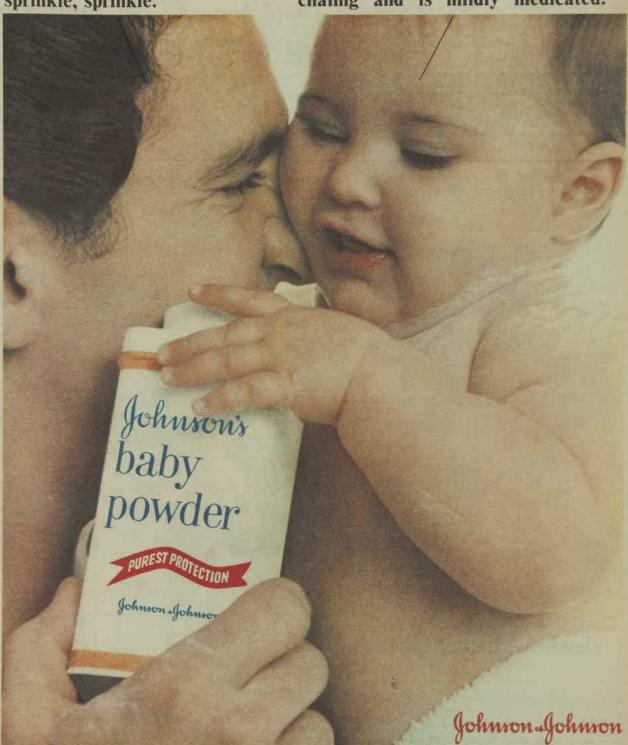
The belted shirtdress, above, with its front zipper closing, is my choice for a young married woman.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you please let me have a design and pattern for a belted shirtdress with long sleeves? I have 4½yds. of a black-and-white print to make the design. I have a 32½in. bust."

Illustrated, above, is the dress I have chosen for you. The dress has a loose-fitting silhouette belted with a self-sash. It has pockets in the side seams and full-length sleeves finished with buttoned cuffs. Underneath the illustration are how-to-order details.

"The fashion for short skirts draws attention to my "Daddy's little baby likes JOHNSON'S ... Ah sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle." "I wonder if Daddy is aware that Johnson's absorbs moisture, prevents chafing and is mildly medicated."



"Best for baby, best for you."

figure fault — large ankles.

Do you think I should ignore my defect and continue to wear the mini-length skirt?"

Continue to wear a mini. After all, a longer skirt is not going to hide your ankles. The trousersuit has been accepted fairly generally as a daytime ensemble, so cash in on this fashion. At night you could wear a full-length terrace dress as often as possible. Made in cotton, this fashion can look quite informal for party nights.

"I have a navy day dress from last season and would like to make it look different. The dress is Aline, has a round collarless neck and three-quarter sleeves."

Add a detachable jabot made in ruffles of white organdie and matching white cuffs. Or you could wear a long narrow white chiffon scarf; this long scarf shape is very new. Add navy stockings and white patent shoes.

"Could you let me have a pattern for a onepiece maternity dress in size 14? I have 4½yds, of 36in. printed silk."

Our pattern department has a very attractive one-piece maternity dress that could be made from 44yds, of 36in. material. The design is A-line with a deep inverted centre front pleat. The bodice has a scoop neckline and short sleeves. The pattern also includes a snap-in contrast dickey. To order, quote Vogue Pattern 7033, the prece 85c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"My wedding is taking place in a church and the reception is to be quite large. I am wearing a white frock and carrying a large white bouquet and my husbandto-be is wearing a dinner suit. I am 18 and wondered if it would be correct to wear a wedding frock with a short skirt?"

Quite correct. Numbers of modern brides wear a shortskirted wedding dress and a to-the-floor-length tulle wedding veil.

"I have mousy hair and a very fair skin. What colors should suit me best?"

Sky-blue, soft pink, creamy beige, and navy-blue all should be flattering to your complexion and light brown hair.

Porco 49

HE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - September 25, 1968

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 796. — TABLECLOTH AND SERVIETTES

Tablecloth and serviettes 36in. by 36in. with daffodil design are traced ready to embroider on white or cream \$2.35, plus 15 cents postage and dispatch. Serviettes are 20 cents each, plus 5 cents postage and dispatch.

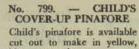
No. 797.—SET OF THREE TEATOWELS

Set of teatowels with Australian animal motifs is available traced ready to sew

linen. Price per set of three is \$1.99, plus 20 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 798. — CHILD'S RAG BOOK

Child's book with eight pictures traced ready to sew is available in white cesarine. Price is 95 cents, plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.



blue, green, bone, or lilac cesarine. Sizes 2 to 4 years, \$1.75; 6 years \$1.75; 6 years, \$1.95. Postage and dispatch 15



• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No G.O.D. orders.





Good taste, these Australians



(a taste for excitement-South African style)

Excitement South African style! What better way to describe the unique appeal South Africa has for every visitor? The excitement of a modern, dynamic country taking its place in the atomic age - yet where the great carnivores still roam, where ancient peoples still retain their tribal way of life.

Drive through Kruger National Park's 7,000 square miles - thrill to a leopard loping across the road, a lion roaring defiance at trespassers in his domain, a trumpeting bull elephant tearing down roadside trees. Drive through the Valley of a Thousand Hills, outside Durban - visit Zulu kraals where the people dress, talk, live in their centuries old tribal ways.

Drive through the rich valleys of Cape Province — soft in their lush screnity, graced by the mellow beauty of the old Cape Dutch homesteads.

Drive through the great commercial centres of Johannesburg, Capetown, Durban – luxury hotels, glittering restaurants and night spots.

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As I read THE STA

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 18

ARIES: March 21-April 20

* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

* The 20th-22nd is allergic to private and public concerns—some setback to career or an obstacle to expansion. For the rest, a week of big changes—an off-the-cuff long journey for some, a legacy for others.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, tan, Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
 ★ There's still an accent on romance. A crisis is reached—and your romantic setup will never be quite the same again. The 20th-22nd is adverse—no important letters, no lottery tickets.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.

* Romance and matrimony hit the headlines this week. For many, a moment of truth when the zodiac gives the green or red light to marital happiness. The 20th your ruling star clashes with Saturn. Take it easy for a few days.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

* Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

* The week is filled with much to-ing and fro-ing—some fruitful, at other times you could get a treadmill feeling. It's a time of radical mental change, a new look-see at life. For some, a change of job or a sudden assist up the success ladder. The 20th-22nd hinders.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.
★ The 20th-22nd could prove depressing and dragging even for your buoyant temperament. However, it's a time of deep-seated change. Finance and frolic have top billing—and a monetary shot in the arm is shown.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.

* You're still in top place in the zodiac stakes — five planets in your sign — and you're still in your in cycle. A grand change is shown in your personal life — many things that hedged and fenced you in will be overthrown. However, the 20th-22nd is a time for routine.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Tuesday.

* Nice things should be happening to your personal life — there ought to be scope and openings. The 20th and 22nd, however, could mean a delay or hindrance. It's a period of change. You could reach a crossroads and then suddenly find yourself heading in an unexpected direction.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, black, brown. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Thinking of writing any important letters, especially with legal involvement? Well, if so, avoid 20th-22nd. A mini-revolution could happen in the home and family life — a sudden removal or an unexpected homecoming. The 21st-23rd is a time of crisis.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

* All is quiet on the home front, but you children of the centaur are no doubt itching to project new plans—and this is the week to do it — except 20th-22nd. Many turn to a fresh page, begin a new chapter, some get out of orbit, but it's an exciting week of changes.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

Children of the sea-goat are usually conservative and cautious, but the way is open to implement new schemes and gimmicks, especially 24th. The 20th-22nd is adverse, so sit on the pad. Big mental changes loom — a new philosophy could emerge.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

* A long dreamed-of wish could come startlingly true—and another could get its final quietus. Friends continue to play the lead role in your life. Perhaps there's a showdown with one. The 20th-22nd could be depressing—days of doldrums. Routine, and care on road.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, grean. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

* An unscheduled overseas trip looms for some and a big change in point of view is shown. Legal matters could loom large and you could find yourself more than ever on top of every situation. The 20th-22nd does not favor private life or a rise in career or status.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968



NEW POWERFUL

P-CLEANING UPRIGHTJOINS DRLD'S FINEST RANGE OF RAND RUG CARE PRODUC

G.E. gives you the widest range of products for every floor and rug care need. Now there's a new Deep-Cleaning upright vacuum that incorporates G.E's famous features. Powerful motor with power-driven brush that's adjustable to compensate for bristle wear. New suction-control regulator that you work with your toe, and king-size disposable bags to save emptying trips. PLUS optional accessories to convert this handsome cleaner for any above-floor cleaning needs.



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MV-1 PORTABLE VACUUM, Hardly big-ger than a handbag (4 lbs. light), cleans everything powerfully well. All the attach-ments for every cleaning job included.



ELECTRIC VACUUM SWEEPER with powered brush. Performs the duties of a carpet sweeper, broom, dust mop and light duty vacuum cleaner.



SCRUBBER-POLISHER. Most powerful, with Floating-Brush action that can't buck or run away. More accessories (including shampoo brushes) than any other.



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CORKWOOD? WHAT'S THAT?

UNTIL I went to live on the north coast of New South Wales I had never heard the word "corkwood." When I did hear it, I said, "Corkwood? What's that?"

I was told it was a tree that grew in the forests, and all one had to do to make some quick, ready cash was to gather it, chop it, bag it, and take it to the corkwood factory.

It was then dried, baled, and sent off to Europe for further processing before it became a drug used in medicine.

Being short of the ready cash, and always ready to try some-thing new, my husband, Allen, and I decided we would go cork-

So with lunches packed, first-aid box and water bottles aboard, some turps for the ticks we might meet, clad in our oldest clothes and well booted, we bundled our small son, Charlie, into the ute and set off one dawn for the mountain forests, some 20 miles away.

away.

It would take a poet to describe the beauty of this mountain forest, especially as we saw it that morning, the dew glittering like jewels on every leaf of hundreds of different species of plant life that went to make up the lush

As we drove up the mountain

you'll

feel fabulous

Dath Heaven for tired and aching limbs. 'RADOX'

is as important to the enjoyment of your bath as the water itself.

softens the water . . . relaxes tired and aching limbs . . . refreshes the

skin . . . (leaves no bath-tub ring either).

try 'RADOX' yourself and feel

Corkwood is a tree that yields a medicinal drug, and to find it you have to go deep into the remote gullies of the rain forests, and be prepared to chop and haul and climb to bring out the spoils, braving leeches, snakes, and goannas.

Cynthia Harrop and her husband once went corkwood cutting to make some "quick, ready cash," and found an unexpected bonus in the beauty of the ancient forest, and its tranquillity and peace. She

By CYNTHIA HARROP DEDUCTION DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

road, the sound of the birds was something to hear, and the colors of the parrots as they flashed across our vision were wonderful.

across our vision were wonderful.

We had a small sample of a corkwood tree with us, but even so it seemed to me that to find it would be like looking for the needle in the haystack.

We had been told that it grew mainly down in the gullies, in moist ground and a humid atmosphere, but could also be found on the slopes. It didn't take us long to distinguish it from the other trees around.

We had been told how to cut

We had been told how to cut the tree so that it would grow again (some people just slash them down any old how, and destroy the regrowth), and what to look for in the way of good or poor corkwood leaves and stems.

The mountain is criss-crossed with tracks, bulldozed out and maintained by the forest rangers to give easy access in time of forest fires.

Up and down these roads we travelled, spotting a corkwood tree here, and one there. Slowly the back of the ute filled up with the cuttings, and then when it would hold no more, we stopped, spread out a large tarpaulin, tipped the lot on to it.

I was to chop the stems and leaves off the branches, ready for lagging, while Allen investigated a steep gully nearby.

Corkwood knives are huge, like machete, and heavy, and it asn't long before my arms were

Chop, chop, chop, the pile grew bigger, the sun hotter, and I began to feel the humidity. The forest was steaming, and so

"Blow the corkwood," I decided, and taking my son by the hand, we walked along the track to where Allen had disappeared into the tangled mass of foliage. I cooced, and received an answer from somewhere far below. "Guppa time!" I yelled.

When Allen appeared, stag-gering under a huge load of corkwood tied with rope and slung over his shoulder, he was wet with perspiration and purple from exhaustion.

"Gosh, there's a lot of cork-wood down there," he said. "It's been cut before, and it's grown even thicker than ever, with lovely purple stems." Purple stems are much prized by cutters.

"It's a long way down, though. I think it would be better if we took the tarp and sacks down there, and you could be chopping it while I gather it in. Save having to drag the branches up."

Bagful of hard work

As he was talking, he was stuff-ing the corkwood I'd chopped into a bag. The great mound was swallowed easily by this hungry bag, and it made only one bag full.

"Well! I'd have sworn there were two bags there," I said. "You're packing it in too tightly. We won't get many bags full the way you shove it in," I retorted, annoyed to see all my hard work pushed into one bag.

"Look, this stuff is sold by weight, and it's better to have a few heavy bags than a lot of

half packed ones. At 4c per pound it takes a lot of corkwood to make a bag worth taking in," said Allen.

After amoko we descended into the gully — or, rather, Allen descended, with Charlie on his shoulder. I slipped, slithered, and clawed my way through what seemed acres of dead bracken, ferns, and old logs, going part of the way on the seat of my pants, dragging bags, tarp, and ropes behind me. Finally, we came to a small clearing, large enough to spread the tarp. It was very humid down here, but shady with the tall trees reaching far above us. Charlie sat on the spread-out bags and sucked a few lollies, waving a small corkwood branch about. After smoko we descended

A paradise

I set to work again, Allen would bring in a load of branches, then be swallowed up by the forest as he went search-

As I worked, I began to get the feel of the forest. Down here, it was another world, a world of nature, with the only sound of man the occasional chop of my husband's tomahawk.

Yet the forest was alive with sound — the buzzing of flies and insects, the cry of the parrots, the sharp whip-crack sound of a bird whose name I didn't know.

The twittering birds seemed to hold a non-stop conversation, fill-ing the air with the most glorious sound. Sometimes a rustling came from the undergrowth as some creature made its way through, and I'd remember to keep a sharp look out for snakes.

How many shades of green are there? I was amazed at how many I could see from where I stood, but I couldn't begin to name the trees and plants. They grew in wild profusion and beauty, each one its own shade of green.

Some of the trees must have

Some of the trees must have been hundreds of years old, and nearly every one was decorated with vines, some in flower.

Looking up, I could see a crisscross of vines reaching out to attach themselves to yet another tree and another; and through all this the sun was filtered.

The place was a paradise, and I thought how people travel miles and climb mountains to see the

To page 55

Pea-Beu is Guaranteed the Safest, Most Powerful Aerosal Insecticide

This Pea-Beu insecticide is guaranteed to contain the strongest concentration of the world's most effective insect-killing substances, yet it can be used with complete safety in the home to kill flies, and all household insect pests with amazing rapidity.

Pea-Beu also has enormous power of penetration due to its unique "umbrella-spreading" action. In a room, short bursts only produce a devastating effect on insects—a result due to its tremendous fume-action strength and killing power. Regular spraying of premises, to cover all usual breeding places, will wipe out insect pests entirely.

There is no stronger, safer, quicker-killing insecticide than Pea-Beu. Supplies of the powerful, safe Pea-Beu aerosol are available at chemists and leading stores.

Who took Sally's chocolate Laxettes?



Grandma did

What's Grandma doing with a laxative made for children? let's explain: young folk and elderly folk both have delicate systems, so both have the same problem when it comes to irregularity. Sally and Grandma each need a safe and gentle laxative. That describes Laxettes perfectly! The moral for grown-ups Keep regular with Laxettes but pleasedon't borrow Sally's.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968 National Library of Australia

make them in minutes... no cooking at all!



marshmallow bubbles

Crunch . . . munch . . . melting mallow. Ever known such an exciting new taste sensation? Marshmallow Bubbles combine smooth, creamy Pascall Marshmallows in a tasty chocolate treat that keeps fresh for days. So simple, a child can make them. So delicious you'll never keep them! Make some for your family today.

Pascall Marshmallows

add magic to your cooking



Ingredients: 4 cups Kellogg's' Rice Bubbles", 8 ozs icing sugar, 3 heaped tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 1 packet white or pink Pascall Marshmallows, 8 ozs Copha".

Method: Sift the cocoa and icing sugar together. Place in basin with Rice Bubbles. Melt Copha over gentle heat, it should be warm not hot. Add to dry ingredients then add Marshmallows and mix thoroughly. Press into square tin. Place in refrigerator to set. Cut into squares or finger lengths to serve. If desired, MARSHMALLOW TOPPING may be placed on the Marshmallow Bubbles before cutting.

Marshmallow Topping.

Place 1 packet of Pascall Marshmallows in a basin and melt over gently boiling water. Spread quickly over the set Marshmallow Bubbles. Sprinkle with coconut. Allow to set and cut into shape.

Try delicious Marshmallow Topping on any of your favourite recipes.

Look for recipe leaflets in your store.

CORKWOOD? WHAT'S THAT?

From page 53

views, and visit far away places to look at the wonders, yet all around me was a wonder that was beyond description, but at which hardly any man bothers to look

I came down to earth with a bang when the knife came down across the knuckles of my left hand, cutting two of my fingers to the bone.

Well, looney that I was, I'd left the first-aid box in the car, and I was bleeding like a stuck

what to do? I did the only thing I could. I tore the tail off my husband's old shirt I was wearing, and bound up my poor

hingers.

A "cooee" for Allen brought no reply. The blood was rapidly soaking through the bandage. Back to the car was the only

I couldn't leave Charlie alone, so back up the mountain side I went, with him on my back.

Golly! I hadn't realised how far down we were, or how heavy one small boy could be. He

Hands

Up!

And what do you see? Chapped dry skin that is rough to the touch. You need

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The little boy seemed to become more and more excited. He jerked about all over the room, hands out in front of him, feeling over the walls as if trying to catch something.

thought it a game, and clung tight with sticky fingers. Now I know how a mother monkey feels. "Up the mighty mountains, down the craggy

"Did we really come through all this rotting rubbish? "Ouch! How those prickles

So went my thoughts as I clawed and staggered upward.

After what seemed like hours we made it to the road. My legs felt like rubber, and I was shaking and dripping with perspiration.

A merry picnic

I just made it to the car, when along came a Land-Rover and a couple of forest rangers.

They were most sympathetic,

and one of them dressed my hand, tenderly spreading my fingers with some stuff from his black box that looked like treacle, but which, he assured me, would congeal the blood.

me, would congeal the blood.

Suddenly Allen appeared like Tarzan out of the jungle loaded with a sack of corkwood. I was thankful we'd taken the precaution of getting a licence to cut the stuff.

"Gee, you gave me a fright going off like that, and blood all over the tarp," he said.

"Well I didn't want to bleed to death down there," I said.

"Lesson number one. Don't

"Lesson number one. Don't leave the first-aid box in the car when we go down into the depths," he said.

The rangers had their lunch with us, and it was quite a merry picnic. They told us lots of things about the forest, gave us a good tip on corkwood, and asked us to be very careful with our cigarette butts. The undergrowth was very thick and tinder dry.

was very thick and tinder dry.

During lunch Allen said his boot was uncomfortably wet and sticky inside. He removed it and found a huge, fat, unspeakably revolting leech fastened to his ankle. Ugh!

"You'll get plenty of those things down in the gullies," said a ranger. "The only way to keep them off is to rub soap on your boots."

After lunch, when the rangers.

After lunch, when the rangers had gone, I bent to pick up the rug we'd sat on and, horror of horrors, a small, tawny snake slid off into the bush from under one corner of it.

"Oh, look!" I yelled, frozen to

"Oh, it's only a little one," said Allen.

"Let's go home now. I've had this place," I said, all my joy in the forest gone with the snake and the leech.

"OK, when I've bagged and brought up all the corkwood," said Allen.

Crash! into a pit

While he was doing this, Charlie decided to have a snooze on the car seat, and with nothing better to do, I walked a few yards down the track to where I could see a corkwood tree thrusting its head up out of the side of the mills.

'Gee, I can't leave that there thought. So gripping my knife firmly, I stepped off the side of the road on to an old log that lay between me and the cork-

wood.

I was just reaching out to take hold of the first branch when crack, crash, and crumble—down I went, waist-deep into a pit full of decaying matter. The log had given way under the indignity of my nine stone on its dead back.

I couldn't get out of there quickly enough. Lecches, snakes, and other unspeakable things flashed through my mind. What one must do to earn a crust! I thought.

How I missed stabbing myself

with the knife clutched in my hand, I'll never know. The Lord looks after his own — and cork-

looks after his own — and cork-wood cutters.

Allen thought it a great joke when I told him, and added insult to injury by saying, "We don't need that corkwood, any-way. We've got enough."

way. We've got enough."

Charlie slept like a log all the way home. It seemed his day in the forest had exhausted him. He grizzled when I woke him for his tea, but recovered his usual bright spirits in his bath, and when bedtime came he was a hall of energy.

when bedtime came he was a hall of energy.

I was tired, stiff, and sore all over. "I'll be glad to have an early night," I said to Allen.

"Yes, so will I," he replied. "I feel as if I've been climbing mountains all day." At that, we

both laughed.

From the bedroom came
Charlie's voice calling, "Mum!"
When I went to him, he was
climbing out of the cot.

We let him play around all through tea, and he seemed very excitable, chattering like a monkey and racing up and down. He got out his small trike and tried to get on it, and when he threw his leg over the scat, he overbalanced and fell flat, but didn't cry. He just jumped up and tried again.

I thought it was rather strange, she could usually ride the trike

as he could usually ride the trike quite well.

"He's acting like he's drunk,"
I said, as he tried again and again to get on the trike, each time falling off.

"Oh, he's just overexcited," said Allen.
Challe assumed to get more and

Charlie seemed to get more and more excited. He seemed like a clockwork toy. He ran here and there, his legs rigid, yet still able

there, his legs rigid, to move.

He jerked about all over the room, hands out in front of him like a blind person. Then he started to call out, "Gee-gee, geegee," and felt over the walls as if to catch something he could see there.

"There is something wrong with him," I cried. Allen caught and held Charlie while I looked him over. His eyes were very bright in his flushed little face and the pupils were dilated. He wrestled with his father and giggled, as if he were playing a game.

"Ring the doctor and tell him there's something wrong with Charlie," I said "He's not just excited or overtired. He must have been bitten by something in the forest today." The panic was rising in me like a flood. The doctor told Allen to bring Charlie into the surgery right away.

By the time the doctor had examined him, Charlie was very unsteady on his feet and just tottered round the surgery, laughing and waving his arms.

"Most peculiar," said the doctor, "It's as if he were drug-ged. Tell me, what has he caten today?"

To page 58

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NOVELTY COVERS TO CROCHET

 Colorful kaleidoscope motif is used on three unusual covers for a stool, a teapot, and a record-holder.

TEA COSY
Materials: 1 ball each of 8 colors Emu English Knit 8-ply or Bri-Nylon 8-ply; No. 10 crechet book crochet hook,

FIRST SECTION

Make 8 ch. in 1st color. 1st
Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch., 1 d.c. to
end, 2 ch., turn. 2nd Row: 2 d.c.
in each d.c., 2 ch., turn.
3rd Row: 2 d.c. in 1st st., 1

d.c. in each st., 2 d.c. in last st., 2 ch., turn. 4th and 5fh Rows: As 3rd. Join in 2nd color. Rep. 3rd row 6 times. Join in 3rd color. Rep. 3rd row 4 times. Fasten off.

SECOND SECTION

Using 4th color, make 3 ch., turn, 2 d.c. in 3rd ch., 2 ch., turn. 2nd Row: 2 d.c. in each st.,

3rd Row: As 2nd row. 4th Row: Inc. to 12 d.c., 2 ch., turn. 5th Row: Miss first st., d.c. to end, 2 ch., turn. 6th Row: D.c. to end. 7th Row: Sl-st. over 4 sts., d.c. to end.

Join in 2nd color. 1st Row: D.c. in first 5 sts., 2 d.c. in next sp., d.c. to end (over shaped edge of previous color), 2 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 2 d.c. in first st., d.c., 2 ch., turn.

3rd Row: D.c. to last st., 2 d.c. in last st., 2 ch., turn.

d.c. in last st., 2 ch., turn.

4th Row: As 2nd row. Join in
1st color. Cont. in d.c. for 4
rows, inc. at inner edge as last
3 rows. Join in 5th color. Cont.
as before for 5 rows. Join in
3rd color, cont. as before for 4
rows. Join in 6th color on 24th
st. from straight edge. Work 24
d.c., 2 ch., turn. Work 20 d.c.,
turn, sl-st. over 4 d.c., d.e. to
end, 2 ch., turn.

Next Row: D.c. to last 4 d.c.

Next Row: D.c. to last 4 d.c., turn, sl-st. over 4 d.c., d.c. to end. Fasten off. Join in 7th color to 3rd color, work in d.c. to beg. of 6th color, then work 4 d.c. over 4 missed sts. of 6th color, turn color, turn.

Next Row: D.c. to end, 2 d.c. in last st., 2 ch., turn.

Next Row: D.c. to last 4 d.c., turn, sl-st. over 4 d.c., d.c. to end. Join in 8th color. Work 2 d.c. in first st. then 10 d.c., turn. Sl-st. over 4 sts., d.c. to end, 2 d.c. in last st., 2 ch., turn.

Next Row: 2 d.c. in first st., d.c. to last 2 sts., turn, sl-st. over 2 sts., d.c. to end. Fasten off. Join in 2nd color to end of last

color.

Ist Row: 2 d.c. in first st.,
work 9 d.c. on last color, turn.
2nd Row: D.c. to end, 2 d.c. in

last st.

3rd Row: 2 d.c. in first st.,
d.c. to end of last color, 2 ch.,
turn. 4th Row: D.c. to end, 2 d.c.
in last st., 2 ch., turn.

5th Row: Work d.c. right across edge of this section. Work 3 rows d.c. across this edge. Fasten off.

Join first and second sections as illustrated, then make 2 more sections the same and join.

THIRD SECTION Using 2nd color, make 12 ch.

lst Row: D.c. in 2nd ch., d.c. to end, 2 ch., turn. Work in d.c. for length required to fit round top of cosy as illustrated, joining in other colors as desired. Join this straight piece to other two pieces as illustrated.

RECORD COVER

Materials: 3 balls main color (m.c.), oddments of 8 colors Emu English Knit or Bri-Nylon 8-ply; No. 10 crochet hook; 2 buttons

Size: 12in. square, completed. MAIN SECTION

Using m.c., make 96 ch. 1st Row: D.c. in 2nd ch., d.c.

to end, 2 ch., turn.

Work in d.c. for 14in., or length required. Fasten off. Make

another section same width and 12in. long. Join sides tog. Line and stiffen as desired.

TRIM
Make 48 ch. in m.c., work in d.c. for 3 rows. Fasten off. Then work 2 rows d.c. right round outer edges, working 4 rows in each end. Attach to cover with 2 buttons

MOTIF Using 1st color, make 8 ch. 1st Row: Work 7 d.c., 2 ch.,

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in first and last d.c., 2 d.c. in other d.c., 2 ch., turn.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968



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stretch romper, button front. White, blue, lemon, pink. 18 mths. and under. \$2.99



Page 56

3rd Row: Work in d.c., inc. 4 sts. Join in 2nd color, work 1 row d.c.

4 sts. Join in 2nd color, work 1 row d.c.

Next Row: Work in d.c., working 2 d.c. in every 2nd d.c.

Next Row: Work in d.c., join in 3rd color, work 3 rows d.c., join in 4th color. Work 16 d.c., turn, work to end, 2 ch., turn, work 16 d.c., turn, work to end, 2 ch., turn, work 6 d.c. Fasten off, join in 5th color. Work in d.c. to 3rd st. from centre, 2 ch., turn, work to end. Work 1 more row d.c. over these sts. Fasten off, join in 6th color. Work 3 rows d.c. over last sts., omitting first and last st. each row. Join in 7th color, work as 6th color. Join in 8th color, work 5 rows d.c., dec. 1 st. at outside edge every row. Fasten off. Join 2nd color to ehd of 8th color, work in d.c. across shaped off. Join 2nd color to end of 8th color, work in d.c. across shaped section of all colors to edge of 3rd color, work 4 rows d.c. on this section, dec. 1 st. each end of every row. Join in 5th color, work 4 rows as 3rd color. Join in 8th color, work 4 rows, working in alt. sts. only on 2nd and 4th rows. Fasten off.

Work 3 rows d.c. round outside edge, shaping to form oval. Attach to cover.

STOOL

Materials: 10 balls main color (m.c.) for base, 1 ball each of 5 colors, 2 balls color for edge, Emu English Knit or Bri-Nylon 8-ply; No. 10 crochet book; No. 8 knitting needles.

Size: 16in, high; 14in, diameter.

FIRST SECTION

Using 1st color, make 12 ch.
1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch., d.c.
to end, 2 ch., turn.
2nd Row: 2 d.c. in first d.c.,
d.c. to 2nd last st., 2 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 2 d.c. in each d.c.,

th to 14th Rows: 2 d.c. in first d.c., d.c. to 2nd last d.c., 2 ch., turn. Join in 2nd color. Ist Row: Work in d.c., working twice in first and every 3rd d.c., 2 ch., turn.

d.c., 2 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Work in d.c., inc.
2 sts. at centre, and dec. 1 st.
each end, 2 ch., turn. Rep. this
row 8 times. Change to 3rd color.
1st Row: Work in d.c., working 2 d.c. in every 4th d.c., 2 ch.,

2nd Row: As 2nd row in 2nd

color, Rep. this row 8 times. Join in 4th color, Rep. 2nd row above

10th Row: Work 28 d.c., work treble to last 28 sts., d.c. to end. Fasten off.

SECOND SECTION

SECOND SECTION
Using 1st color, make 4 ch.
1st Row: D.c. in 2nd ch., d.c.
to end, 2 ch., turn.
2nd Row: 2 d.c. in first d.c.,
d.c. to end, 2 d.c. in last st., 2
ch., turn. Rep. this row 6 times
more. Join in 5th color.
1st Row: 2 d.c. in first d.c. (1
d.c. in next 5 d.c., 2 d.c. in next
d.c.) twice; d.c. to end, 2 d.c.
in last st., 2 ch., turn.
Work 7 rows d.c., inc. 1 st. at
end of first row and at this edge
every row, keeping other edge
straight.

Next Row: Work to last 7 sts., Next Row: Work to last / sts., join in 6th color, complete row, then work 10 more rows, inc. at outside edge as before. Join in 2nd color, work 10 rows, inc. 2 at. in centre st. every row. Join in 5th color. Work 2 rows without shaping. Next Row: Work to centre 8 d.c., turn, al-st. over 4 d.c., work to end.

Next Row: Work to last 4 sts., turn, sl-st. over 4 sts., work to end. Rep. from * until no sts. rem. Fasten off. Rejoin yarn to other side of centre 8 sts. and

Join this section to first section as illustrated. Join in 1st color, work in d.c. over shaped section of 5th color and on last row of

first section. Work 10 rows d.c., dec. 1 st. at centre every row. Join 4th color, rep. last 10 rows. Join 6th color, rep. last 10 rows, dec. 2 sts. each end of every row. Faster off.

BORDER
Make 10 ch. 1st Row: Tr. in
3rd ch., tr. to end, 3 ch., turn.
2nd Row: Tr. in each st., 3 ch.,
turn. Rep. 2nd row until length
required to fit round edge of
motif section.

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work in st-st. for same length as border. Cast off, Join border to motif section, then join to base. Line and stuff as desired.

PRETTY SUMMER BUTTONS

• Rosettes of crocheted raffia are as versatile as they are easy to make.

THEY can be made up as buttons for a summer shift (see right) - the raffia is washable, so buttons are practical or as pretty earrings, by stitching them to earring clasps.

TO MAKE
Using No. 10 hook and raffia, work thus: * Make 4 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st of 4 ch., rep. from * 55 times. Fasten off.

Roll first 4 loops back along work and stitch from back. Cont. shaping thus round first 4 loops, overlapping each round slightly and keeping work flat, until button is complete (approx. 2 in. diam.).

Earrings are made in the same way, working 25 pattern repeats, then stitching to earring backs.





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CORKWOOD? WHAT'S THAT?

From page 55

• "I can remember the sheer frustration of a 10ft. wall of thorns and vines stopping me from getting to the corkwood I had climbed down 200ft. to reach."

After telling him what Charlie had eaten and assuring him he'd had no medicines or tablets, the doctor then asked us about plants in the garden and where we had been and what we had been doing all day.

As soon as we mentioned corkwood, the doctor saw the light. "Why, your son is intoxicated!" he said. He explained that if eaten, corkwood could be poisoneven fatal.

"Charlie has been poisoned by sucking the sweets you gave him after he was handling the corkwood. The heavy sleep he had could have been a sort of mild coma, and now he is exhilarated by the drug.

"It will take about eight hours to wear off, and if it hasn't worn off by then, I am afraid he will have to go to hospital."

We went home and to bed, but not to sleep. Charlie was in our bed between Allen and me so he couldn't hurt himself, as he kept throwing himself about. All night long he laughed and shouted, and tried to catch "geo-me".

It was a most terrible night, because we had so unknowingly let this happen to our son, and I prayed constantly that the drug would wear off and that he would be our normal little boy again.

About 5 a.m. Charlie suddenly fell asleep. One minute he was jumping about, the next asleep—just like that, as if a switch had been flicked.

He slept for about three hours, and awoke his normal self, except that he was a little shaky in the legs.

I swore that I wouldn't go corkwood cutting again. I did go, some months later, but we left Charlie at home for safe keeping.

I learned to love the forest, despite the fear of snakes, ticks, and leeches. The wonders of nature far outweighed the dangers, and I spent many happy days there with Allen.

Goanna "like a dinosaur"

We had many adventures, some funny, like the time Allen slid down a gully straight into a huge nest of the biggest, most ferocious ants we had ever seen. He whipped off his trousers so fast it must have set a record, and did a "war dance" because of the fiery bites of the ants.

And once Allen disturbed the largest goanna either of us had ever seen. It came charging up the road where I was quietly working. I took one look—to me it looked like a dinosaur—and fled to the car.

The goanna couldn't have cared less about me, and ran up the dead stump of a tree, where it lay basking in the sun, its tail hanging way down the stump. It was all of four feet long.

There were frustrating times when the corkwood was hard to find, or hard to get at or get out of the gullies. From almost inaccessible places we would drag it up to the road, both of us pulling on the ropes like cart-horses.

We must have left gallons of our blood in that forest, what with leeches, ticks, thorns, and scratches, and I can remember the sheer frustration of a wall of thorns and vines, ten feet high, stopping me from getting to the corkwood I'd spotted from the road 200ft. above, and had taken the trouble to climb down to.

Sometimes it was dangerous, as when a limb of a giant tree snapped and came thundering down hitting the front of the car and missing us by inches; or when the car started to slip backward on an almost perpendicular climb, and one of us had to leap out and grab rocks for chocks to put behind the wheels.

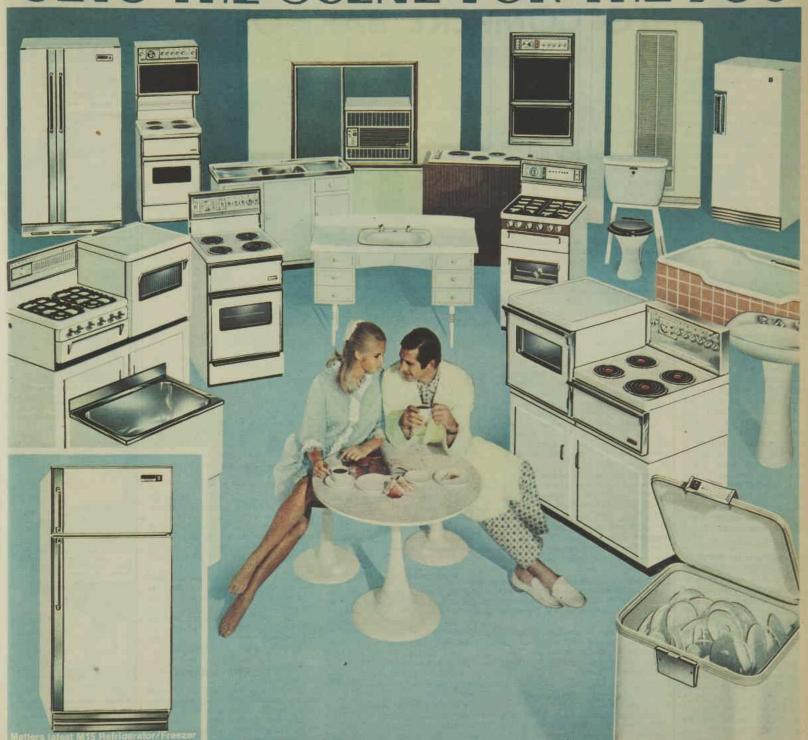
And, most hair-raising of all, once we met another car suddenly on a hairpin bend, and the sudden swerve caused the back wheels of our car to hang over a 500ft. drop for what seemed to me for ever, but was really only a second.

Yes, that was corkwooding in all its variety, its cuts and scratches, the aches and pains, the sweat and dirt, and when I hear of soldiers taking a course in jungle training, I often think the Army should send them corkwood cutting. They'd be well trained.

And when anybody ever asks me, "Corkwood, what's that?" I look down at the scars on my feet, made by the blood-sucking leeches, and say:

"Oh, it's just a tree that grows in the forest. You go and cut it if you're short of ready cash!"

THOROUGHLY MODERN METTERS SETS THE SCENE FOR THE 70's

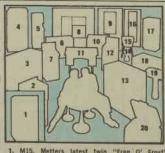


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onvenient hand grip and twin soap holders. 18. Porcelain Enamelted
fitreous China Pedestal Basin. 20. Automatic Mobile Dishwasher.

36.59

Perce 50

Dear Holly,

I really have a problem with my hair. Lately it's been very dry and brittle, and seems to have lost all its life.

Your hair needs the Poly Kur treatment. Poly Kur is a "deep action" conditioner containing Cholesterin, Lecithin, Lanolin and vitamins which are essential for healthy hair. Poly Kur nourishes the scalp, and feeds and invigorates the hair from root to tip. You should use Poly Kur about once a fortnight until your hair regains its natural health and gloss. After that, regular use of Poly Kur every four to six weeks strengthens the hair, maintains its condition and effectively combats dandruff. (So if your husband or boy-friend has this problem, introduce him to Poly Kur).

I need a hairspray to keep my hair tidy, particularly on the ends. I've tried several different brands and most of them hold reasonably well. But they seem to make my hair look dirty — even when I've just washed it!

With some hairsprays, excessive lacquer builds up on the hair and traps particles of dust in the air. This never happens with new Poly Spray, because it's the first truly clean hairspray. Poly Spray with "Luxury Hold" is a fine clean spray that holds all types of hair perfectly, without ever showing. Its perfume is light and quick-fading too, so that only you know you're wearing Poly Spray. Ask for Poly Spray next time you call at your pharmacy or department store I'm sure you'll be delighted with it, and you'll be pleasantly surprised how long one can will last!

I recently used the last of my daughter's Polyherb Shampoo and found it simply marvellous. But the way she scolded me, you'd think there was some secret ingredient in it! There's no secret about the fact that herbs and beauty have gone together for centuries. But new Polyherb is the first shampoo containing the precious essences of eleven natural herbs (three to stimulate, strengthen and tone up the hair and scalp; five to feed and nourish the hair; and three to brighten the hair and fill it with freshness and fragnoticed, Polyherb leaves your hair more beautiful, more manageable than ever before. Your daughter certainly wouldn't begrudge you that, but next time be sure to leave some for her!

If you have a hair problem write to Pauline "Polly" write to Pauline "Polly" Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, 2163 N.S.W. or call her in person at Sydney 72-0461.



At pharmacies and selected Department Stores

TV COOKERY STAR TO COMPERE BAKE-OFF

A TTRACTIVE brunette Geraldine Dillon, GTV9's vivacious cookery expert in Melbourne, will compere the 1968 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off finals at Myer's between October 1 and 4

She has been Victoria's best-known television culinary expert for eight years.

Geraldine, who lives in Armadale, conducts a weekly quarter-hour program explaining recipes to Melbourne housewives. She launched the program "Fun With Food" soon after television began in Melbourne and now concentrates on recipe with femily appearance. trates on recipes with family appeal for special times of the year.

Born in Melbourne, Geraldine first studied cooking at the Emily McPher-son College of Domestic Science. (The present principal of the college, Miss Norma Findley, will be one of the judges at the Bake-Off.)

With a view to extending her knowledge of cooking, she left for Europe in 1959, and while there completed an advanced course of study with the Cordon Bleu School, in London.

In 1960, the co-principal of the Cordon Bleu, Miss Muriel Downes, visited Australia for a tour of the country, and Geraldine was invited to be her assistant.

During the tour, Geraldine had her first introduction to television when she helped Miss Downes televise six half-hour cooking demonstrations in Sydney.

June, 1960, she joined the staff of GTV9 and appeared in a six-minute segment each week in "Thursday at One." Five months later she was given her own program, which she has had

For many years she conducted a radio show in Melbourne, each morning from Monday to Friday, and also contributed weekly cookery articles for television

During a visit to the United States, Geraldine was made a member of the American Women in Radio and Tele-vision organisation, the only Australian to be given this honor.

Contest chairman

Geraldine's pleasant personality and knowledge of cooking will appeal to the many thousands of housewives who are expected to attend the Bake-Off finals. During Bake-Off Week she will be working in association with the chairman of our contest, Graham Kerr, who will be present each day.

Test cooking in public and judging of the entries will take place all day throughout the four days of Bake-Off Week. Each day one separate section will be tested and judged and at the end of the day the category winner's name announced.

Friday, October 4, will be a hig day

— final judging of the Main Dish
Section will be followed by the selection of our 1968 Bake-Off Grand
Champion. The Grand Champion will
be selected from the five sensorate be selected from the five separate category winners. Winner of the Best Junior award and the Princess contest will also be decided then,

Members of the general public invited to participate in Bake-Off Week, not only by coming to watch the test cooking and judging but by taking part in the numerous com-petitions we are arranging in con-



Geraldine Dillon, our Bake-Off compere.

Bake-Off entries

The finals of the recipe contest that Geraldine will be compering are the result of much hard work selecting the recipes to be tested during Bake-

Home economists from White Wings Ltd. (joint sponsors of our Bake-Off together with the Australian Dairy Pro-duce Board) had more than 25,000 entries to sift through to select finalists in each section.

Out of the huge number of entries eccived, around 6000 were in the Main Dish section. And out of these 53 were chosen for preliminary test cooking by student chefs at the East Sydney Technical College working under the guidance of their head teacher, Mr. John Goodman-Jones.

Mr. Goodman-Jones and three other college experts then had the difficult task of selecting the best of these dishes to go on to the final judging in Mel-

This is not the first year Sydney student chefs have tested a preliminary round of the Bake-Off dishes and

junction with the festivities. Attractive prizes will be offered to the winners of these competitions.

Entry forms for the Name-the-Princess competition will be available on the Women's Weekly stand.

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Entry forms for the Name-the-Princess competition will be available on the Women's Weekly stand. tralia," he said.

"I fully recognise the difficult task the international judges will have in this year's Main Dish section of the Bake-Off."

Two overseas cookery experts, Monica Sheridan, from Ireland, and Edoardo Moglia, from Italy, are to judge the Main Dish category.

Princess contest

The other main part of our Bake-Off is the Princess contest being run in conjunction with the recipe contest. In this contest we are looking for a Princess who is a good cook and home hostess as well as being attractive.

Literally scores of Princess entries have been received. They have come from many age groups, single girls, newlyweds, and from mothers of young families — all attractive young women enthusiastic about having their talents as competent hostesses recognised by becoming Rake Off Princes 1969 becoming Bake-Off Princess 1968.

The entries are now being judged to select finalists who will be flown to Melbourne by Ansett-ANA for final judging during Bake-Off Week.

A MASSAGER FOR EVERY PURPOSE M/AWW/25,9.68 Postcode

WOMEN'S WEEKLY STAND

At the Women's Weekly stand in Myers at the contest finals you will be able to buy copies of the current issue of the paper and obtain free copies of our earlier Bake-Off Cook Book containing recipes from last year's Bake-Off. CREME AWAY CALLUSES, WARTS With New Easy Off Softener

wars, filly report transport to thanks to a new wonder-working creme called DERMA-SOFT. This unique formula softens & dissolves hard to remove growth so they creme away painlensly & safely leaving skin talky smooth & soft leaving s

rapid relief mouth ulcers



mouth ulcers 'SM-33' provides rapid relief from pain of mouth ulcers, underdenture ulcers and inflamed gums. It inhibits germs in the mouth safely, soothingly and swiftly. 'SM-33' promotes quick healing of the sore areas or tender gums after extractions.

baby teething 'SM-33' is indispensable during the teething period. It soothes pain and heals gums quickly. Safe and simple to

apply.
use "SM-33" the family preparation for treatment of mouth ulcers, sore gums and teething troubles.



Quick relief from

HEMORRHOIDS

Pile Sufferers! Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid gives relief to any form of hemorrhoid (gile) misery. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that effectively treats hemorrhoids (piles) at the source of the complaint. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely. Chemists everywhere recommend and sell Vaculoid.

VACULOID



TEST OF 13 HOUSES, continued

What your choice of the 13 homes reveals

 Here and overleaf is an analysis of what your choice of the 13 homes shown on pages 28/29 reveals about your personality.

HOUSE NO. 1

You are dissatisfied with your situation in life. Suddenly you are conscious of the passing of time, of the valuelessness of material things. You are torn between contradictory wishes and troubled by unexpected and conflicting events. As a result, there is a profound disturbance in your personality. This is because your character is temperate and stable. You are faithful and you expect the same from others.

General characteristics: You want your family to be successful in an atmosphere of mutual trust. You need security, warmth, quiet happiness. You seek an uncomplicated life and mutual understanding which does not require words to express itself. You are inclined to sacrifice appearances and social obligations to have a full family life. You are prone to forget that life demands that you have battles to fight in the outside world. You must avoid living a life of routine. You are capable of achieving all your wishes—if you don't fall asleep.

Your greatest quality: Your sense of knowing what is

Your greatest quality: Your sense of knowing what is important and of meaning.

HOUSE NO. 2

Above all you try to keep yourself secluded. You seek a personal fortress around you as a refuge against the world and its needs, against the rest of mankind (people often irritate and you prefer them to keep their distance).

At the heart of your personality are two strains which are the cause of your problems: you wish to dominate, but at the same time you fear, or think, competition is unnecessary. In your character there is the tendency to be firm and to resist compromise which verges toward hostility. On the sentimental level, you long for detachment and to keep your distance. You are prone to despise others.

Your greatest qualities: A sense of intuition, a liking for perfection, and qualities of the heart which are genuine. Encourage these qualities to manifest themselves. Put simply, you should try to relax, but beware of your possessive qualities, for they lead to selfishness.

You are a definite personality with all that it implies of passion and exuberance. You consider things which shackle and restrain you as detestable barriers and insufferable impositions—in a word, obstacles you have to smash. You stand up for your rights with so much passion that you are not always able to control yourself; sometimes you forget to respect others. Without a doubt, you are pleasant with a streak of fantasy, but by going too far you can become far-fetched, even unpleasant.

As a result of your excesses you run the danger of

As a result of your excesses you run the danger of becoming an exhibitionist, of showing off. In a sense this indicates your lack of self-confidence. Happily, thanks to your intelligence, which is firm, you know when you have gone too far, when to return to earth.

Your greatest qualities: Your personal life is rich, enjoy-ing varied pleasures, but you should avoid a tendency to think you are the centre of the world. By so doing you will find yourself isolated and unhappy.

HOUSE NO. 4

You have a perpetual need to establish yourself more firmly in your social life and to be surrounded by many friends (preferably the intellectual). You don't need to dominate, but you want to be appreciated and to be treated

You have a need to affirm yourself, to show yourself at your best, which may make you seem pretentious. You like to demonstrate your well-being or give an example of your standard of living. In private, you like a secure and ordered life. You detest financial uncertainty and have a horror of waste (you feel guilty when you spend unnecessarily). Secretly you long to be freer, to abandon everyday routine, which you find restraining.

Finally, whether you blossom out or not depends on your social and family surroundings, which give you your greatest pleasures. Your worst enemy is solitude, because you don't like finding yourself on your own.

HOUSE NO. 5

Your general behaviour seems to indicate that you have lacked affection. Because of this you fear loneliness and

insecurity, and you are frightened of being forgotten. Nevertheless, you are adaptable—you have the ability more than most of adapting yourself perfectly in any surroundings. You even need to merge with people around you. Even so, you don't reveal your secret thoughts, which allow you to maintain your independence. As a result, people might think you are complicated. This is not true, although your imagination can lead you to dream unrealistically.

Your difficulties result from your lack of self-confidence when facing problems. You imagine yourself beaten and crushed before you even start! This is because your major quality, which can also be your major defect, is to rely on the mood of others.

HOUSE NO. 6

Your most typical act is to turn your back on people who bother you. You are troubled by tiresome people, by the exuberant, bad-mannered, the noisy. Usually you know how to put them in their place, although your good nature makes you hesitate sometimes and you feel guilty. For your personal happiness you prefer small friendly groups to large anonymous crowds, because in this way you find the peace and relaxation necessary for your well-being.

Your most positive characteristics: Capacity to cope when necessary, control of yourself, self-knowledge of your limi-tations, inborn knowledge of internal peace of mind.

You have a slight tendency to dream, which you should cware of. You have an unjustified dislike of the hurly-

HOUSE NO. 7

Your dominant characteristic is your determination to assert yourself in the surroundings you have chosen and built. This denotes great ambition and a wish to make a place in the sun. This is your reply to fate, a way of overcoming your feeling of insecurity, and to make yourself master of a future which often frightens you. If you find difficulties it is because your ideas and thoughts sometimes become confused or contradictory.

You have a liking for the grandiose and for ostentations power. You are attracted at the same time by noble ideas with a touch of romanticism. Although you are not satisfied by the way others see you, you are nevertheless prone to be complacent.

Your success depends entirely on your own efforts in facing reality.

HOUSE NO. 8

Your motto could be: No follies, no excuses, no dramas. Everything too big frightens you—open spaces, sweeping ideas, intense feelings, great ambitions. Your dream is to own a little closed corner, quiet and protected. You consider idealistic people slightly beyond your understanding and you regard them as having lost all sense of every-day routine (to you, an essential part of life). You regard thoughts which trouble you as dangerous and unnecessarily complicated.

You are quite content to make do with what you have You have no wish to achieve great things or to meet unusual people. You prefer to spend your days quietly among people you consider reasonable, like yourself, leading a quiet, ordered life.

The secret of your happiness and those who surround you is in your careful outlook and knowing how to make the most of your private and harmonious life. But be on your guard a little against your tendency to selfishness.

HOUSE NO. 9

Optimistic but unsatisfied, dynamic but secretive—these are the keys of your character. You are secretly convinced that life never gives you something which can be completed, and you are compelled to go on trying. The time factor never bothers you—this allows progress. At the same time and for the same reasons you are dissatisfied. You always want to do better, to improve your standard of living, and to enrich yourself with new experiences (even though you have a taste for the past).

Continued overleaf



Activity? You Bet! Relieved of Periodic Pain

Be an active girl. Dates. Dances. Sports. Fun. Good times. Non-stop. No stow down. Not even from periodic cramping. How? With MIDOL!

Because MIDOL contains

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WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW WHIT Frank, revealing 32 page book explains womanhood's most cammon physical problem. Send 10c in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and handling to Dept. 8, Box 3, Ermington, N.S.W. 2115. (Sent in plain wrapper.)



FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

News of Fast Slimming Method

Pharmaceutical scientists overseas have developed a new dimming method which is fast and simple. They now confirm that as much as 10 lbs. weight can be lost in only 17 days, without strict diet, simply taking a new tablet called StataVar.







8 OZ. NET

And their lively flavour has been captured in Brockhoff Raspberry Shortcake biscuits. These delicious shortcake biscuits are sandwiched with rich raspberry jam and then sprinkled with sugar.

The crispness and flavour of these superb biscuits is then protected right to your table by the excellent packaging.

P.S. It's a good year for Brockhoff Raspberry Shortcake biscuits, too!

BROCKHOFF

2181.R

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968

BAKED OVEN-CRISP BY

What your home choice reveals

However, you are secretive. Rather than talk about your projects, you prefer to show results. You have a need for intimacy and you distrust society. You avoid people you don't know. Your most powerful driving force is your imagination—it is rich, lively, and pushes you forward.

HOUSE NO. 10

You could easily live in a nest or a shell—they fascinate you because they mean protection, defence, warmth, and being tucked-in. Nothing displeases you more than introders. It is not because you are disinterested in externals, which you notice with care—as long as you are not involved.

This general behaviour is repeated in your social life. You prefer to show others your lesser qualities and you dislike giving your opinion. It is the same in your private life, where it is an absolute necessity for you to put a check on your deepest feelings. Because of your withdrawal you give people the impression of being mysterious, which quite pleases you.

You real personality, however, is more complex. You are not without ideals. You are able, in suitable surroundings and after some hesitation, to throw yourself fully into a project.

HOUSE NO. 11

You are not made for modern life. You find it too uncertain, too dangerous. It is too unpredictable and you cannot forctell what is going to happen. Inside yourself you feel defenceless, worried about the future, concerned about what tomorrow will bring. The fear of losing what you possess haunts you. Tradition is important—it gives you a sense of security, and you like turning toward the past, for this symbolises security.

Post, for this symbolises security.

Your basic need is security — the kind given by a true friend or a loving atmosphere. Either is your best defence against the occasional moods of depression which overcome you. Either will help you overcome your daily difficulties, which you like to exaggerate, and which allow you to recharge, so to speak, your battery. You need someone's support, someone who gives you confidence in yourself, someone who helps you and someone you could give a great deal in return, because of your deep sense of faithfulness.

HOUSE NO. 12

The wish for power seems to have been invented for you. You find in it your best qualities—and your worst defects. Modesty is not your strong point; you enjoy showing off and are pleased when people take notice of you. You have pride (which could be a good thing), a radiant personality, exuberance, and a taste for bettering yourself.

At the same time, though, you are a little vain and con-descending. You can lack warmth. Conscious of your value, you select associates from people socially superior to yourself. You despise and reject people you consider less than brilliant. At the same time you are hospitable and it is a real pleasure for you to receive friends, whom you welcome generously and unstitutingly.

However, do be careful lest you succumb to flattery. Although you realise it, you fail to resist.

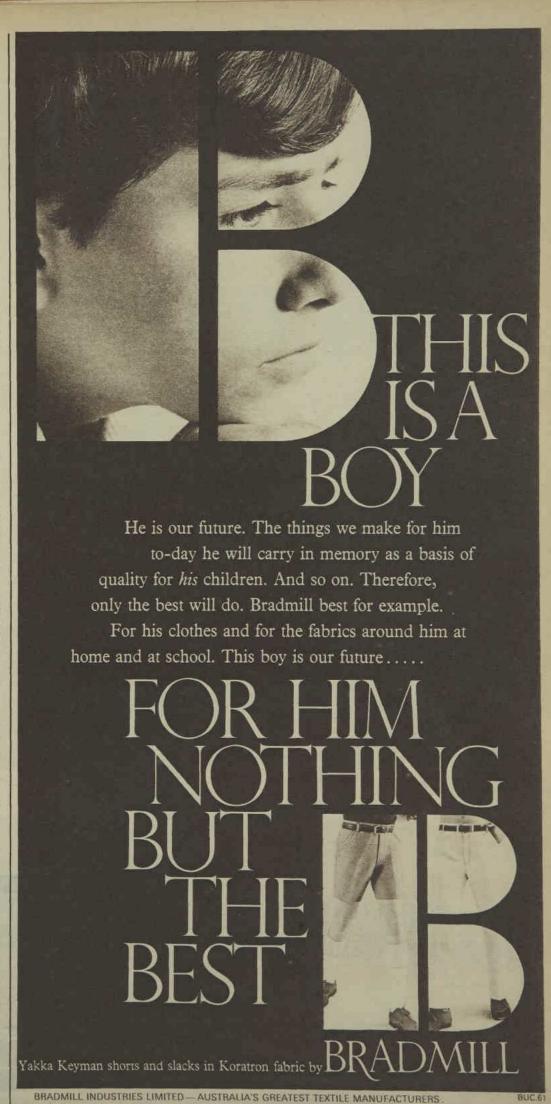
A good point is that you can, to a great extent, realise your ambitions, especially if you have moral and material support.

HOUSE NO. 13

Your blunt and tortured character makes you stand out. You either arouse the most violent hate or ardent liking. To be appreciated you really have to be known. At first meeting you are prone to be superficial, slightly condescending, even sarcastic.

You are autocratic and as severe on others as you are with yourself (cheap sentimentality irritates you, even your own, when you give in to it). You are constantly torn between passion and coldness. Your personality is dominating, wishing to express itself violently, but you fear to lose face.

You are practical and original, but you lack simplicity because you try too hard to be simple. While liking things to be above-board, well defined, and logical, you may find yourself a victim of your worst characteristics. You would gain by being less stiff-necked and less intransigent. This will allow you to improve your social relations without losing the impression of strength you give.





Flavorsome, delicious, easy on the budget

CHICKEN LIVERS

 Chicken livers are delicious, full of flavor, richly satisfying, and are inexpensive to buy. They can be prepared in a variety of ways to make a light main meal, a supper dish, or entree.

MOST chicken livers when bought by the pound have already been cleaned and prepared for cooking. But it is important to make sure the small gall bladders have been removed from the livers before cooking, otherwise the finished dish may have

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes in this cookery feature.

SUPERB SOUP

1 oz. butter 3 tablespoons flour 3 cups beef stock 1 h. chicken livers salt, pepper extra 4lb, chicken livers extra loz, butter

1 cup madeira

1 tablespoon brandy
2 tablespons chopped
parsley

extra 4th, chicken livers

Push 4th, cleaned chicken livers through coarse sieve.

Melt butter in pan, add flour and cook, stirring, until golden brown. Add stock gradually, continue stirring until mixture is thick and smooth. Bring to boil, add the sieved chicken livers, reduce heat, simmer 15 minutes. Chop extra chicken livers roughly, saute in extra butter. Add the cooked chicken livers, madeira, brandy, and chopped parsley to soup. Reheat gently. Season to taste.

Serves 4.

CHICKEN LIVER PATE

cup beef or chicken stock
to teaspoons gelatine
tablespoons cold water
tablespoons brandy
the chicken livers
tablespoons brandy
the chicken livers
tablespoons

4 rashers bacon 2 small chopped onions

1 teaspoon thyme
1 bayleaf
2 tablespoons dry sherry
4 tablespoons cream
2 tablespoons chopped
parsley
salt, pepper
30z. butter (extra)

Soften gelatine in cold water, add to boiling stock, stir till dissolved. Pour into base of greased mould, chill

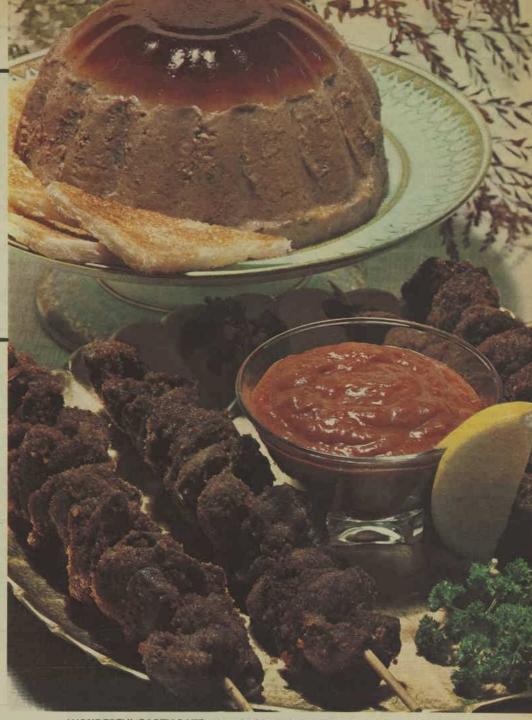
Chop chicken livers roughly, place in basin with brandy and marinate 1½ hours, turning occasionally. Drain livers, heat loz, butter in frying pan, add livers and saute just long enough to brown on all sides.

In separate pan, melt remaining loz, butter and cook the combined onion, chopped bacon, thyme, and bayleaf. Add the semi-cooked chicken livers, cook further 5 minutes. Remove from heat, remove bayleaf.

Blend mixture until smooth in electric blender or pound mixture to a paste, then push through sieve. Stir in sherry, cream, chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Melt extra butter and fold through. Spread over gelatine in mould, pressing mixture in gently and evenly; chill until firm. Unmould on to serving plate. Serve with triangles of toast.

triangles of toast.

For a large-size party pate, as shown in the picture above, quantities can be doubled.



WONDERFUL PARTY PATE, topped with aspic, is smooth in texture, delicious in flavor. In front are Grilled Chicken Livers served with a delightfully piquant sauce. They can be a main dish or unusual first course. Recipes are below.

HERBED CHICKEN LIVERS

1 onion, chopped 1 clove garlic, crushed 1lb. chicken livers 1 cup tomato sauce or purce

† teaspoon basil † teaspoon oregano salt, pepper oil for frying 1 tablespoon brandy

Heat oil in pan, saute onion and garlic. Chop chicken livers, add to pan, brown evenly. Stir in tomato sauce or puree, scasonings, oregano, and basil. Bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer 10 minutes. Stir in brandy. Serve on hot buttered toast. Serves 3 to 4.

CHICKEN LIVERS BURGUNDY

4 rashers bacon Ilb. chicken livers 4 teaspoon salt 4 teaspoon pepper

t cup plain flour cup burgundy 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley

Fry bacon until crisp. Drain on absorbent paper, set aside. Measure bacon fat and return ½ cup to pan. (Add a little butter, if necessary.) Dredge chicken livers in flour which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown in hot bacon fat. Reduce heat, add wine; cover and simmer 5 minutes or until livers are cooked. Serve on hot buttered toast; crumble cooked bacon on top and sprinkle with parsley. Serves 3 to 4.

GRILLED CHICKEN LIVERS

1lb. chicken livers 2 tablespoons melted butter

2-3rd cup fine dry breadcrumbs

1 tablespoon melted butter
1 tablespoon prepared pinch cayenne mustard 2 tablespoons tomato paste 2 tablespoons water

1 dessertspoon grated onion pinch cayenne 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce

Dip cleaned chicken livers into melted butter, then coat firmly with breadcrumbs. Thread on to 3 or 4 skewers. Place on greased grilling tray and grill about 3 minutes on each side or until chicken livers are tender. Serve

on each side or until chicken hvers as with sauce for spooning over or dipping.

with sauce for spooning over or unppear
Serves 3 to 4.
Sauce: Melt butter in saucepan, add remaining ingredients, stir over heat until boiling.

Note: In their uncooked state, chicken livers are very tender; if too-thick skewers are used, the livers may break. The fine bamboo skewers shown in the picture above are ideal. They can be bought in some specialty shops, or shops which sell oriental goods; cost is about 40 cents for 60 skewers.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968

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CHICKEN LIVERS . . . continued from previous page

ing. Serves 6.

Heat half the butter in large saucepan. Add onions and sliced celery, saute 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cut chicken livers into quarters. Add to pan, cook further 5 minutes. Stir in well-rinsed rice and remaining butter, stir over heat 5 minutes. Add

stir over heat 5 minutes. Add stock, bring to the boil; reduce heat and simmer, covered, until

rice is tender and liquid absorbed (about 20 to 25 minutes). Stir in

parmesan cheese, adjust season-

CHICKEN LIVER PORTUGAL

2 tablespoons butter

1 clove garlic

1 small onion

1 tablespoon plain flour

1 cup beef stock

extra ‡ cup plain flour

salt, pepper

1lb. chicken livers

extra 2 tablespoons butter

2 tablespoons madeira or marsala

Melt butter in heavy saucepan, add crushed garlic and chopped onion. Cook until onion is tender but not brown. Add 1 tablespoon flour and cook, stirring, 1 minute. Add beef stock gradually, stirring until sauce is smooth and thickened. Combine extra flour with a little sait and perpare. Toos with a little salt and pepper. cleaned chicken livers in flour. Melt extra butter in frying pan, add chickens livers, and brown quickly. Gently stir into the sauce with the wine. Heat through; serve with hot fluffy rice.

Serves 4.

CHICKEN LIVER SPREAD

1 large chopped onion

1 crushed clove garlic

3oz. butter

1lb, chicken livers

1 crumbled bayleaf

1 tablespoon chopped parsley

salt, pepper

1 tablespoon brandy

Saute onion and garlic in 1oz. butter until soft, add the chopped chicken livers; saute 2 to 3 minutes. Sprinkle over herbs and seasoning, cook another minute. Cool, then puree in electric blender, gradually adding remaining butter, which has been melted, and brandy. Pack into mould or jar, chill thoroughly.

CURRIED CHICKEN LIVER OMELETS

Alb. chicken livers

2 finely chopped onions

1 clove garlic, crushed

1 dessertspoon curry powder or to taste

2oz. butter

1 teaspoon dried basil

2 cups chopped, canned tomatoes salt, pepper

omelets

Clean livers and slice thinly. Place in saucepan with cold water to cover. Bring to boil; drain. Heat butter in saucepan, add Heat butter in saucepan, and onions, garlic, curry powder, and basil; saute until onion is tender. Stir in tomatoes. Simmer until mixture reduces to thick sauce. Add livers, cook further 2 minutes. Season to taste; keep hot.

Make omelets in usual Spoon some of the chicken-liver filling on one side of each omelet; fold other side over, turn out on to warm plate. Spoon a little more of the filling across top of each

Quantity of filling given is suf-ficient for six 2-egg omelets.

CHICKEN LIVER RISOTTO

1lb. chicken livers 2 finely chopped onions

4oz. butter

11b. long-grain rice

3 sticks celery 44 cups chicken stock

salt, pepper

d cup grated parmesan

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CHICKEN LIVERS WITH SPAGHETTI

2 tablespoons oil dessertspoon butter

onion

1 clove garlic 1lb. chicken livers 1 tablespoon flour 2 pint beef stock

pint tomato juice medium-sized tomatoes

ouquet garni tablespoon tomato paste

1 tablespoons dry sherry

salt, pepper extra loz, butter 3lb. spaghetti

‡ cup parmesan cheese

Heat oil in heavy saucepan, add chopped onion and crushed garlic, cook until soft but not brown. Stir in the flour and cook I minute. Combine tomato juice and stock. Add to flour mixture gradually, stirring all the time. Bring to boil; reduce heat, add bouquet garni, peeled and chopped tomatoes, and tomato

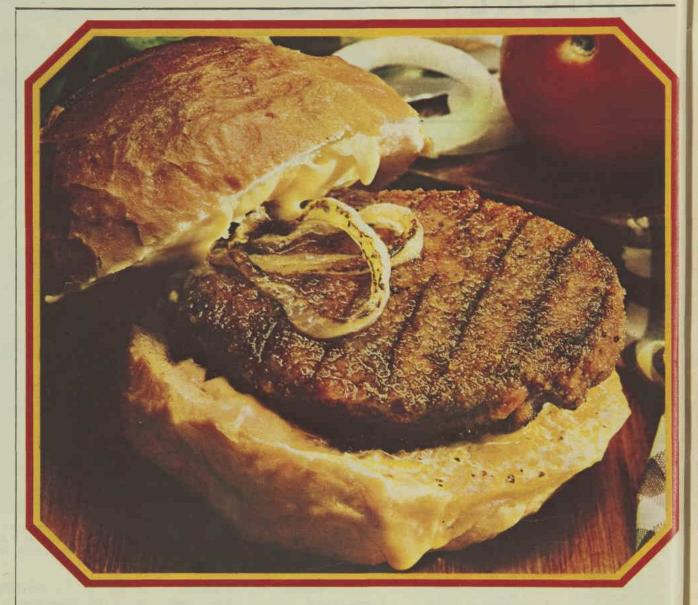
paste. Season, simmer 30 minutes. paste. Season, simmer 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, chop chicken livers.
Cook in extra butter in separate pan until brown. Add to tomato sauce 10 minutes before end of cooking time. Remove bouquet garni, stir in sherry, reheat, do not boil. Cook the spaghetti. Turn hot, well-drained spaghetti on to large serving dish, spoon over the sauce. Sprinkle with grated parmesan cheese.

Serves 4 to 6.

Serves 4 to 6.

Note: Red wine can be substituted for beef stock.



Bite into this!



get the big beefy taste

Australian Women's Weerly - September 25, 196



TRANSFER

Lucky kittens for each day of the week make gay decorations for kitchen towels. They are from Embroidery Transfer No. 178. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Price: 15c plus 5c post.

Savory pinwheels for lunch or supper

A recipe for savory pinwheels, filled with bacon, corn, cheese, wins \$10 in our weekly cookery contest. They're perfect for lunch, brunch, or supper, and, served with hot soup, they make a satisfying meal at any time of the year.

CORN KROLLEN

FILLING

1 large onion
4lb. bacon
1 clove garlic
1 tablespoon butter
9oz. can cream-style corn
6oz. cheddar cheese salt, pepper

SCONE DOUGH

3 cups self-raising flour 1 teaspoon salt 3oz. butter 4oz, cheddar cheese 1-14 cups milk 1 beaten egg

Filling: Saute peeled and appped onion and crushed

garlic in butter until soft. Add chopped bacon, and saute until cooked. Remove from heat, stir in corn, grated cheese, and salt and pepper to taste. Set aside to cool.

to cool.

Scone Dough: Sift together dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter, add grated cheese. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn out on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll out into rectangle 18 x 9in, approximately jin. thick. Spread filling evenly over dough. Roll up to form 18in-long roll. Cut into žin, slices. Place slices cut side up on lightly greased oven tray, brush with beaten egg. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Serve hot. Makes approximately 16.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. A. J.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. A. J. McQuitty, 6 Leonard Court, Burnie, Tas. 7320.

14 cups cooked, mashed pumpkin cup brown sugar teaspoon salt

teaspoon ground ginger teaspoon cinnamon

teaspoon ground cloves foz. can evaporated milk

2 tablespoons butter

2 eggs

teaspoon lemon essence l egg-white, extra 9in, unbaked pastry case

Combine in saucepan the mashed pumpkin, sugar, salt, spices, milk, and butter. Place over heat, stirring until butter melts. Beat eggs, stir into pumpkin mixture.

Remove from heat, stir in lemon essence. Beat extra egg-white until stiff, fold in carefully. Pour into pastry case, sprinkle lightly with nutmeg. Bake in hot oven 8 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, continue to bake further 30 minutes until set. Allow to cool slightly before

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss C. Malony, Eungai Creek, N.S.W.

MEAT BALLS IN WINE SAUCE

14lb. minced steak 1 large onion, chopped 1 beaten egg

cup uncooked rice l clove garlic, crushed

salt, pepper

SATICE

15oz, can tomato purce

1 cup water

bayleaf

cup port wine salt, pepper

Mix all ingredients for meat balls together, form into small balls. Fry in a little hot oil until evenly browned. Add chopped onion to pan, fry lightly. Add all other saves ingredients. other sauce ingredients, cover, and simmer one hour, stirring occasionally. Remove bayleaf. Serve with hot, fluffy rice, top with chopped paraley. Serves 4 to 6.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. V. Simonelli, 50a Grafton St., Warwick, Qld. 4370.



Slice into this!



the true taste of good food

Eye beefburgers

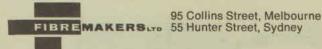
HE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - September 25, 1968



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Open your eyes and face the wonderful world of colour in 'Terylene' 'Regency' Drapes-an exciting new lift in interior fashion. The touch is velvet, the look is slim, slender and beautiful. Soft tones, regal stripes, living colours that won't wash out. 'Regency' Drapes never need lining, never need ironing. They're moth-proof, mildew-proof and fade-resistant. Side drapes are ready-made to fashionable lengths. Now close your eyes and imagine what 'Terylene' could do for the room you're in.

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'Terylene' 'Regency' drapes are available in a wide range of interior decorator colours—in plain or striped (stripes approx. 11/2" wide).



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You can trust Panadeine. Panadeine is paracetamol PLUS codeine for stronger pain relief. So, if it hurts to move . . . don't resign yourself to living with pain; take Panadeine for a new outlook on life. Take Panadeine also for the relief of headache, backache, or rheumatic pain. When pain persistently recurs, see your doctor.

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DAME MARGOT FONTEYN

My husband Roberto

FROM the start, our married life together as full of unusual cirumstances. Roberto lescribed it as "ballet ouffe," a comic ballet.

Not every man, for exmple, asks his fisture wife
to look for a combined home,
mbassy, and ballet studio—
with a side entrance in
mother street. As it hapmented, we found the perfect
blace in all respects except
or the ballet studio, which
was not really necessary.

The house was not only a

The house was not only a harming small embassy, in he style Roberto called early Valentino with Georgian overtones," but it had separate escape route by trans of a back door several treets away. Few people ever new that this second entance existed, and still fewer were able to find it.

Now the newly appointed ambassador to the Court of the Lames and his wife stepped into a residence which, at that time, was furnished only with a dining-room able, one or two chairs, a led, and masses of flowers from friends.

For some months, while trying various pieces of furnished rying various pieces of furnished the country of th

trying various pieces of furni-ture to see if they suited the rooms, we found it a good

 "That day I count as the beginning of my real life," Dame Margot said last week, writing of her marriage in 1955 to the dashing Dr. Roberto Arias, the Panama Republic's Ambassador in London, who was to be permanently paralysed by an assassin's bullet nine years later. The Western world's leading ballerina tells now of their life together before the shooting; and, finally, of his brave comeback, with her help, as a busy and influential man.

idea to have them delivered on the days we were enter-taining, and return them shortly after if not suitable. In this way we were able to maintain quite a passable impression.

impression.

We grew to love the house, which was our home for seven years. I enjoyed meeting people from all the countries of the world, and began to lose some of my shyness while calling on the wives of all the ambassadors.

The Balish Ambassadors.

wives of all the ambassadors.

The Polish Ambassadorss cooked marvellous sweets and offered me honey wine; the same afternoon the Indonesian Ambassadorss gave me something she described as "ironed beef," and I went straight from there to the Iranian Embassy, where I could not resist some rich oriental cakes. I was enchanted, but had no appetite

left for a formal Embassy dinner that night.

The royal occasions at-tended by the Diplomatic Corps were fascinating too; the opening of Parliament, which one attends in full evewhich one attends in full evening dress at 10 a.m., the Trooping of the Color on the Queen's official birthday, which, of course, is not her real birthday, and the evening reception at Buckingham Palace for the Diplomatic Corps.

It required that I was live.

It seemed that I was liv-ing in a completely new city from the old London I had known during my enclosed ballet life.

Without Roberto I had been too shy and unsure to enjoy social life, and at first I ganicked at the responsi-bility of running a house and entertaining. I came from a world where everything is

rehearsed into one where I renearsed into one where I never knew what disaster might suddenly come through the door from the kitchen and be placed before our guests.

our guests.

Roberto was always calm and patient with me. I was mortified by having to bother him about housekeeping problems which I should have known how to control.

How was it he always knew what should be done? He knew how to enliven a party by mixing unexpected combinations of people; he troubled over every detail of the menu and the choice of wines; he even knew better than I what clothes I should buy and wear for each ter than I what clothes I should buy and wear for each occasion, and he always knew everyone's name while I found endless scope for confusion among the one hundred ambassadors, their faces, their wives, their faces, their wives, their names, and their countries.

So metimes Roberto's gentle humor would find a way to break the ice when everyone else was too strained. On one occasion, in Belgium, the Governor of Flanders was embarrassed to find an unexpected luncheon guest upset the seating and bring the number at table to 13.

Continued overleaf



Want to say "I love you."

Let Black Cat say it for you.



Black Cat. Irresistible chocolates by Cadbury's

Science Shrinks and Relieves Painful Haemorrhoids without surgery

New Formula, "Preparation H," shrinks, relieves stops itch—even in most stubborn cases—not just temporary relief!

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). At last, science has found a new healing substance with astonish-ing ability to shrink hæmorrhoids, ing ability to shrink hæmorrhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain—without surgery. In one case without surgery. In one case the pain was reported and rerified by doctors' observations. The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, citual retraction (shrinking) took lince.

place. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months! In fact, results were so thorough that, even months later, sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be



From page 71

Roberto suddenly turned a somersault on the dining-room carpet, then picked up his glasses and carefully replaced them, with a look of slight surprise at the astounded Governor. Protocol and superstition were thrown to the winds and everyone forthwith enjoyed a hilarious lunch.

an ambassador did not make Roberto any more prone to staying in one place than be-fore. He was always on the longdistance telephone and frequently on his way to and from the on his way to and from the airport. He hated to be early for a plane. "Give them a sporting chance. Let them take off and then catch them," said Roosevelt Zanders, his chauffeur in New York, who referred to Roberto as "the globemaster."

On the rare occasions when he arrived early at the airport he was liable to take the first plane out to somewhere else and make a clever connection rather than wait for his own flight.

One morning he was in his dressing-gown, reading the "Financial Times" over a leisurely breakfast. I took a quick shower and when I came out I found him suddenly dressed, having decided, meanwhile, to catch the morning flight to New York and Panama. These unexpected journeys were more likely to happen during the winter months — he missed the Panama sun terribly.

DURING the first years of our marriage he became more and more engrossed in his plan for a revolution. He talked about it rather freely and always made it sound so funny that no one really believed it. He explained to me that it would take place in the New Year — "before the rainy season."

Everyone became rather in-trigued with Roberto's revolution, and many people were upset when it was all over because they had not been asked to take part. We have a distinguished international list of volunteers for the next

I went to dance in Australia in I went to dance in Australia in March, 1958. Communication with Panama by telephone was difficult and Roberto did not write. The tour ended in New Zealand, from where I flew to San Francisco. I telephoned Roberto at once to make sure where I should join him for my two weeks' holiday.

two weeks' holiday.

He said, "Things are a bit strained here. I don't know whether you still want to come down or not." I was amazed at the idea that I might not want to spend my holiday with him. "But of course I want to come to Panama," I replied.

Again he sounded rather doubtright weeks I had been dreaming only of my holiday with

"Don't be silly," I said. "Of course I want to be with you. I don't mind about comfort. I will come on the first flight tomorrow morning."

"Good," he replied, and said

no more.

I called a friend in New York and told her of my curious conversation with Roberto. "Oh, how lucky you are," she said eagerly. "Everything must be going to happen. I do wish I could be there, too."

"But what is going to hap-en?" I asked. She gave me a onfused story of having been in

Panama on some mysterious mis-sion, and loving every minute of it. She had even got herself a jungle-green revolution suit and the armbands had been sent out secretly from New stuffed teddy bear. New York in a

It all sounded like Modesty Blaise, and about as believable. I was so tired from the long flight that I asked no more questions, but went to sleep, not wanting to look terrible when Roberto saw me the next day.

Fortunately, I also went to the hairdresser and beauty parlor before I caught the plane.

Ten days later, in front of a battery of cameras and newsreels, I was rather glad I had at least taken that last opportunity to get slightly groomed.

At Panama airport friends took me from the Customs hall to where Roberto was waiting outside in a car.

He was pleased that I had decided to join him. He was also preoccupied and more inclined to give a quiet laugh or a non-committal reply than to answer questions directly. I was happy anyway, just to be with him again.

We had recently taken an apartment, but, as usual, it had only three pieces of furniture, so I was not surprised that we went

MY HUSBAND

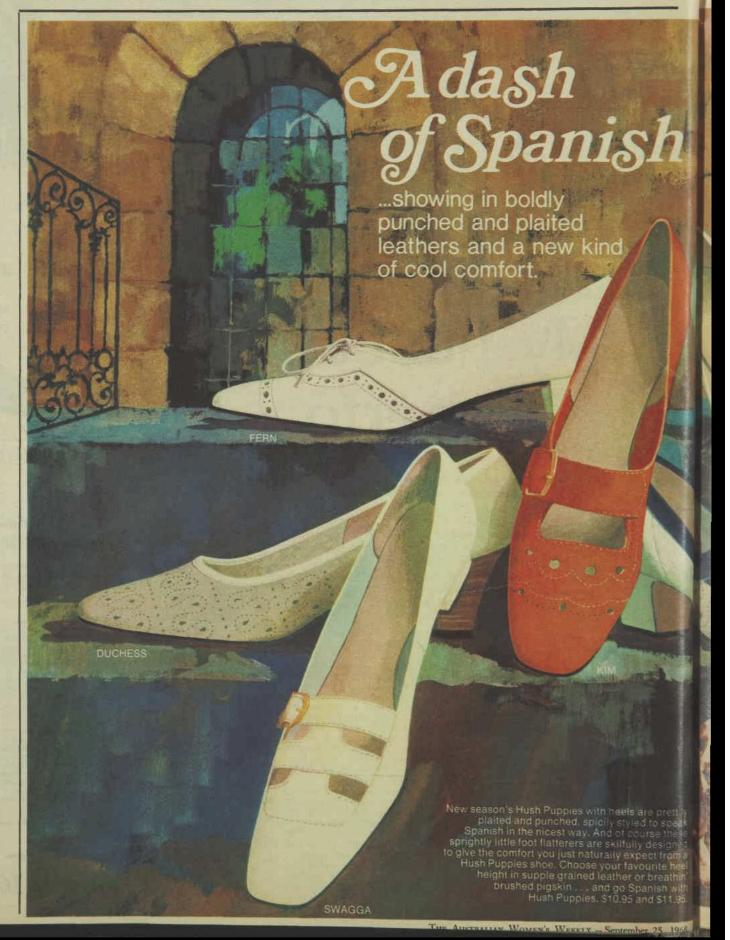
instead straight to the El Panama Hotel. A little later Roberto said that the manager, who was a friend, had changed our room to

one next to the service stairs.
"I might want to leave quickly," was all he said. However, someone else slept that night in the hotel room while

high in the hoter room white we went to an apartment that I had never seen before. Roberto was in conference, in Spanish, with some clandestine visitor in the early hours, so I

looked anxiously out through the slatted window and saw a Guardia Nacional walking in the street below. A few minutes later two more arrived in a car, which seemed to stop at our building. I panicked and interrupted the

onference to warn Roberto of the police. He did not seem at all worried and explained that he had chosen the building to hide in because it was so near the home of the second police chief that they would never



ROBERTO

think of looking for him there.
I went back to the window and realised that the police I saw were guarding the next-door house. Before dawn we slipped out the back door and went our own apartment, where I spent most of the daytime hours, but each night we slept in a different retreat.

One morning, Roberto had one to his newspaper office. He telephoned me once at about

10 a.m. and said very little. An hour later he phoned again.
"I think we might go on a fishing trip. Put some things in a bag and come down to the office."

office."
Guardedly, I asked should I hurry very much. "No, not too much," he said casually, but knowing our telephone to be tapped I felt he had meant the opposite.

At the newspaper building I took the elevator to a little

apartment on the top floor where we had slept two nights before. No one was there, so I left the overnight bag and went down two floors to the office. "Where is

Tito?" I asked his brother.
"Upstairs in the apartment."
"I just came from there, He is not there."

His brother was very excited and started saying that what-ever he did Roberto must not leave the building; there was an order out for his arrest, but they would not dare to come in and

His elder brother, Harmodio, rushed in and said that he had passed Roberto running down the stairs. They both got very heated about where Roberto might be and what he ought to do, but Harmodio remembered to tell me that, as he ran downstairs, Roberto had shouted a message for me to meet him at the Yacht Club.

He could not be found any-where in the building. There was a great deal of discussion in Spanish, which I still did not understand. Finally the secretary took pity on me after I said that if Tito told me to meet him at the Yacht Club I had better go there. Despite contrary advice, she said she would drive me.

The Yacht Club is in the Canal

Zone. To make an arrest there the Guardia Nacional would first have to get permission from the United States Governor of the Zone. I was relieved when my husband turned up there — he had left the newspaper office unnoticed by hiding in one of his own delivery vans.

Roberto and I sailed out into the Bay of Panama on the launch Nola. The many fishing-boats in those waters contrast decoratively with the ocean liners waiting

Nota. The many haning-boats in those waters contrast decoratively with the ocean liners waiting their turn to pass through the Panama Canal. We sought out the shrimpboat Elaine, and climbed on board. There were eight revolutionaries, unarmed and impatient.

Getting guns was no easy matter for them. Some of these were in the false bottom of a little speedboat which, being unnaturally heavy, sank in shallow, shark-infested water.

A fearless character called Bill dived to tie a rope to the sunken boat, and it was hauled aboard, at night, of course, and its secret contents prised out by the light of a single lamp.

THE men fell excitedly upon the guns and ammunition, like schoolboys arming themselves to the teeth, until at length, exhausted, they fell asleep suddenly and haphazardly as children do. Some were sprawled on an uncomfortable mountain of cartridges; others clutched their guns in their arms while they sleept on bunks or about the deck.

The steering-gear of their shrimpboat had been damaged in the shallow water. It turned constantly to the right and they could only proceed in a series of circles, which might easily have attracted attention. There was nothing to do until darkness fell again, so Roberto and I retired to our little launch and spent the day alone in a hidden bay on a tiny tropic island.

Only one old man in a canoe

island.

Only one old man in a canoe came to gather some pineapples he grew there.

That night the shrimpboat made rendezvous with another fishing-boat, and the whole cargo of men and arms was transferred. It was still night when we reached the beautiful Pearl Islands, to spend the next day anchored off a perfect desert-island beach, all sand, palm trees, and jungle.

But the delays had unset the

sand, palm trees, and jungle.

But the delays had upset the timing of the revolution. Radio messages to Panama became tense. Things were going wrong.

The Guardia Nacional had arrested the crew of the lame shrimpboat, who were frightened under questioning and gave too much information. Our launch and the second fishing-boat hid overnight in a tiny cove.

At dawn there were shouts from

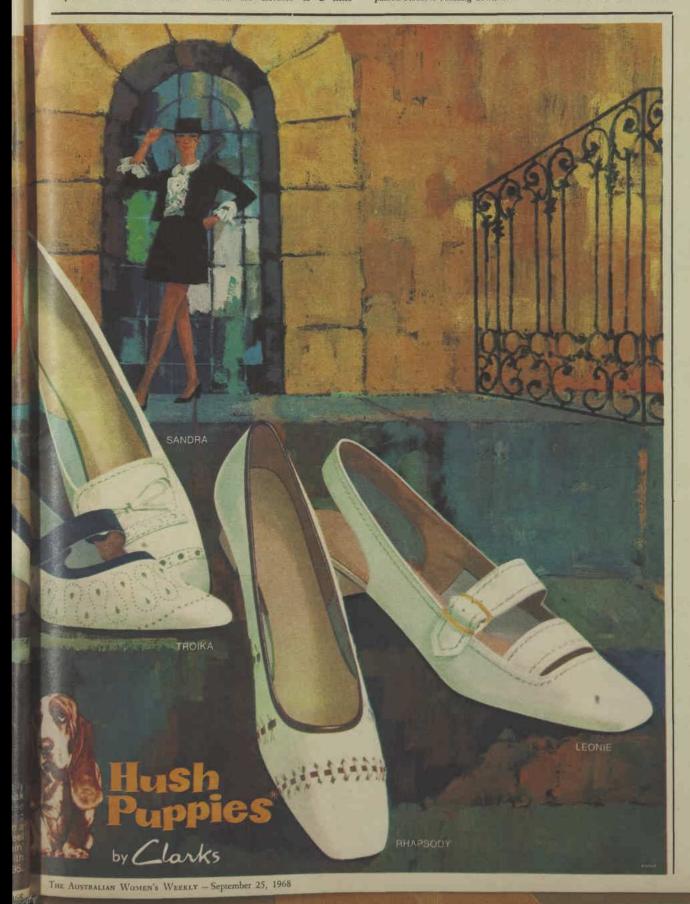
At dawn there were shouts from the other boat nearby. A plane was circling the island. At once everything was speed and con-fusion.

Roberto had a quick discussion with the men. He returned to tell me that it was a Guardia Nacional plane and he must decide at once whether to go with the men in the shrimpboat, and try to quell their wild schemes to take an island and fight off allcomers, or whether to stay on the Nelson whether the stay of the Nelson whether t or whether to stay on the Nola

The launch was too small to make a long journey; it could only return to Panama. I asked what would happen to him in Panama. "They would arrest me."

I became very British and said, But of course you cannot give yourself up for arrest. You must try to escape in the shrimpboat." He also thought he should

Continued overleaf



From page 73

follow that course, but we both knew that I might be a hindrance and liability if I tried to

go with them.
At that moment the plane swooped low over the two boats, then headed off toward Panama. There was no time for further discussion. Roberto took the overnight bag with a few things and jumped across to the other

It had all happened in a few minutes. In what seemed to me like no time at all, they vanished into the early-morning haze, as my launch took the opposite direction toward Panama. I was alone on the Nola with

I was alone on the Nola with Dawkins, the captain. His first name, Aguinaldo, means Christmas present in Panama.

As Roberto sailed out of sight I asked myself how I could ever have let him go off like that, with no idea if I would ever see him again. I thought they would try to reach Costa Rica, but anything might happen if the Guardia should intercept them on the way.

Suddenly, I realised that he might be killed and I cried, as unobtrusively as I could, but I knew by the way Dawkins started telling me about his troubles that he had seen and was trying to help me. He was a kind-hearted

man, and I am always grateful to him for agreeing, against his will, to delay our return to Panama as long as possible so that the Guardia would not know which boat held Roberto.

DURING the morning the plane returned to us and circled round for several hours while we meandered among the peaceful, sparsely inhabited islands. It was quite disagreeable being watched from the sky.

At last we reached Panama. I was upset about Dawkins, because I had very little money to give him for his family during the time he would be held in jail.

MY HUSBAND

Feeling rather guilty, I went to tell Roberto's mother that I had let him sail away and had no idea where he was or what would happen to him. She just patted my hand and said with a benign smile, "Never mind, Tito always comes back."

After a lot of indecision — and some advice, which I rejected, that I should take refuge in the Canal Zone — it was apparently decided to arrest me. I did not

think that I, personally, had done anything wrong. It fell to the Minister of Gov-

It fell to the Minister of Gov-ernment, Max Heurtematte, who, as Ambassador to France, had been a witness at our wedding ceremony, to make the arrest. He did so with great courtesy, but such a look of formality and strain that I hardly recognised him.

him.

He was much more upset than I as he asked whether I would mind accompanying him in the car to the place where the Fiscal wished to ask me some questions. And so I was driven through the enormous iron doors of the Casa Modelo, in other words, the city

After the nocturnal life we had led most of the time since my arrival in Panama, I was not even surprised that they had chosen to take me there at midnight, even though I had just settled down to what I thought would be my first long night's

For the next 24 hours I was treated with much old-world courtesy and I enjoyed the sort of verbal minuet with my jailer which started as I sat in the office near the main entrance.

"We are sorry for the delay.
The Fiscal is very busy. You must
be tired, would you like to rest
in a quiet room?" "No, thank
you. I prefer to wait here."

I was fascinated by the jack-boots and helmets and the shuffle of prisoners' feet below the saloon-type door. The crew of the first shrimpboat were called for questioning, and an hour or so later shuffled back again, much more slowly, I thought.

"The Governor of the Casa Modelo apologises for the delay. Would you not prefer to rest?"

"How much longer will the Fiscal be?"

"It is difficult to find an in-terpreter. They may be ready in the morning — or in the after-

"The afternoon! In that case I will sleep for a while, thank you."

"The Governor apologises for the room. The roses are from the prison garden; he grew them himself."

"Thank you."

"You must understand there are bad men in the building. It is not nice for you to be here. You will understand if I lock the door, for your protection." door for your protection.

"Thank you, it is kind of you." I was in a sort of VIP room, with private bathroom, on the second floor. It was adequately furnished with a bed, a table, and a chair. It was not new for me to be in a room with more flowers than furniture, but I would have been happier with a softer pillow.

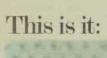
T was now about three in the morning. I looked out of the window and saw a courtyard surrounded by high turreted walls. Being unprepared to stay the night, I could only take off my dress and lie on the bed hoping to sleep at last.

Four whistles blew loud and

Four whistles blew loud and shrill outside. I had begun to doze, but now I awoke and started to think about the forth-coming questioning. I decided that at all costs I must sleep, so as to have my wits about me when the time came. when the time came

I soon learned, however, that it would have been wiser to accept the room when it was first offered. The piercing

It's time women had a little more comfort.



soft impressions.

Now Kimberly-Clark have come up with a completely new kind of feminine napkin. A new surface. Dimpled Still with the absolute protection of the polythene panel but with the soft comfort of a texture that takes moisture down below the surface. Would you think such a small thing could make such a big difference to a woman's comfort?

Well—this is what women said to us: So much better. More absorbent

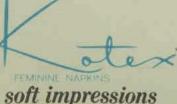
'Mare comfortable because they stay in shape.

'Why didn't someone think of this

This is the first time I've found complete protection and complete comfort. Congratulations!

So, at last, you can have complete protection and soft comfort as well!







ROBERTO

whistles blew every hour, keeping the guards in the turrets awake as well as everyone else for miles around.

At 5 a.m. what sounded like all 5000 of the Guardia, in extra-

all 5000 of the Guardia, in extra-big boots, went through some heavy drill in the courtyard.

No sooner had they finished than the prisoners were led out and lined up for breakfast. A lot of talkative prisoners with a lot of tin plates and mugs finally decided me to give up further attempts to sleep. In any case, at six every morning in Panama the sun is up and the whole city is alive and moving.

My jailer came to ask whether

My jailer came to ask whether my family was not going to send

Why should they? Is the food so bad here?"
"No, no. Food very good."

"No, no. Food very good."
"Do you eat it?"
"No. My wife send food."
I was alone again. The next time when he had some reason to unlock the door we had a long wrangle about whether I was a prisoner, as I maintained, or "only a guest," as he patiently insisted.

With these light interludes and an occasional look out of the window to see how two goats in the courtyard passed the hot day, the time went by and I was quite settling down to the idea of a week or two of early nights and uneventful days. I was getting accustomed to the whistles.

My only concern was to have the first news of Roberto's whereabouts.

abouts.

In due course his family, well used to revolutions, sent me food and clothing, but I had little appetite, so I shared the chicken with the jailer and only drank endless cups of tea all day until early evening.

The questioning finally took place, and seemed designed for me to prove myself innocent.

Then Max Heurtematte had to

Then Max Heurtematte had to then Max Heurtematte had to drive me straight from the prison to the steps of a plane and see me out of the country with a one-way ticket to the first stop, which is Miami. In fact, I was neatly deported.

neatly deported.

It goes without saying that the plane left in the middle of the might, so again I didn't get to bed at all. A whole series of fantastic events befell me in Miami and New York, but this story is mainly about Roberto, so I will only say that, much against my will, I was propelled rapidly back to London — far away from Panama and any news of Roberto, wherever he was.

Five anxious days after Roberto

wherever he was.

Five anxious days after Roberto had sailed into the misty horizon, a journalist telephoned with a report that my husband had taken asylum in the Brazilian Embassy in Panama. At last I knew that he was safe, but any communication was strictly forbidden by the Government.

given a safe-conduct out of the country, and I flew off to meet him in Rio de Janeiro and hear at last of his adventures.

They had wanted to reach Costa Rica, but, with insufficient fuel, Roberto decided instead to land on a beach he knew well. They managed to get the arsenal ashore and bury it.

There was a skirmish with the police, ending in tragedy when the eldest and most responsible of the men was shot on a country road. Roberto was able to hide with some friends and was then amuggled into the Brazilian Em-bassy.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 25, 1968

Thus ended my husband's last revolution,

The assassination attempt, in which he was so badly wounded, came six years later.

My first love was the lithe young boy who moved in that relaxed way that is the heritage of people raised in the sun. Often pensive, always gentle, he was a will-o'-the-wisp presence,

FEREMARERS.

now here, now there, now vanished.

Later I loved the man who was strong without ever raising his voice, who travelled the world like Mercury, yet never appeared to hurry. He was often preoccupied; at ease in any surroundings; imaginative and fear-

Now there is a third Roberto. He is paralysed, but he gets about everywhere. He only whispers, but everyone wants to know his opinion. He cannot hold a book or paper, yet he is com-pletely informed. He is daunt-

Continued overleaf



Unfussable Bri-Nylon promises The-Lady-of-Leisure Dress



whirl of things to do, you need a neat little dress that never crushes, washes out and never needs ironing, a dress that always looks so perfectly groomed. With softly pleated skirt, it is ruched just slightly from a flattering yoke neckline. By GALLIVANT in BRI-NYLON. The Bri-Nylon label is your assurance of easy care clothes you don't have to fuss over, of colourfast clothes that keep their shape No maker can use the name Bri-Nylon unless his garment has been tested and approved, That's your guide to quality and value for money. And that's the promise of unfussable Bri-Nylon, a promise kept.

Style 5029

a registered trade mark.



MY HUSBAND ROBERTO

From page 75

less and invincible — a phoenix.

This is the real Roberto. His true quality overcomes all obstacles and now I find that I rarely think of the earlier Robertos that I loved.

After two and a half years of being a patient, Roberto decided to wait no longer. It was time to get back to life, whether his physical condition was ready or

The first stop was taken one wintry Sunday in November, 1964. He had been in a cramped room at Stoke Mandeville since the beginning of July, bedridden at first and then forced through the taxing treatment of rehabili-tation. All the dreary routine of hospital life engulfed him; being woken every three hours during the night; the bad food; the noise of the ward kitchen through the partition walls at his bedhead;

the long corridors full of wheelchair patients on dark wintry

Somehow he always managed to joke with the nurses and order-lies, but no day passed when he did not hope that he would soon

On this Sunday we suddenly asked the ward sister would it not be possible to go out for a drive. The doctor's permission was granted. We wrapped him in

scarves, lifted him into the car, and out we went on a crisp afternoon, the pale sun shining on the English winter landscape.

He was quite changed after He was quite changed after that day. He slept well for the first time and I understood that he had really believed he would never leave the hospital alive. So Sunday drives became commonplace — then Sunday lunches at a nearby country inn. At Christmas he was allowed to stay four days at home in London.

In February I was to dance

In February I was to dance in the first performance of "Romeo and Juliet" with Nureyev, at Covent Garden. The outing was carefully planned in



Dr. Arias in his wheelchair outside the Panama National Assembly with secretary Marlene Worthington and Harmodio Arias.

advance. He went by ambulance and sat in a box, wearing his dinner jacket and black tie. It was his first public appearance,

Far from being tired at the end of the performance, he insisted on staying for the party afterward. Far into the night he was lifted into his hospital bed, smiling and happy. The next day he was supposed to rest, but he seemed better than ever before. After that I realised that hospital life is like school — one has to have a holiday from time to time. So I started planning for the

HE had been a whole year in England — by far the longest time he had ever spent in one place — and I thought in necessary to prove that even travelling would present no major problems. Sam Spiegel invited as to his yacht in the Mediterraneau. We asked a sister from the hos-We asked a sister from the hospital to accompany us — and there, at last, was Roberto sailing the blue seas in the bright sun. For two short weeks he lived

again.

The following Christmas we spent in Paris, Roberto was out at the theatre, at restaurants, at nightclubs, everywhere. A friend with an elegant penthouse, reached only by an outside fire-escape stair, had the brilliant idea of putting the Fire Brigade in charge of Roberto's attendance at the party he gave in our honor.

The question of his return to

The question of his return to Panama had often been tentatively planned for six months ahead, and then postponed as the time neared and his improvement was not so great as we had hoped

It was not until December 2 It was not until December at 1966, that we took off from London on the greatest test of Roberto's courage and strength. The ensuing period has been a personal triumph and a manifestation of all that is great in human nature. human nature.

It was a difficult decision for him. Roberto had a special position in the political life of Panama. Without being a professional politician he was the enfant terrible, the Robin Hood the unpredictable rebel.

He was an international lawyer, he had been Ambassador to the United Nations, and to London; he had known President Rossvelt and been entrusted with arranging for the President mother to leave Paris at the outbreak of war in Europe in 1938. He owned a newspaper

Continued overleaf

CHRYSANTHEMUM — the

golden flower

By ALLAN SEALE

 Many members of the daisy family are classified as chrysanthemums, including shasta daisies (Chrysanthemum maximum), the marguerites, or tree chrysanthemums (C. fruitescens), but the one we popularly call chrysanthemum is C. hotorrum, or Japanese chrysanthemum.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS were grown in Japan for more than 1000 years before plants were universally classified. They appear to have originated in China, but the Japanese developed them after seeds were brought from Korea about 1800 years ago.

The first recorded chrysanthemum show was in Japan, in the ninth century. Even then, after about 500 years of cultivation, the chrysanthemum was predominantly, if not only, yellow: Thus, CHRYSANTHEMUM, of Greek derivation, meaning golden flower.

Chrysanthemums grow and flower each year in any sunny position without special care, but results are better from new plants, which can be taken from old clumps. A few new bought ones would add variety.

Lift the entire clump, which by spring should be a mat of suckers. Shake out most of the soil to loosen them, and select some of the sturdier ones, normally toward the outside. Some people just cut these with a few inches

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KITCHENER, a later - flowering, rosy-colored older variety with incurved, silvery centre petals.

Pictures by Rosalie Redwood, N.Z.

of root at the base and replant into permanent positions. They flop limply for a few days, then generally recover. The better way, especially when soil is on the tough side, is to first set them 6 to 9in. apart in rows in a seedbed and transplant when well established with a good ball of fibrous roots. This usually gives sturdier plants.

Try to have the plants set out by the end of October so they can be trained into sturdy, well-branched bushes before buds form in late December.

A light, sandy loam is ideal as a seedbed for establishing young plants. Or lighten heavy soils by adding a few handfuls of vermiculite, seed-raising mixture, or moistened peatmoss to each foot of row. Rake in about 2in, deep. Dust a little superphosphate or complete plant food into the soil.

Cut selected suckers about lin. be-low ground level, even though this leaves little root. In fact, if they are already leggy, most growers take the top 4in. and strike these as cuttings. Firm the soil well around the suckers or cuttings, give a good seaking, and shade for a few days.

for a few days.

If you aren't ready to set the plants into the garden when they are about 8in, tall, make the first "stopping" now.

Soil for established plants. The ideal soil for chrysanthemums is a crombly, 4in, deep, overfirm subsoil. In heavy soils, just hoe to cromble the surface without deeper digging. Compost, vermiculite, sand, or peatmoss will help keep the surface free.

Before planting mix about one-third

Before planting, mix about one-third complete plant food such as No. 5 GroPlus, Hortico 2, Top, or Fish. Little more feeding is needed until buds are showing color. Properly fed plants of most varieties are stey-green in color. Bright, glossy green in unally suggests overfeeding.



LILIAN BYRD, a Japanese Fantasy with fine, quilled petals.

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Stopping, Pinch out the growing tip of shoot to encourage side branching; first, when the plants reach 8in. This should stimulate 3 or 4 side shoots, which are stopped when about 5in. long. Make a third stopping if the new batch of shoots is 4 or 5in. long by the end of November. Each shoot formed will terminate in flower buds. After three stoppings, a plant should have 30 or so flower stems.

Staking. Preferably, use three stakes in triangular formation, as stems and display will be ruined if the plant is pulled into a single stake. Or set 3 or 4 plants, about 18in. apart, in a clump, with 3 or 4 stakes around them, the inner stems supported on twine laced through from opposite stakes.

Disbudding. Each stem carries a number of buds. The top one is first to flower, and with larger types usually all but the centre bud, and perhaps one saver in case of accident, are removed. Stagger flowering by leaving some stems with lower rather than top buds.

Small singles preferred in clusters are usually better if the centre bud only is removed. This brings the cluster out more evenly. Large, double exhibition chrysanthemums are produced by allowing only 3 to 5 stems per bush.

Gushion Mums. These are best let clump up for a year or two without disturbing. They are self-stopping and don't need disbudding.

PESTS AND DISEASES.

Aphis, Black aphis sometimes collect

PESTS AND DISEASES

Aphis, Black aphis sometimes collect on the soft stems just below the buds. Gently rub off, or, if widespread, spray with malathion, complete pest killers, or relatively non-toxic pyrethrum or clensel.

Nematode or eclworms can cause leaves to blacken and shrivel from base of stems upward. Malathion has some effect, but use more toxic substances such as meta systox for positive results.

Rust shows as brown blotching of foliage, but is not common. Spray with zineb or a rose spray, wetting underside of foliage.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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From page 76

which he sometimes ran violent attacks on the Chief of the Guardia Nacional, the man whom no one can dislodge from his position because he controls the only armed force in the country.

Not until 1964 did Roberto run Not until 1964 did Roberto run for a seat in the National Assembly of Panama, and he re-ceived an overwhelming number of votes. Undoubtedly, the attempt to kill him almost imme-diately after his election was a political act, and the fact that the police have never arrested the assassin, although he has been seen several times in Panama. seen several times in Panama, seems to indicate that they have good reason for not wanting him

The shooting was not just the result of one man's sudden violent impulse. Some person, or group of people, wanted Roberto dead.

For a long time my husband was reluctant to return to Panama before he recovered his speech, at least. In the end he went with-out that politician's weapon; just as before, he went through all dangers unarmed.

We took a lot of care in planning the return. We rested two nights in Miami before the last lap and on December 20 Roberto, his wife, his son, his brother Harmodio, his secretary, and his physiotherapist, Miss Broomfield, from Stoke Mandeville, arrived in Panama. He had been away two and a half years. and a half years.

There was an enormous crowd at the airport. As he was lowered to the ground on a fork-lift they rushed across the tarmac and rushed across the tarmac and overwhelmed him in his wheel-chair. With difficulty we got him to the open car a few yards away, and he was driven into Panama in a two-mile motorcade.

People along the route, won-dering what was happening, would recognise him and shout greetings and welcome. He replied with the wave of his left arm, which is the most spec-tacular result of his long struggle with paralysis, and with his smile —the smile that is unchanged and unembittered and that warms the hearts of those who receive it.

A FEW days later he was sworn in as a member of the National Assembly, to the seat he had won at the cost almost of his life and which he had been unable to claim for more than half of the four-year term. At the ceremony he was able to lift his left arm to take the oath.

The climate in Panama started to do him good at once. Now I see him bronzed and thriving in his blazing native sunlight.

Now he is right in the thick of the political scene, and in Panama, where politics are vir-

tually the national sport, there is plenty to be in the thick of!

People call on him from seven in the morning and all through the day to consult him on the latest moves in the game. His brain is the essence of Roberto and that, despite the doctors' first fears, has remained unscathed. In fact, it is more sharpened by hav-ing been almost his only recourse during these years of adversity.

I remember now the period, the blackest time of all, when Roberto had only recently emerged from the terrible coma. He was so weak that I hated to see him make the least effort, and yet I had to ask him to repeat each sentence over and over again it was almost impossible to understand him.

The doctors would ask me whether he seemed to make sense. I thought he was saying the sort of things he would have said before, but it was hard to explain the old Roberto to the doctors who had never known. him. I was also afraid of deceiving myself.

Sometimes he would say things so typical that I would take heart for a while. Dr. Guttmann leaned over his bed, holding up three fingers and asking, "How many fingers have I?"

Roberto drew a breath and

MY HUSBAND

formulated a word with great difficulty. "Eleven" eventually difficulty. "Eleven" eventually emerged, rather indistinctly, but still unmistakable.

Although I was comforted by such glimpses of Roberto's old rebellious spirit, they did nothing to allay the fears of the doctors who knew that his physical survival of a thrombosis in the brain they was already a near miracle.

stem was already a near miracle.
Eventually, however, Dr. Guttmann was saying, "Arias, you
really have a sense of humor!"

Then, as his speech became clearer, I noticed one day that there were moments when he did indeed go off the rails. The first time it happened I fell right back

to square one.

There was no doubt about it.
He had been talking lucidly one minute and then went away into nonsense. My courage failed me. After a few weeks the lapses were rarer, and then ceased

altogether.

It was a grim time. Roberto



ROBERTO

had already suffered badly when, for months, he doubted his own mind, and then believed he had lost the remarkable memory which had been an asset before but would be an absolute neces-sity now if he was ever to work

Someone asked what he did to pass the long months in hos-pital. Did he read a lot? He re-plied, "I did not realise before how much one uses one's hands to read." On another occasion he simply said, "I now have more time to think."

He had always been a thinker. When he was concentrating on a problem it would be impos-sible to get an answer from him on any other subject. He just did not hear.

Sometimes he would struggle with a problem for several days. At the moment when his brain grew tired and he knew it would no longer work usefully, he put

the subject out of his mind and instantly fell asleep.

I never saw him allow worry to keep him awake, and I still believe that this unusual capacity to relax completely when it was necessary helped to save his life. That rare co-ordination between his mind and body enabled him to centre all his efforts on the essential function needed to survive.

He breathed only as much as necessary — no more, no less, even when he was unconscious. even when he was unconscious. He told me that for several days after the shooting he had not been able to think about anything. "It took all my concentration just to remain alive."

I was asking him what he remembered of the event, and if he had been frightened when he was slumped in the car being rushed to hospital. He said, "No. I was fascinated!"

As his condition improved and As his condition improved and he was able to travel a little, it took me a while to realise that a man supposedly helpless in a wheelchair could manage to be just as elusive as my two other. Robertos—the one at Cambridge and the one I married.

For a time he was in Barcelona attending hospital for daily treat-ment but living in a hotel, I was astonished one day to be told the long-distance operator,

"Dr. Arias is away for two weeks. He left no address."

At first I felt very aggrieved, and then I started to think how marvellous it was that he was once again able to take off impulsively on a journey without even knowing his destination. In this case he had gone on a tour of Spain in the car with his secretary and the Spanish chauffeur-orderly, called Jesus, who was helping to look after him.

KOBERTO has a way of inspiring absolute devotion and loyalty in those who are close to him. Even so, his secretary is remarkable, and I cannot believe that even he would have been able to get back to life and work quite so quickly without her.

so quickly without her.

She had started to work for him in his political campaign during the two months before he was shot. A beautiful Panamanian with the intriguing name of Marlene Worthington, she is not only a very good bilingual secretary but also a champion fencer—and now almost a nurse and physiotherapist as well.

Marlene had travelled to Eng-

and physiotherapist as well.

Marlene had travelled to England with Roberto, his brother, the doctor, and the bears, expecting to stay only a few weeks while he was first at Stoke Mandeville. The weeks, months, and years went by and she never left him. Now in Panama, she and the devoted butler-chauffeur-factotum called Buenaventura (or, in English, "Good Adventure") Medina make a formidable and fearless team.

Roberto usually receives one or two visitors in the early morning, then he is dressed and has a session with the speech therapist.

He is lifted into the car, out of the car, into the wheelchair, attends a meeting; back into the car, back to the house, lifted into the swimming-pool for therapy; out of the pool, lunch and a rest; into the car, out of the car to the National Assembly, back to house for more physiotherapy; back into the car and off to one or two political meetings in the evening.

That is the schedule for an average day, and it leaves me absolutely exhausted. But instead of resting at weekends we all set off for the country or the sea.

Roberto is wheeled down the beach in his chair, lifted on to an inflatable mattress, and floated into the sea. Occasionally there is a tricky moment with some small breakers, but we all grab him and he comes up spluttering and smiling.

Light aeroplanes, cars, boats, jeeps — nothing daunts Roberto, Marlene, and Buenaventura. I even saw them land him in his wheelchair on to a beach from a rowing-boat on a pitch-black night.

Nothing is going to stop this man from fulfilling his destiny to serve his country.

Recently there was a sudden danger of a military takeover in Panama. I thought Roberto ought to leave before the possible coup, but he only said, "They won't arrest me very quickly. For one thing, I am too difficult to move."

Such is the man I love. I have not tried to present his intellect— that would be beyond my powers— but I have tried to show the spirit of the man who is Roberto

Who else in the world would say, for example, "Don't worry about me in the sea. Paralysed people float — THAT IS ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES!"

(World copyright Dr. Roberto





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THE CURIOUS FACTS PRECEDING MY EXECUTION

Every detail had been so carefully planned that it was unrealistic to anticipate the slightest hitch

I'M not sure when it was, exactly, that I knew I must murder Janice. Oh, I'd been thinking of it off and on for months, but I don't remember at what precise moment these idle daydreams hardened into cold and determined resolution.

Perhaps it was the day the mailman brought me the Perhaps it was the day the mailman brought me the bill for a mink coat of which I had never until that moment heard. When I asked my darling if I might at least see this coat for which I was expected to shell out two thousand dollars, one fifth of a year's wages, she confessed prettily that she no longer had it. Shortly after its purchase, while coming home from the city after an exhausting shopping spree along Fifth Avenue, she had lost the dear thing on the train.

On perhaps it was even and for the property of the pro

Or perhaps it was even earlier than that. Perhaps it was the evening I returned to our midtown apartment, wearied from my labors in the advertising vine-yard, and learned that in my absence Janice had managed somehow to buy a house in Connecticut. No more were we to be pallid Manhattanites. It was the invigorating air of the ranch-style developments for us. Besides, it would improve my health—if not my disposition—for me to arise an hour earlier each morning and sprint for the railroad train.

Or perhaps it was much later, after the move from the city, and after the lost mink coat, and after heaven knows what else. Perhaps it was the evening when, while poring over our financial records, I discovered that in the past year we had spent more in bank fees than for electricity. When I pointed this out to Janice she replied that the fault was clearly mine, since I didn't put enough money into the account to cover the money she wanted to take out.

Or perhaps it wasn't really Janice at all, not finally. Perhaps the catalyst was Karen.

What shall I say of Karen? I had finally received the promotion which made it at least possible for me to feel optimistic about catching up with Janice's spend-ing, and with this promotion had come my own office and my own secretary, and that secretary was Karen.

It was the old story. At home, a wife who was a constant source of frustration and annoyance. At the office, a charming and intelligent—not to say lovely—secretary, with whom one felt one could talk, with whom one could relax. I took to spending evenings in town, telling Janice I had to work late at the office while actually I was with Karen, and the inevitable happened. We fell in love. fell in love.

But ours could not be a dark and furtive office

romance. Karen was too honest, too gentle, too good for such a relationship. I knew I had to free myself of Janice and marry Karen, for the sake of everyone's

I did consider divorce, at first. There was no doubt in my mind that Janice would grant me one, since divorce is quite fashionable in our circle and Janice would wish always to be in fashion, but as I thought about it I saw that there was a problem, and the name of the problem was alimony.

I might legally disencumber myself of Janice as a wife, but it seemed clear to me that I would continue to be responsible for her support. And I understood only too well Janice's insatiable need for money. Statisticians claim that eighty-five percent of American expenditures are made by women, but Janice beat those statistics cold. Over the course of our marriage I would venture to say that she had, month by month, never permitted her spending of my salary to fall much below one hundred and ten percent.

It was practically impossible already for me to support the statistics of the salary to suppose the salary

It was practically impossible already for me to sup-port both Janice and myself. Add Karen to my respon-sibilities, and I would be in debtor's prison within six months.

No, divorce was out, and for a while the problem seemed insoluble. But then Janice bought a speedy little foreign car—one of her few purchases I had no objection to—and I waited hopefully for her to demolish the car and herself on the Merritt Parkway, but nothing ever came of it. Those cars are mawkishly ugly, but they are also exasperatingly safe.

Still, my mind had been turned to a perhaps more productive area of speculation. Could Janice expire? Nothing but grim Death itself, obviously, would ever stop her spending, but where were she and grim D likely to meet?

Nowhere. Our home was brick outside, plaster and linoleum and plastic inside; not too much likelihood of a good flash fire. The trains to and from the city had their derailments and so on from time to time, but the accidents were almost invariably minor and never on Ladies' Day. The possibility of a jetliner falling out of the sky and landing on Janice was a bit too remote to be counted on. As for disease, Janice was so healthy that most doctors suspected we were Socialists.

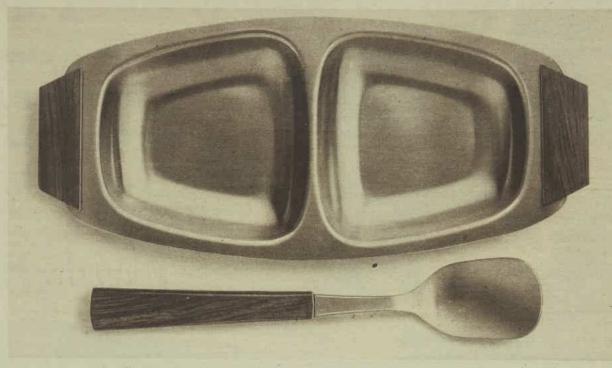
At long last I had to accept the truth: it was up to me. If you want a thing done right—or at all—you must do it yourself.

To page 85

By DONALD E. WESTLAKE



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Page 84



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CGF 152

This conviction grew in me, becoming stronger and stronger, until at last I dared broach the subject to Karen. She was, at first, shocked and appalled, but as I talked on, reasoning with her, explaining why it would never be possible for us to wed while Janice still lived, she, too, began to accept the irevitable.

Once accepted, the only questions left to answer were when and how. I had four types of murder from which

- (a) murder made to look
- like an accident;
 (b) murder made to look
 like suicide;
 (c) murder made to look
- like natural death;
 (d) murder made to look like murder.

I ruled out (a), accident, once. I had daydreamed for months of possible acci-dents which might befall Janice, and had finally come realise that they were all unlikely even to me, who passionately desired that Janice should have an accident, how much more unlikely would they seem to the police?

As for (b), suicide, there ere far too many of Janice's burban friends who would bournan friends who would be delighted to volunteer the information that Janice was as happy as a lark—and about as bright—and that she had absolutely no reason in the world to want to kill herself.

As for (c), natural death, knew far too little about edicine to want to try to twit the coroner at his

Which left (d), murder. Murder, that is, made to look like murder. I planned accordingly.

My opportunity came, alter a number of false starts, on a Wednesday in late March. On the Thursday and Friday of that week there was to be an important meeting in Chicago concerning a new ad campaign for one of our most important accounts, and I as scheduled to attend. All had to do was arrange for Karen to accompany me an easy matter to justify and the stage was set.

and the stage was set.

Here was the plan: I had two tickets on the three p.m. train, Wednesday, for Chicago, due to arrive in that city at eight-forty the following morning. (Our explanation for travelling by train rather than by plane, should we need an explanation, was that I could get some pre-limitary paperwork done on the train, which would have been impossible in the tubular movie-houses which aeroplanes have lately become.) become.)

At any rate, Karen was to take this train, carrying both our tickets. We would leave

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THE CURIOUS FACTS PRECEDING MY EXECUTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

the ad agency together at ncon, ostensibly headed for Grand Central, lunch, and the train. But while Karen went to Grand Central, I would hurry uptown to the 125th Street station, where there was a twelve fifty-five train for my portion of Connecticut. I would arrive at my town at two-ten, wearing faise moustache, horn-rimmed glasses, and the kind of hat and overcoat I never wear.

wcar.

Our mortgaged paradise was a good twenty blocks from the station. I would walk this distance, shoot Janice with the .32 revolver I had picked up second-hand on the lower East Side two weeks before, ransack the house, take the two minutes past five back to the city, go to a movie, take the

living-room, on the unpaid-for new sofa, reading a slick women's magazine and being instructed, no doubt, in some new way to make money dis-

At first she didn't recognisc me. Then I removed the hat and glasses and she exclaimed, "Why, Freddie! I thought you were going to Chicago!"

Chicago!"
"And so I am," I told her,
I re-donned the hat and
glasses, and moved over to
close the picture-window

drapes.
She said, "Whatever are

She said, "Whatever are you doing with that moustache? You look terrible with a moustache."

I turned to face her, and withdrew the pistol from my pocket. "Walk out to the kitchen, Janice," I said. I planned to make it seem as

She blinked at the gun, then stared wide-eyed at my face. "Freddie, what on earth—"

"Walk to the kitchen, Janice," I repeated.
"Freddie," she said petu-lantly, "if this is your idea of a joke—"

"I'm not joking!" I said

fiercely.

All at once her eyes lit up and she clapped her hands together childishly and she cased, "Oh, you old dear!"

"What?"

"What?"

"You did get the washer-dryer after all!" And she leaped to her feet and hobble-trotted out to the kitchen, her high heels going clack-clack on the lino-leum. Even then, in the last seconds of her life, her only thought was of adding yet arother artifact to the mound of possessions she had already heaped high about her.

I followed her to the kitchen, where she was turning, puzzled, to say, "There isn't any washer-dryer—"

I shot from the hip. Naturally, I missed, and the bullet perforated a dirty pot on the stove. I abandoned cowboy - style forthwith, aimed more carefully, and the second shot cut her down in mid-scream.

Three seconds of silence. They were followed by the sudden brrriinninggy of the front doorbell, the sound box for which was on the kitchen wall three feet from my head.

I jumped, and then froze,

not knowing what to do. My first instinct was to stay frozen and wait for whoever it was to go away. But then I remembered Janice's little car in the driveway, adver-tising her presence. If there tising her presence. If there were no answer to the door-bell the visitor might become alarmed, might call for help from the neighbors or the police, and I would never manage to avoid detection.

minage to avoid detection.

So I had to go to the door. Disguised as I was, I should be able to fool any of Janice's friends, none of whom knew me that well, aryway. I would say I was the family doctor, that Janice was sick in bed and could see no one.

THE bell rang again while I was still thinking, and the seeand burst unfroze me. Putting the gun away in my pocket, I hurried through the living-room and stopped at the front door. I took a deep breath, steeled myself, and cased the door open an inch. door open an inch.

Peering out, I saw what was obviously a door-to-door salesman standing on the wel-tome mat. He carried a tan briefcase and wore a slender grey suit, a white shirt, a blue tie, and a smile containing sixty-four gleaming teeth. He said, "Good after-noon, sir. Is the lady of the house at home?"

"She's sick," I said, re-membering to make my voice deeper and hoarser than usual.

"Well, sir," he bubbled, perhaps I could talk to you for just a moment."

Not interested," I told i. "Sorry."

"Oh, but I'm sure you will be, sir. My company has something of interest to every

"I am not a parent."
"Oh." His smile faltered,
but came back redoubled.
"But my company isn't of interest only to parents, of course. Briefly, I represent the Encyclopedia Universi-cana, and I'm not actually a salesman. We are making a preliminary campaign in this area..."

"I'm sorry," I said firmly. "I'm not interested."

"I'm not interested."

"But you haven't heard the best part," he said urgently.

"No," I said, and slammed the door, reflecting that Janice swould have bought the Encyclopedia Universicana, and that I had dispatched her just in time.

But I had to get an interest.

But I had to get on with the plan. I would now ran-sack the house, emptying bureau drawers on to the floor, hurting clothing around in closets, and so forth. Then, when it was time. when it was time, I would leave for my train.

I turned toward the bed-room, and the phone rang.

Once again I froze. answer or not to answer? If I did, if I didn't — I finally decided I should, and would be again the family doctor.

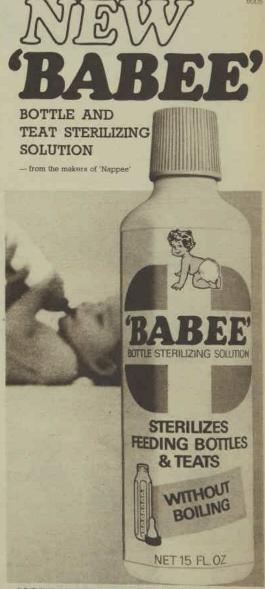
I picked up the receiver, said hello, and a falsely hearty female voice chirped, "Magill Communications Survey calling. Is your television set on, sir?"

I stood there with the

phone to my ear.
"Sir?"
"No," I said, and I hung

To page 86





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"Which eye has the most 'come hither' look?" though a burglar had come in the back way, been sur-prised by Janice in the kit-chen, and he had shot her.

LULUBELLE

twelve forty-five plane for Chicago, arrive at three-forty a.m., and be at the railroad a.m., and be at the railroad station when Karen's train pulled in at eight-forty. We would both then turn in our return-trip tickets, claiming we had decided to go back to New York by plane. This would necessitate my filling out and signing a railroad company form; an extra little bit of evidence.

It was foolproof, And after

bit of evidence.

It was foolproof. And after a decent period of mourning I would marry my Karen and live happily — and solvently — ever after.

The day arrived. After breakfast I told Janice I would see her on the following Monday, and I took my suitcase with me to the office. Karen and I left at twelve, and the plan went promptly into effect. Karen took both our suitcases with her to our suitcases with her to Grand Central, and I headed immediately uptown, stop-ping off only to buy a hat and overcoat. I caught the train at 125th Street, and, in its swaying men's room, I donned the horn - rimmed glasses and the moustache.

glasses and the moustache.

The train arrived barely five minutes late, and I found the station virtually deserted at this time of day; even the newsstand was shut down. I saw no one I knew in the twenty-block walk to the house, striding along with the pistol an unaccustomed weight in my pocket. I arrived at the house, saw the little foreign car in the driveway, which meant lance was at home, and let driveway, which meant Janice was at home, and let myself in the front door with

my key. Janice was seated in the

THE BOYFRIEND LONCER "Well, I don't want to miss 'Hunter'!"

Doggedly, I turned again to-ward the bedroom, and this time I reached it. Opening a bureau drawer, I tossed its entire con-tents on the scatter rug. I didn't have to worry about fingerprints, of course, since my fingerprints were quite naturally all over everything. The police would simply assume that the burglar, being a professional, had known enough to wear gloves.

I was working on the third drawer, having pocketed three pairs of earrings and an old watch for realism's sake, when the doorbell rang.

I sighed, plodded wearily to the living-room, and opened the door the usual inch.

THE CURIOUS FACTS PRECEDING MY EXECUTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

A short, stout woman, smiling like an idiot, said, "Hel-lo, there! I'm Mrs. Turner, from over on Marigold Lane? I'm selling chances for our new car raffle at the United Protestant Church."

"I don't want any raffles," I

"New car raffle," she said.

"I don't want any cars," I said.
I shut the door. Then I opened
it again. "I have a car," I said.
And closed the door again.
On the way back to the bed-

room, the echo of that conversa-tion returned to me, and it seemed to me I hadn't been very coherent. Could I be more ner-vous than I'd thought?

No matter. In little more than an hour I would leave here and catch the train for New York.

I lit two cigarettes, got annoyed, stubbed one out, and went back to work. I finished the bureau and the one drawer in the vanity table, and was about to start on the closet when the phone

rang.

I had never before realised just how shrill, just how grating that telephone bell actually was. And how long each ring was. And what a little space of time there was between rings. Why, it rang three times before I so much as took a step, and it managed to get in one more jarring ring for good measure as I hurried down the hall to the living-room.

PICKED up the my ear, "Hello, Andy?"

"Andy?"

He

He said it again. "Hello, Andy?"

Something was wrong. I said, "Who?"

He said, "Andy." I said, "Wrong number," and gently hung up.

The doorbell clanged.

I jumped, knocking the phone off its stand on to the floor. I scooped it up, fumbling, and the doorbell rang again.

I raced across the room and, forgetting all caution, hurled the door open wide.

The man outside was grey-haired, portly, and quite dignified. He wore a conservative suit and carried a black briefcase. He smiled upon me and said, "Has Mr. Wheet been by yet?"
"Who?"

"Mr. Wheet," he said. "Hasn't he been here?"

he been here?"

"No one by that name here," I said. "Wrong number."

"Well, then," said the portly man, "I suppose I'll just have to talk to you myself." And before I knew what was going on he had slipped past me and was standing in the living-room, looking around with a great display of admiration and murmuring, "Lovely, lovely. A really lovely living-room."

"Now see here..." I become

"Now, see here — " I began. "Sampson," said the portly man, extending a firm, plump hand. "Encyclopedia Universi-cana. Little woman at home?"

To page 87







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"She's sick," I said, ignor-ing the hand. "I was just fixing some broth for her. Chicken broth. Perhaps some

"I see," said the portly man. He frowned as though thinking things over, and then smiled and said, "Well, sir, you go right ahead. That'll give me a chance to set the presentation up."

presentation up."

With that, he sat himself down on the sofa, right where Janice had been when I first came in. I opened my mouth, but he opened his briefcase faster, dived in, and emerged with a double handful of paper. Sheets and sheets of paper, all standard typewriter size, all gaily colored in green and blue, prominently featuring photographs of regreen and blue, prominently featuring photographs of re-ceding rows of books. SAVE! roared some of the sheets of paper, in black block print-FREE! screamed others, in red. TRIAL OFFER! shrieked still more, in rain-

Portly Mr. Sampson leaned far forward, puffing a bit, and began to arrange his and began to arrange ms papers in rows upon the rug, just in front of his pointed-toed, highly polished black shoes. "Our program," he said, smiling at me and low-ering his head to distribute more sheets of paper over the floor.

I stared at him. Not five I stared at him. Not five feet from where he was sitting my late wife lay sprawled upon the kitchen floor. In the bedroom chaos was the order of the day. In just under an hour I would be leaving here to catch my train back to the city.

I would leave the pistol—wiped clean — in some litter basket in town, knowing full well some enterprising soul

basket in town, knowing full well some enterprising soul would shortly pick it out again, and that by the time the police got hold of it, if they ever did, it would have committed any number of crimes past this current one. And then I would fly to Chicago and see Karen. Lovely Karen. Dear darling Karen.

AND this miserable man was trying to sell me encyclopedias!

I opened my mouth. Quite calmly I said, "Get out."

He looked up at me, smil-ing quizzically. "Eh?" "Get out," I said.

The smile flickered, "But-

"Get out!" I repeated, this time a bit louder. I pointed at the door, my forearm upsetting a table lamp. "Get out! Just — just — just get

The miserable creature began to splutter: "Well, but see here-"

"GET OUT!"

I dashed forward and grabbed all his papers, crumpling them this way and that, gathering them in my arms, and hurried with them to the front door. In turning the knob I dropped a lot of them her the remainder I them, but the remainder hurled outside, and they fluttered leaflike to the lawn I kicked at those that had fallen around my feet and turned to glare at Mr. Samp-

A LL characters in serials A and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are ficilious and have no reference to any living person.

THE CURIOUS FACTS PRECEDING MY EXECUTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

son as he scuttled from the house. He wanted to bluster, but he was a bit too startled and afraid of me to say any-

I slammed the door after him and took a deep breath, telling myself I must be calm. telling myself I must be calm. I lit a cigarette. I lit another cigarette. I ritably I stubbed the first one in a handy ashtray and lit a third, "Tcha!" I cried, and mashed them all out, and stormed back to the bedroom, where I tore into the closet with genuine pleasure. Once the closet was a hopeless wreck I ripped the covers from the I ripped the covers from the bed and dumped the mattress on the floor. Then I stood back, breathing hard, to surmy handiwork.

And the doorbell rang.

"If that is Mr. Sampson, muttered to myself, "b

It rang again. We had an incredibly loud doorbell in that house. Odd I'd never noticed it before.

It rang a third time as I was on my way to answer, and I almost shouted at it to shut up, but managed to bring myself under control by the time I reached the

FROM THE BIBLE

 If a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.

And if a house be divided against itself, house thai cannot stand.

- St. Mark 3: 24, 25.

THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PERSON O

open it no more than an inch.

A tiny girl in a green uni-form stood looking up at me; she bore a box of

Life, I reflected at that moment, is unkind and cruel. I said, "We already bought some, little girl," and softly closed the door.

And the telephone

screamed.

I leaned against the door I leaned against the door and let my nerves do whatever they wanted. But I knew I couldn't stay there; the phone would only make that noise again. And again. And again and again until finally I would have to give up and answer it. The only sensible move would be to answer it. move would be to answer it right away. Then it wouldn't make that noise any more.

A good plan. I was full of ood plans. I went over and picked up the phone.

"Hiya, neighbor!" shouted a male voice in my ear. "This is Dan O'Toole, of WINK. Can you Top That Mop?"

"What?"

"This is the grand new radio game everybody's talk-ing about, neighbor. If you can Top That..."

I suppose he kept on talk-ing. I don't know. I hung

up. .
I caught myself about to

light a cigarette and made myself stop. I also forced myself to be calm, to think rationally, to consider the circumstances. The house, except for my own ragged breathing, was blessedly silent

With waning fervor studied once more the tab-leau I was leaving for the police. The dead woman in police. The dead woman in the kitchen, and the ran-sacked house. All that re-mained was to fix the back door to make it loo though the burglar forced his way in. look

It seemed as though my plan should work perfectly well. It really did seem that

SLOWLY I trudged out to the kitchen. For some reason I no longer believed in my plan, but was merely going through the motions because there was nothing else to do. All of life was involved in a great conspiracy against me, and I didn't know why. Could every day be like this in the suburbs? Was it possible that Janice's reckless spending had simply been a form of escape, a kind of sublimated satisfaction in lieu of biting people like Mr. Sampson and Top That Mop?

Mop?

At the back door I paused, listening for doorbells and phone bells and church bells and jingle bells, but there was only silence. So I opened the door, and a short round woman was standing there, her finger halfway to the bell button. She was our next-door neighbor, she wore a flour-stained apron, and she had an empty cup in her other hand.

I gaped at her. She looked

other hand.

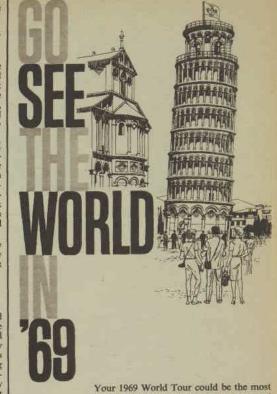
I gaped at her. She looked at me in puzzled surprise, and then her gaze moved beyond me and came to rest on something behind me, at floor level. Her eyes widened. She screamed and let go of the empty cup and went dashing away.

I went rigid. I stared at I went rigid. I stared at the cup, watching it in help-less fascination. It seemed to hang there in mid-air for the longest while, long after its owner had run completely out of sight, and then, quite slowly at first, it began to fall. It fell faster, and faster, and at long last it splattered and at long last it splattered itself with a terrible crash on the patio cement.

And when that cup splat-tered, so did I. I went all limp, and sat down with a thud on the kitchen floor.

And there I sat, waiting, sat waiting for the census I sat waiting for the census taker and the mailman with a Special Delivery letter, for the laundryman and the Railway Express driver, for the man from the cleaners, a horde of Boy Scouts on a paper drive, a political candidate, five wrong numbers, the paper boy, the police, the milkman, a lady collecting for a worthy charity, a call from the tax assessor's office, a young man working his way through college selling magazines...

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By COLIN DANGAARD





FAY ROBINS paused as the young man spoke: "Welcome to Mykonos! My name is Payvayiotis Tsagakogiannakis, but you can call me Eugene. I'll take you to the newest and nicest room on the island."

nicest room on the island."

She then started to protest, but already Eugene had two of her suitcases and was shouldering his way through the crowd. She hurried after him, at least relieved to be away from the circle of old men who had met

circle of old men who had met her with a barrage of accommoda-tion offers:
"Come with me," said one.
"The room has a bath, a harbor view, soap included . ."
"Cheap. And very clean. Very nice. English girls always stay with us . ." another was saying. saying. She listened, confused, after

She listened, confused, after stepping ashore from the Athens ferry. She stood anchored with suitcases and tried to make herself smaller, as the circle of touts closed in. If only David was here, she thought. He would know best.

And then she was welcomed to Mykonos, Mykonos; a small Greek island 90 miles from Athens, where the houses and the streets are whitewashed, where

streets are whitewashed, where men ride donkeys through the narrow cobbled lanes and old ladies in black sit and knit and watch the Mediterranean tides

ebb and flow.
"Hey, wait a minute!" she called.

called.

Eugene stopped. He was tall. His teeth grinned white against his brown skin; polished brown against black curly hair.

Fay Robins, typist, pretty, did not say: "Put down my suitcases, or I'll call the police. What makes you think I want your room? David will be here in a few days and he'll certainly have something to say!"

Instead she said: "Please put down my suitcases."

Eugene laughed, and moved on along the waterfront, into a nar-

along the waterfront, into a nar-row lane.
"Where do you come from?"

he asked.
"Australia. Sydney."
"Australia! My brother is there.

"Australia! My brother is there. He's a carpenter, working on the Snowy River. Every month he writes and tells me to join him. Are you a schoolteacher — or a model?" His English was good. "I work in a lawyer's office." "Holidaying?"

"Sort of." She thought of David. She had not seen him for five years, but he had written faithfully once a week from London. She met him in Australia while he was on one of those special tours for students. In seven days they would be together again, here on Mykonos. In a month they would be married. "I'm waiting for somebody," she said.

Eugene put the suitcase on a doorstep and rang the bell. The house was new, the price right, EN's Weekly — September 25, 1968

the sheets clean. The balcony looked over rooftops, gleaming white, and down on to the blue painted ocean.

street below: "Knew you'd like it. Tonight I'll come and show you around. We'll go to the Dive-in and do Greek dances . . ."

"Thank you very much, but don't bother. I'll . "Her words were snatched away by a motor-truck struggling up the lane with a load of timber. Eugene waved and was gone.

and was gone.

Fay unpacked her suitcases, washed, flopped on the bed and studied the ceiling. Seven days! One hundred and fifty-eight hours! She took his picture from her handbag. He would be qualified now, an architect with a two-year scholarship to his credit. She wondered if his hair was still honey-blond, and if he still played tennis like a champion.

She closed her eyes.

She closed her eyes . . .

"Hey! Wake up, sleepy head! Mykonos needs you," a voice

Fay waited. Perhaps he would go away. "Come on! Everyone's waiting

Everybody? There were others in the lane. She dressed.

The Dive-In was off the waterfront; a nightclub brash and unsophisticated by Sydney standards; but "with-it" by Mykonos standards. And the music! Greek, wild and heady, like wine!

Eugene danced with his brothers, stretching, swaying, clapping, going faster and faster.

Chapping, going faster and faster.

One by one the brothers left the floor, and everybody clapped because they wanted Eugene to dance alone. And he did, Danced as Fay had never seen anybody dance, clicking his fingers and his heels. And when he stopped people yelled for more.

"Come," Eugene said to Fay.
"I'll teach you."

Exhausted, wonderfully happy, the went with the others for coffee, up on the esplanade.
"What do you do here?" Fay asked.

"I'm a son by profession." He swept his arm in the direction of the masts. "My father owns a fishing fleet."
"You just dance?"

"Every night."
"Why don't you go to Australia? You could make plenty of money, like your brother."

"Who needs money? I live as well on Mykonos as my brother does in the Snowy Mountains."

Next day Eugene took her to the beaches. He showed her the churches, explaining how mostly they were built in fulfilment of vows made by sailors in peril. Their laughter rang through the

their laughter rang through the stone lanes. At lunch they danced on the stone floor of the restaurant; at night they danced in the Diveln. After three days Fay tried to write David a letter. He could pick up mail in Athens, as they had agreed. She left the letter unfinished on her table.

Next day: A lung walk to Raf-

Next day: A long walk to Raf-aki, where they flopped on the green grass and watched gulls make lazy circles in the sky. By speedboat to Delos; quiet, unin-habited, asleep in greatness and in legend. Eugene told its history, Apollo, Artemis, and the pirates of Mithridates seemed to live again.

Fay could not remember the first time Eugene held her hand. It was not important. It just happened. Perhaps she would tell Eugene tonight, about David, about her new doubts.

After wine and coffee, after the Dive-In, they stood together on the deck of his father's yacht, the moon above and the sea lapping gently at the waterline below. Perhaps it was here he

first kissed her. This, too, seemed

Your hair stays naturally shiny

"When is your friend coming?" Eugene asked suddenly.

"Oh, soon."

"So, I suppose you'll have to show her around Mykonos?"

Her? She smiled and said: "But I think I'll go to Athens and meet her. I'll leave tomorrow. I'll be back in two days, Eugene."

back in two days, Eugene."

The ferry loomed large and white in the harbor, next day. Fay held her bags and watched for David. She would tell him she really hated Mykonos, and plead to be taken back to Athens — right now. He would understand. David always did. Later she would explain, clearly,

simply, without emotion. About Eugene. About herself.

She heard the anchor chain rattle downward. She was glad now Eugene had agreed not to see her off. She would have cried—and then felt silly when she was back with him again in two or three days, or however long it took to explain to David.

Passengers were filling ferry boats to carry them to the small jetty. Fay was looking for David, when she heard somebody calling

"Miss Robins?" said a man

It was from David. His suit-case had been put on a flight to Africa and he would have to wait another day in Athens. He was very sorry.

Fay wrote on the other side of the single slip of paper.

"Dear David.

CONDITIONING

is right. And it is! (Sold By Chemists Everywhere)

5 oz 69c · 7 oz 99c · 14 oz \$1.49

The made a terrible mistake. I know now it would be better to forget our marriage. I believe I've always had doubts. I am thankful I have the courage to tell you, at last. Please forgive me, David."

She sealed down the envelope again, and handed the note back to the purser. He promised to deliver it the moment the ferry docked in Athens.

So. Now she was free. FREE! She saw the ferry pull away. Fay moved off the jetty with the crowd and waited at a coffee table for Eugene. He would find her. He always did.

Day!

Song.

onditioning

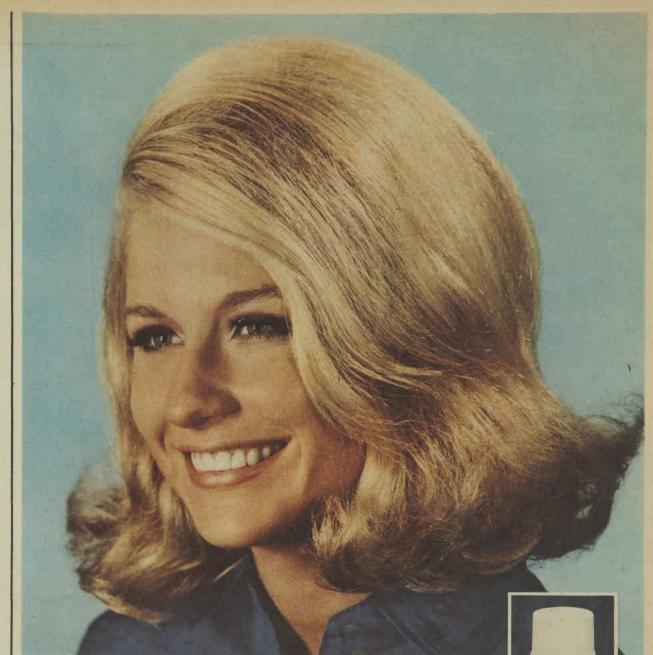
hair spray

stant drying

And then she heard his voice. She turned. He was sitting with his back to her, two tables

"Welcome to Mykonos!" He was saying to a blonde girl struggling with her luggage. "My name is Payvayiotis Tsagakogiannakis, but you can call me Eugene. I'll take you to the newest and nices room. to the newest and nicest ro

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"Day/Long holds my hair the way I like it. . ."

SAYS JUSTINE MCCARTHY. INTERNATIONAL There's never been a hair spray that keeps its What more could you ask of a hair spray that's forpromises as well as Day/Long does! This conditioning mulated on America's top seller? Only that the price

hair spray has a new kind of holding power. Softer. But firm. Not stiff or lacquered. Combs beautifully in all kinds of weather. Tames the wildest wisps

And more! Day/Long Hair Spray has a new, tiner mist that penetrates the layers of the hair. Deep conditions all the hair - not just the surface. Dries instantly.

"Miss Robins?" said a man-in uniform,
"Yes . . . I . ."
"I'm the ferry purser, I have an urgent message for you."

National Library of Australia

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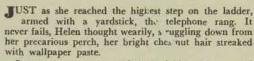
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Helen longed for the affection of her stepdaughter, Patty, but despite her advances the child was aloof and reserved

CALL ME MOTHER

by DIXIE LASLETT



It turned out to be a chatty neighbo. Her second call this morning! Helen finally had to explain that she was trying to finish papering Patty's bedroom before she came home from school.

After that she worked at a furious pace all morning She wanted so much to do something special for Patty

She wanted so much to do something special for Patty, and redecorating her room had seemed like a good idea. Now she wasn't so sure. It seemed that nothing she did could break down the wall between them. She just couldn't seem to get close to Patty. She wondered if all stepmothers had such problems.

Patty was five, a story-book child, with her mother's soft golden hair and John's blue eyes. Helen's heart had gone out to her the moment she saw her. When John asked her to marry him, she'd never expected any problem mothering his daughter, whose own mother had been killed in a plane crash the year before. But Patty seemed to want no part of her. Why couldn't she reach her? she reach her?

The hall clock bonged noisily and, with a start, Helen realised it was lunchtime, and almost time for Patty to be home from school. As she busied herself preparing lunch, she heard the noisy shouts of children outside and the roar of the school bus as it sped away.

Patty came in with a rush, tossing her coat, as usual, on the nearest chair. About to correct her, Helen hesitated. Patty resented her so much that Helen often found herself handling even the most routine point of discipline as though it were a major problem. If only she could make Patty realise how much she wanted her love! But Patty was withdrawn from her, a bit too reserved for a child of five. Helen knew it must be the result of a rear with new much set all headiled shear force. of a year with no mother at all, bandied about from one relative to another.

Ignoring the coat, Helen said: "Sit down and have your lunch. I've made your favorite hotcakes."

"Thank you, Helen." Patty's face was a polite little mask as she slid into her seat. She's never going to call

mask as she slid into her seat. She's never going to call me mother, thought Helen, with a sigh.

Lunch over, Patty headed for her bedroom. Eager to see her reaction, Helen followed. Patty's rapt expression was ample reward for her hard work. "Oh, Helen," she breathed, "it's my very own favorite color."

"It isn't quite finished," Helen said. "I might have known I couldn't do it all in one morning." Watching Patty's starry eyes, she could feel her love for her welling in her throat. "It's cornflower-blue, the same color as your eyes," she added, impulsively hugging Patty to her.

But Patty pulled away so quickly that Helen felt as

But Patty pulled away so quickly that Helen felt as though she'd been slapped.

Her eyes stung as she returned to the dinette to clear away the dishes. With an effort, she said lightly: "Run along and ask your friend Allison to come in and play while I finish up here."

By the time Patty came back with Allison, Helen had put the last dish in the cupboard and was getting ready

put the last dish in the cupboard and was getting ready to finish paperhanging.

"Please, Helen, may I show Allison my new wall-paper?" asked Patty.

"Certainly," answered Helen, torn between laughter and tears. The child was always so formal with her. The wall between them was such a strong thing that neither one could pass through. If only Patty were not quite so polite.

Her head was beginning to the child was getting ready.

Her head was beginning to ache now and she realised

she'd been too tense all morning, trying to finish the room so quickly. Aspirin would help, perhaps, and a cup of strong tea.

As she put the kettle on she kept remembering John's words when he told Patty about their marriage.

Although it was only three months ago, it seemed longer. "She'll be your new mother," he had said, and they had instantly regretted his choice of words when they saw Patty's expression. He had added awkwardly, "You may call her that, or Helen, or whatever you wish."

You may call her that, or Helen, or whatever you wish."

Although John must surely have noticed Patty never called her anything but Helen, he had never mentioned it. Helen shied away from the subject, for it seemed like an admission of failure.

Suddenly, she was aware of an unfamiliar sound. It was Patty, laughing merrily and noisily, something she rarely did. And Allison could be heard, through stifled giggles, asking: "Do you think your mum will care?"

Whatever can they be up to, she thought crossly, hurrying to Patty's room, that unaccustomed "mum" echoing wistfully in her mind.

As she entered the room, a cat sprang from the bed, gave an ear-splitting cry, and pounced on the ladder.

"The paste!" Helen screamed, and reached out to grab the tottering ladder, She was too late. The cat leaped again, and the pail splattered to the floor, the lumpy, sticky liquid spreading quickly over the blue rug.

leaped again, and the pail splattered to the floor, the lumpy, sticky liquid spreading quickly over the blue rug.

Helen's head was spinning as she leaned down trying to sop up some of the mess with her apron. What a fool she had been not to take up the whole rug instead of lazily folding back the edges as she worked. She looked up to find Patty staring at her wide-eyed. She actually looked frightened. This was too much. Why should this child, whom she loved so dearly, be afraid of her? In that moment all the exasperation and frustration of the past three months rose to the surface.

"Patty, how could you do this when I've worked so hard on your room? Whatever possessed you to bring that clumsy cat in here just now?" As she paused for breath, the two little girls hastily tried to explain, the story coming out in babbled snatches. It seemed that Allison's mummy had given her the cat for her birthday, and she had wanted Patty to see it. That was all Helen needed. Allison's mummy, indeed!

"Patty Baxter," she cried, her voice reaching a shrillness she hadn't known it possessed. "You take Allison and Allison's cat and get out of here this minute, before I'm tempted to spank you both. Right this minute, do you hear?"

As they scurried out, two pairs of eyes staring unbelievingly, she suddenly crumpled. It was ridiculous, she knew, a grown woman getting so upset over a soiled rug. A throbbing headache was no excuse.

Instantly regretting her outburst, she marched resolutely to the hall cupboard for cleaning cloths. Passing the kitchen, she heard Allison's frightened whisper: "Gosh, she sure is cross, isn't she?"

Patty answered, a little breathlessly, "She's never talked to me like that before. She always talks to me the same way my teachers do, as if . ."

Allison interrupted. "Oh, well, I guess all mummies get cross sometimes."

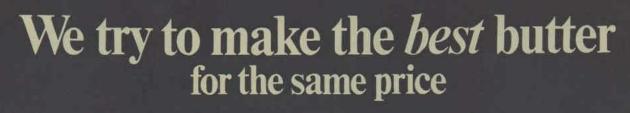
talked to me like that before. She always talks to me
the same way my teachers do, as if . . ."

Allison interrupted. "Oh, well, I guess all mummics
get cross sometimes."

"I guess you're right," agreed Patty, as though it
were the most natural thing in the world. "I just
never saw my mother lose her temper before."

A warm flooding of relief and joy surged through
Helen, and her eyes were bright with tears and
laughter. Her headache forgotten, she didn't wait to
hear more. She didn't need to. hear more. She didn't need to.

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The butter judges think we do year after year



Allowrie

We don't set out to win cups. But the butter judges think we deserve them. Year after year at the Royal Easter Show, the supreme prize for year-round top quality has gone to Allowrie. In 1968 Allowrie was awarded 10 out of 11 prizes. Which makes Allowrie not just a good butter. But the best.

For not a cent more.



DEL HANCOCK WEARS 'HONEY, WITH HER PRESCRIPTION IN TINTED LENSES FOR SUNNY OUTDOORS; SWITCHES TO 'COLLETTE' FOR EVENING GLAMOUR; LOOKS DEMURE IN 'CLARE'; RELAXES AT HOME IN 'ANGELA'

* CHANGE PACE

Consider the way they focus even more attention on your eyes—give you a change of face for every fashion scene. See how Del Hancock gets four different ways to look—a change of hair . . . a change of eyewear . . . and she's ready for business, pleasure, evenings a deux, and the bright outdoors! So do get a fresh outlook on the fashion scene soon. Visit an OPSM branch. Try on more eyewear—eyewear from all over the world—including these four pairs of spectacles by Australia's manufacturer of eyewear to the world—

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OPTICAL PRESCRIPTIONS SPECTACLE MAKERS PTY. LTD. CITY, SUBURBS, COUNTRY CENTRES

Page 92

teenagers

Free. and easy



LETTERS

• Small membership fees, no expenses, and lots of members . . . this is the only way for teenagers to run a "fun-for-free" meeting-place. Reconsider any decision to have an elaborate and expensive building. Our group has renovated an old room (quite large) and packed it with posters, paint, chairs, tables, carpets, an urn, and a beaut, well-used radiogram—all generously donated. Nothing has been stolen and nothing wrecked. It's a great idea, so give it a go.

—"THE BARRACKS," Dubbo, N.S.W.

Empty title

Empty title

IN my opinion, we don't care about that very pecial day Australia Day, because we think it is more important to have a long weekend than to celebrate Australia Day on January 26. After all, would your birthday have any significance if it was remembered on the nearest Monday? Or Christma Day on December 27, or New Year's Day on January 3? Yes, it's just as pointless as Australia Day on January 29.—H. Stewart, Hamilton, Qld.

TRUMP CARD_

At the annual social, my school solved the problem of the boys asking only the pretty girls to dance and ignoring the shy ones. Each boy and girl was given a card with a number on it. In our case there were 90 boys and the same number of girls. To find their partners, the boys matched their numbers with the girls who had the same numbers. After e a ch bracket of dances the cards were reissued. In this way everyone was on the floor and no one was sitting out. — John Sullivan, Semaphore Sth., S.A.

In the long run

A LETTER, August 14, asked if boys like girls car a long or short even-dress. A boy who has a for beautiful line and minimity where his girl-minimity where his girl-fiend is concerned would refer a long dress. The less mistive and possibly more tractical-minded boy would onsider a long dress a onsider a long dress a misance when walking, and or grand compared with his way way of dressing. He ould feel inferior, which really hurts male pride. If you prefer a long dress, it is also likely that you would prefer the first type of boy. I do. — Elisabeth Ellis, Floreat Park, W.A.

Friendly advice

PEOPLE are often critical of those who have come to Australia from other countries because they stay in groups and don't integrate. But it is not all one-sided. Often migrants do not sided. Often migrants do not want to be hurt, so they stay with their own countrymen. But if they had not wished to mix they wouldn't have come to this country. If you include them in social activities and invite them to your home (and, most important, go to their home) your own outlook will your own outlook will change. You will have given out friendship which will be really treasured by those who receive it. — Helen Davis, receive it. -Doncaster, Vic.

That's life!

LAST year I buried myself in work, sitting at home vegetating and bemoaning the fact that I had no social life, envious of my friends, and nervy and depressed. This year I took the plunge and met a nice boy. Now I sit at home worrying whether or not he will ring, what to wear, how long he will continue seeing me, what I will do when he doesn't, what are his reasons for asking me out. (Etc., etc.) I sit at home, worried, on edge, nervy, and depressed!

"Psycho," Cabramatta, N.S.W. LAST year I buried myself

Big hitch

MY ambition is to travel around Australia before travelling overseas. However, because I intended to hitchhike, my hopes seem to be fading. In New Zealand and Europe this way of travel-ling is accepted. But here, if a girl wishes to do this she is frowned upon and labelled as cheap. Is Australia so inhabited by hoodlums that I, and many others, are to be deprived of seeing a really wonderful country? Action should be taken to make our country a safe place, — M. Mudge, Leopold, Vic.

Just think!

Just think!

UNTIL she made me realise just how expensive we are to keep, I thought the board I pay my mother was too much. Just go shopping for the week's groceries, and figure out how much it costs to keep you, not to mention odd friends who might drop in for a meal. Then think about the rent of your room, electricity, gas, hot and cold water, phone, washing and ironing, and the odd gallon of petrol used to drive you somewhere. On top of all that, where clse can you get the loan of a few dollars, interest free, when you are a bit short of money? I'm on a good thing—and I think nearly everyone clse is, too. — L. Taylor, North Rocks, N.S.W.

HERE are a few points of advice for young fortune-seekers like my-self who leave home to go to "the big smoke."

go to "the big smoke."

It is unwise to leave without a few hundred dollars up your sleeve. If parents send money at your request, where is your spirit of independence?

If unemployed, take out unemployment benefits.

Employed, and with permanent residence, join a medical fund and take out insurance.

insurance

If living alone, do not tell strange young men.
I never go to dances

alone.

If you start buying clothes (as you would on holiday), your funds decrease and you start to lay-by. Live wisely, spending as little as you can and saving for emergencies. I have been unfortunate enough to air fortunate enough to suf-fer both an accident and an illness. — "Country Flier," Blair Athol, S.A.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY











GO-MANGO





only Tek* ANTI-GERM toothbrushes have germ fighting action AG concentrate incorporated in bristles

active anti-germ action for life of brush. ...

Johnson Johnson

ROUND

ROBIN



HAIR TODAY— **GOON TOMORROW**

I DO wish girls could make up their minds about hairdos.

I must point out straight away that I don't refer this time to their styles.

I have set ideas on those, heaven knows. But I have to admit that finally it becomes their own

No, I refer now to their attitudes to MY hair.

I recently had to make the important decision to have a haircut.

I was tired of girls having shots at me about the length of my locks.

Where was my violin? Was I going for the Oldest Hippie in Australia award? That sort of

Also, I felt I was running the risk of being picked up as an unregistered long-haired sheep-

(Actually, I've had more experience as a bird-dog.)

Imagine my surprise, and chagrin, when I appeared back in the office after the shearing

Why, I was asked, had I had all those lovely curls cut off?

As if the parting from my hair hadn't been such not-so-sweet sorrow, now there were these most unkind cuts of all.

Is a long-haired wig, that I can whack on genuinely short hair whenever the occasion demands, the answer?

Maybe that's what Shakespeare — who probably received digs from Elizabethan belles about his bald top and long back and sides — had in mind when he posed his famous question.

You know, "Toupee or not toupee . . .?"



'He's at that awkward age — too young for goodnight kiss, too old for a handshake!' - too young for a



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

and your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.G.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

MANDRAKE MAGICIAN

by the police after one bit a waitress. And Nardraka is telling Mandrake and Narda how she escaped. NOW READ ON . . .





















THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

 ACROSS

 1. Happens again about worthless dogs (6).

 4. Reward is returned for a sliding box (6).

 9. Perpendicular and mostly fruit (5).

 10. A degree favors monkeys (7).

 11. Do advocates and prisoners meet here for a spot? (3).

 12. and 16. A famous cathedral, not concerning a lady (5, 4).

 13. Everything for example or back a brisk movement in music (7).

 14. Repair a word of vexation (4).

 15. Have the right to half a dance (3).

 20. Vera is around and makes a portico outside a house (7).

 21. A heavy blow to confuse with shame (5).

 24. Talk back and get the sack (3).

 25. A spill for a harbor vessel (7).

 26. The insect after an American soldier is a very large being (5).

 27. Gives up the profits (6).

 28. Expresses the conditions (6).

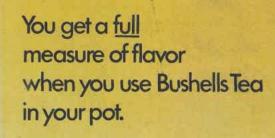
 1. Tear a printer mature (5).



Solution will be published next week.

- 1. Tear a printers' measure to mature (5).
- 2. The opposite way for a piece of shop furniture (7).
- 3. Stole from Roy on a cot (6).
- Staggers around the second letter and revolts (δ).
- Solution of last week's 7. Reinstate support on mineral croesword. (7).
- 8. A magic word from a "heel" between two confused Arabs (11).
- 14. Bad in dry wickedness (7).
- 17. A mother insect or very hard stone (7).
- 18. Untied letters to make com-bined (6).
- 19. Chatter obtained a legless grub (6).
- 21. The rascal uses rouge (5).
- 23. Detests and warms up badly (5).





The golden rule for tea is to enjoy it. It's not how many cups you get . . . but the flavor you get in the cup.

And Bushells Tea costs so little per cup you can afford a full measure of flavor every time.

Which is why more people prefer the taste of Bushells Tea.

So <u>double</u> your pleasure — don't halve it. Get Bushells Tea and enjoy an <u>honest</u> cup of tea every time.

Bushells — an honest cup of tea.



Fashion WINNERS for the RACES



At right: Black-and-white printed arnel dress, at left, with white detail by Fontana. About \$18.99. Floral style with crossover front, ruffle trim, patent belt by Shubette of London. In black/white,

green/blue, pink/orange, orange/brown. About \$16.99. Both in size range. (Buckinghams Frock Dept., 1st floor.)



Short-jacket suit with A-line skirt in white linen has black voile blouse with white spots. Also available in black linen with white voile blouse spotted in black. 12-16. About \$67. (Available Farmer's In Focus Shop, 2nd floor.)

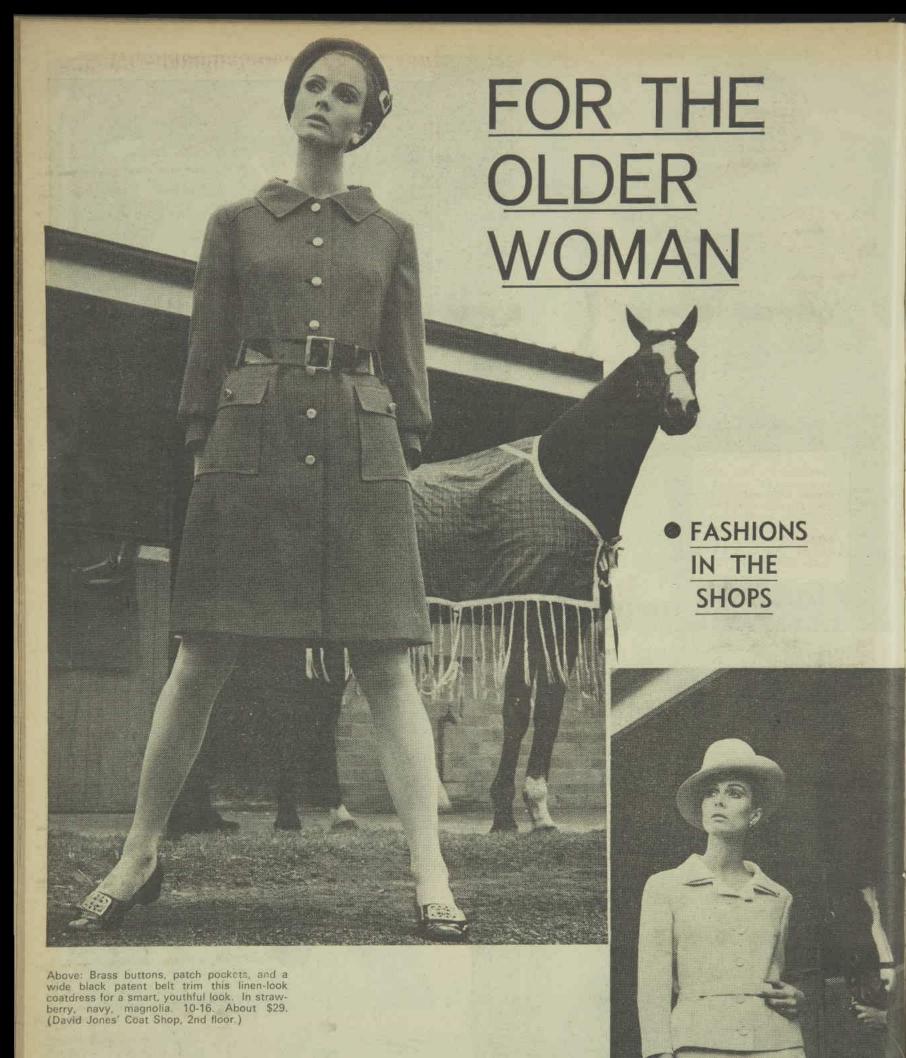


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WREEKLY - September 25, 1968

Above: Cool and versatile ensemble for raceday. The creamand-green striped coat with wide-set collar and double row of buttons tops a cleverly seamed cream slub silk dress in which to go on to cocktails and dinner. A model, size 14. About \$150. (David Jones', 6th floor.)

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 Horses and stable backgrounds at Dick Roden's "Midstream Lodge" stables. At right: Tailored pure silk suit shows interesting surface texture, has crisp white cotton collar and cuffs and belted waistline. In beige/white, navy/white. Size 12. About \$130. (David Jones' Suit Shop, 6th floor.)

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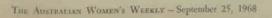
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHEREX - September 25, 1968



Easy-to-wear coatdress in fashionable linen with stitch trim and wide front buckle. The style is available in bone, red, navy. 8-14. About \$28. (David Jones Coat Shop, 2nd floor.)



Above: Crisp and feminine little A-line dress with white collar and self-belt in black-and-white sheer. 31-36in. About \$12. (David Jones' Petite Fittings, 2nd floor.)





Above: Here, for pure-silk lovers, an attractive suit of brown-and-white print, belted and easy-fitting, 12-16. About \$75. (David Jones' Suit Shop, 6th floor.)

Below: Elegant that silk ensemble has a shortsleeved, front-stitched slither of dress under a chic coat with glitter buttons on unusual halfbelt fastening. In bone, pale blue, 14-18. About \$78 (From David Jones' Afternoon Dress Shop, 2nd floor.)



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At left: Swinging pair at the fashion parade held by Peppers of Neutral Bay to aid the Far West Children's Health Scheme were Carol Felton, who wore a pale blue wool dress cinched at the waist with a brown leather belt and matching brown accessories, and Graeme Duesbury, whose camel wool suit featured a flared double-breasted jacket with wide lapels. Printed tie was in shades of blue, brown, beige.

Below: Wonderful gold-silk embroidered sheepskin jacket, which his wife bought for him in Afghanistan, was worn by lan Weatherley to the threeman exhibition of op/pop and primitive paintings at the Bonython Gallery. When this picture was taken, Mr. Weatherley was absorbed in the "Environ Machine," which projected colored images on to the wall, puffed out perfume, and made gay noises.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY

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The Australian Women's Wherly - September 25, 1968



At left: Nina Fridrick wearing a powder-blue satin blouse, black crepe frilled trousers, an embroidered black waistcoat, '20s shoes, and a beaded bag chatted with Max Hutchinson in a caramel corduroy velvet jacket, slim black pants, and a yellow shirt at the exhibition by Ken Reinhard, Henri Bastin, and Ivan Englund at Bonython Gallery.

At right: Miniskirted red-and-navy
wool dress was
smart on Mary
Dorahy photographed with Peter
Day wearing bone
shoes, a caramel
shirt, and tailored
camel-colored cord
uroy velvet jacket
which had shouldertabs and pocket
flaps.









Above: Wife of artist Ken Reinhard in a crisp white ruched cotton dress trimmed with ruffles of cotton lace and a sash of navy satin, which matched her shoes, speaking with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Alliband at her husband's exhibition of works which included computers and constructions.

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Above: Yves St. Laurent-inspired three-piece suit in a soft cocoa-brown velvet worn by Kathie Ashton as she chatted with her fiance, David Mulligan (at left), and Andrew Kramer at the exhibition. The suit comprised a skirt and jacket with white crepe collar and cuffs and gold-buttoned waistcoat.

Above: Slim shift of hand-printed abstract-patterned velvet worn by Liga Liepins with her grey fur coat and laced handmade black leather boots at the Bonython Gallery as she discussed the exhibits with Warren Moorfoot.

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WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING OVERSEAS





Above Husband-and-wife team Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward arriving at New York's Plaza Theatre for the opening of their film "Rachel." It was the first film directed and produced by Newman, and his wife stars in the title role For the premiere she wore a chiffon gown, high - waisted with long full sleeves

At right: Pop-group manager Bill Harry and his model-girl wife. Virginia, at a swinging pop party in London Virginia wore black trousers with a white satin shirt and black battle-jacket Her chiffon bandanna tied low on the forehead is the fashion rage in London and New York.





Above: To p model Twiggy and her manager-fiance, Justin de Villeneuve, boarding a plane at London's Heathrow Airport before flying to Greece for a holiday. Twiggy, complete with maxisunglasses, wore a long culotte dress and a belted long-line jacket.

At left: London pop personality Penny Valentine at a pop party held at the Revolution Club wore a red zippered coatdress embroidered in white. Beneath the coat was a red - and - white floral mini-dress.

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Below: Princess Anne wore a very with-it Robin Hood-style white felt hat trimmed with two gold buckles when she attended Crathie Church, near Balmoral.







Above: Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, centre, attended a performance of "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" in New York and later went backstage to meet the star of the show, Australian actress Zoe Caldwell, and Miss Caldwell's husband, Mr. Robert Whitehead. Mrs. Johnson wore a black-and-white printed dress with a small white collar and bow.

At left: Richard Burton had the eye-catching hairdo when he and his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, arrived in New York aboard the liner Queen Elizabeth. Liz was wearing a white self-striped cotton dress embroidered with lace daisies and a small head-hugging petal hat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHEELY - September 25, 1968

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At right: Flowery and feminine thai-silk helmet trimmed with roses and bow at back. By Mr. Individual. About \$34.50. (Waltons Town Hall Store.)



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WELKLY - September 25, 1968

New LyCra designs in fashion parades

SHAPE OF SUMMER FASHION



FEMININE little dress (left) in pintucked orlon double-jersey by Bonnet (about \$27), worn with a lightweight Berlei brief for gentle hip control and smooth fit for figure-flattering pantie hose.

VIBRANT stripes (centre front) form deep front V in this smart orlon dress by Bazazz. (About \$19.50.) Beneath, a Goddess "Tom's Girl" brief with elasticised Lycra worn over pantie hose.

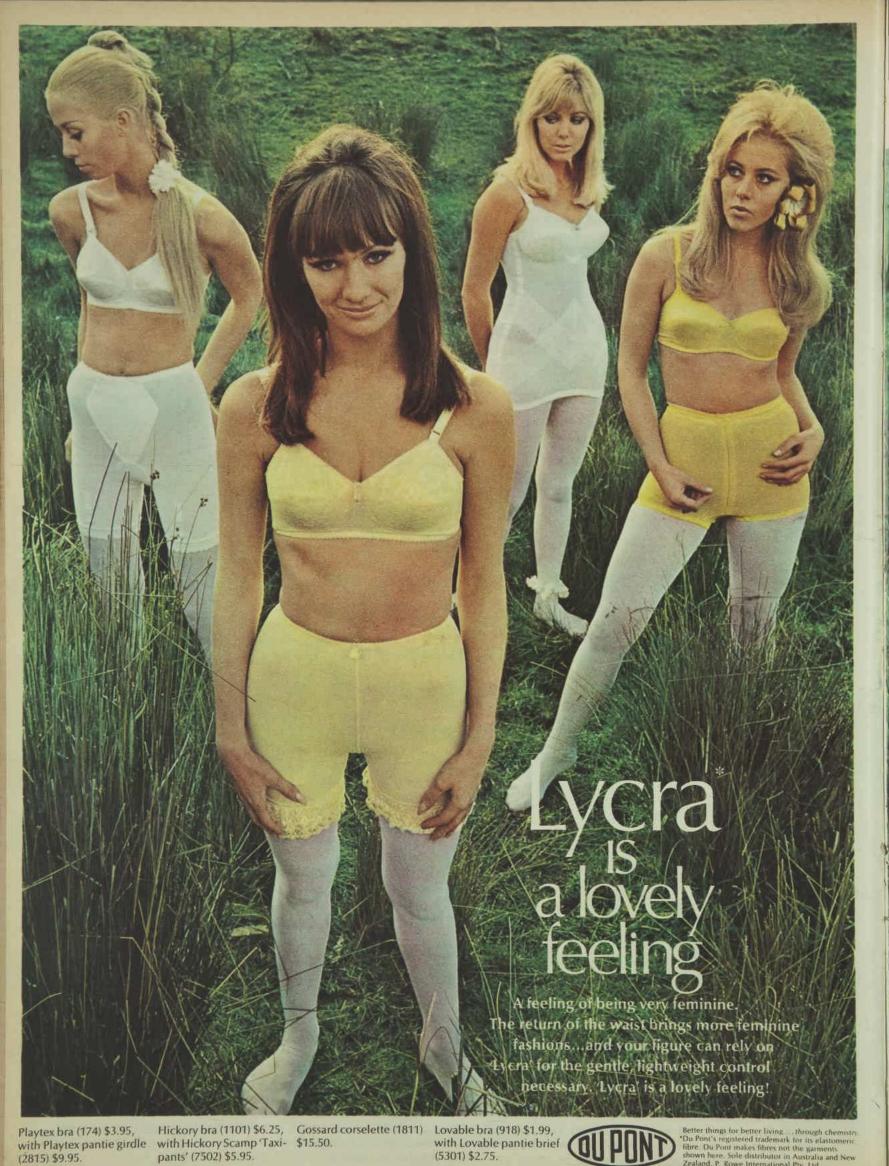
WEARABLE little dress (centre back) in blue orlon with waisted look by Mr. Simon. (About \$22.50.) A Formfit "Rebel" bra shapes the bosom, a Formfit garter brief gives buttock control.

SHAPED yellow orlon dress (right) by Mr. Simon. (About \$17.) With it a Hickory Scamp "Peacock Print" bra with Hickory Scamp brief controls waist and tummy and rounds bustline.

This eight-page feature is a round-up of top fashions with the sunny, carefree look of summer, together with shape-making pointers on under-fashions that will lift your figure out of the ordinary. For example, in the mini world of fashion, shown above, short skirts and pantie hose (no stocking welts, please!) take on a smooth new look worn with the latest lightweight pantie briefs elasticised with Lycra (see back page of this supplement). All the dresses and under-fashions shown are on sale at about the prices given. Under-fashions will be shown at fashion parades in leading stores throughout Australia.

The Australian Women's Weekly

LYCRA SUPPLEMENT - Page



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New Lycra designs in fashion parades

CLOSE-TO-THE-BODY TREND



 The close-to-thebody line is a new trend for the springsummer season. The new fashion shapes are crisply brisk or simply skimming.

The waisted look is young and fetching, if you can wear it. Belts need not be tightly cinched. Waists are worn high, low, and on the natural waistline as well.

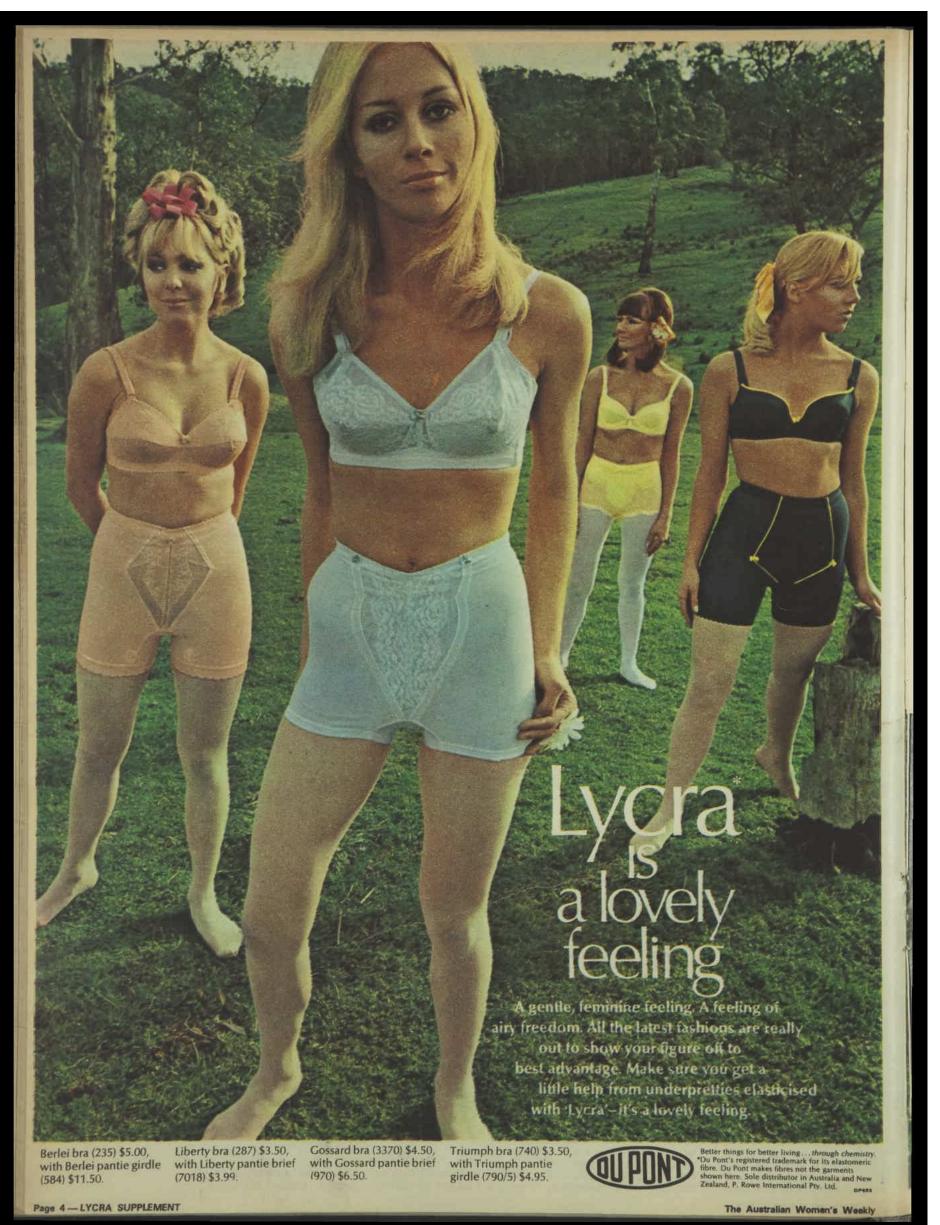
Slacks, those constant companions, are worn either wide all the way down or slightly belled — and hip-hugging.

The fashions on this page show these close - to - the - body trends. On the opposite page are the hidden assets to go with them — the new lightweight under-fashions elasticised with Lycra that smooth the figure beautifully.

SMART orlon three-piece by Stylecut (left) includes vest, slacks, and skivvy. (About \$11 each.) The Playtex pantie girdle underneath smooths the hips and thighs. The Australian Women's Weekly SUMMERY dress of orlon double-jersey (centre front) by Leroy. (About \$23.) It goes with attention-getting frilly Taxi-pants by Hickory that peep below the hemline.

VIVID red orlon dress (centre back) with new waisted look by Leroy. (About \$26.) Smoothing the waistline and the bust as well, a Gossard corselette. ORLON double-jersey dress with slightly high waistline (right) by Bonnet. (About \$30.) A Lovable bra with elasticised Lycra rounds the bosom, accents the waist.

LYCRA SUPPLEMENT - Page 3

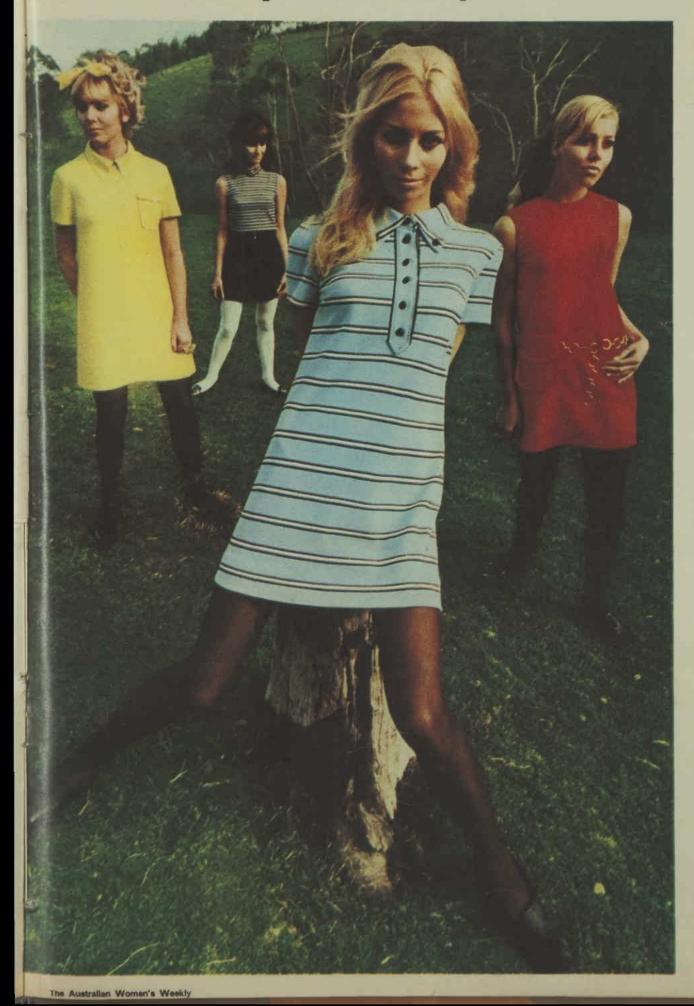


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New Lycra designs in fashion parades

Give your shape a swift lift



The fashion theme here is how to round the bosom, meld the midriff, smooth hip bulges, shrink the waistline, and hold a swingy line of skirt.

Sounds like magic?
But it can all be done successfully with the control and soft-stretch qualities of the nice-to-look-at, too, new-season underfashions elasticised with Lycra pictured on the opposite page.

NIFTY little dress in pale lime orlon (far left) with slightly standing collar and pocket flap detail is by Sportscraft (About \$22.50.) A Berlei pantie girdle smooths the line all the way.

GO-TOGETHERS in easycare orlon (left, at back) by Watersun. Striped top about \$6.75, bonded skirt about \$11.95. There's a rounded Gossard bra for young bosom beauty, a lightweight pantie brief for the hips.

STRIPED orlon dress (centre front) by Sportscraft with button-down coller, tab front. (About \$26.) A lightweight Liberty pantie brief elasticised with Lycra shapes the silhouette.

LOW-WAISTED dress in red bonded orlon (right) by Watersun accents the line with a linked chain belt. (About \$15.95.) A little snippet of Triumph pantie girdle controls hips and thighs in a gentle way.

LYCRA SUPPLEMENT - Page 5



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Soft contours, smooth lines, a more feminine appeal — this is the essence of the withit natural look for summer, and a perfectly good reason why pretty, easy-wear and -care under-fashions elasticised with Lycra are important. The picture below shows this newseason fashion look. Again on the opposite page are the ways and means to achieve it.

New LyCra designs in fashion parades THE NATURAL LOOK

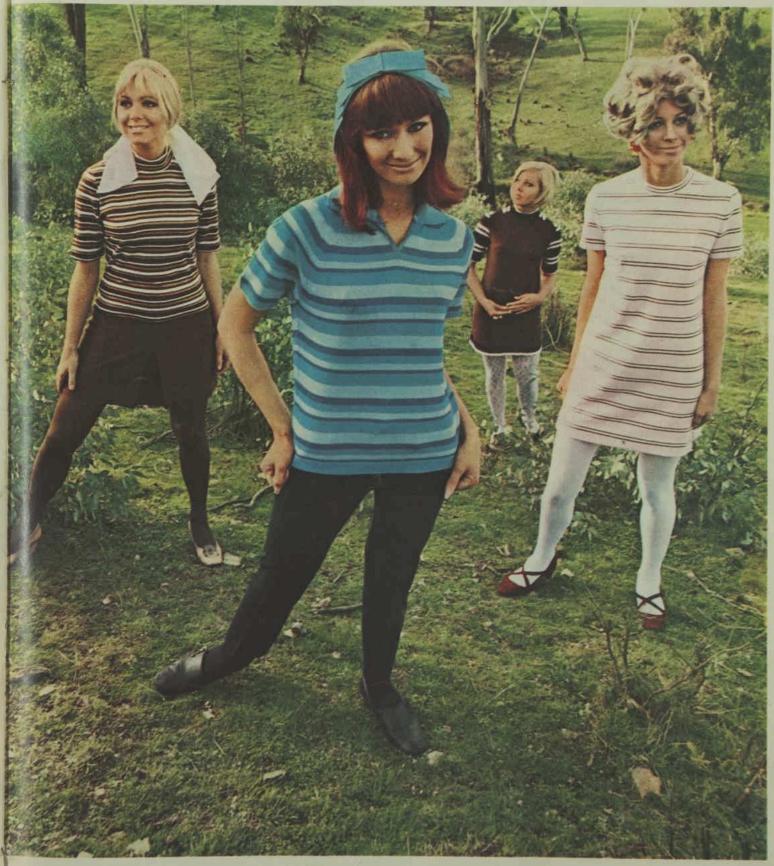
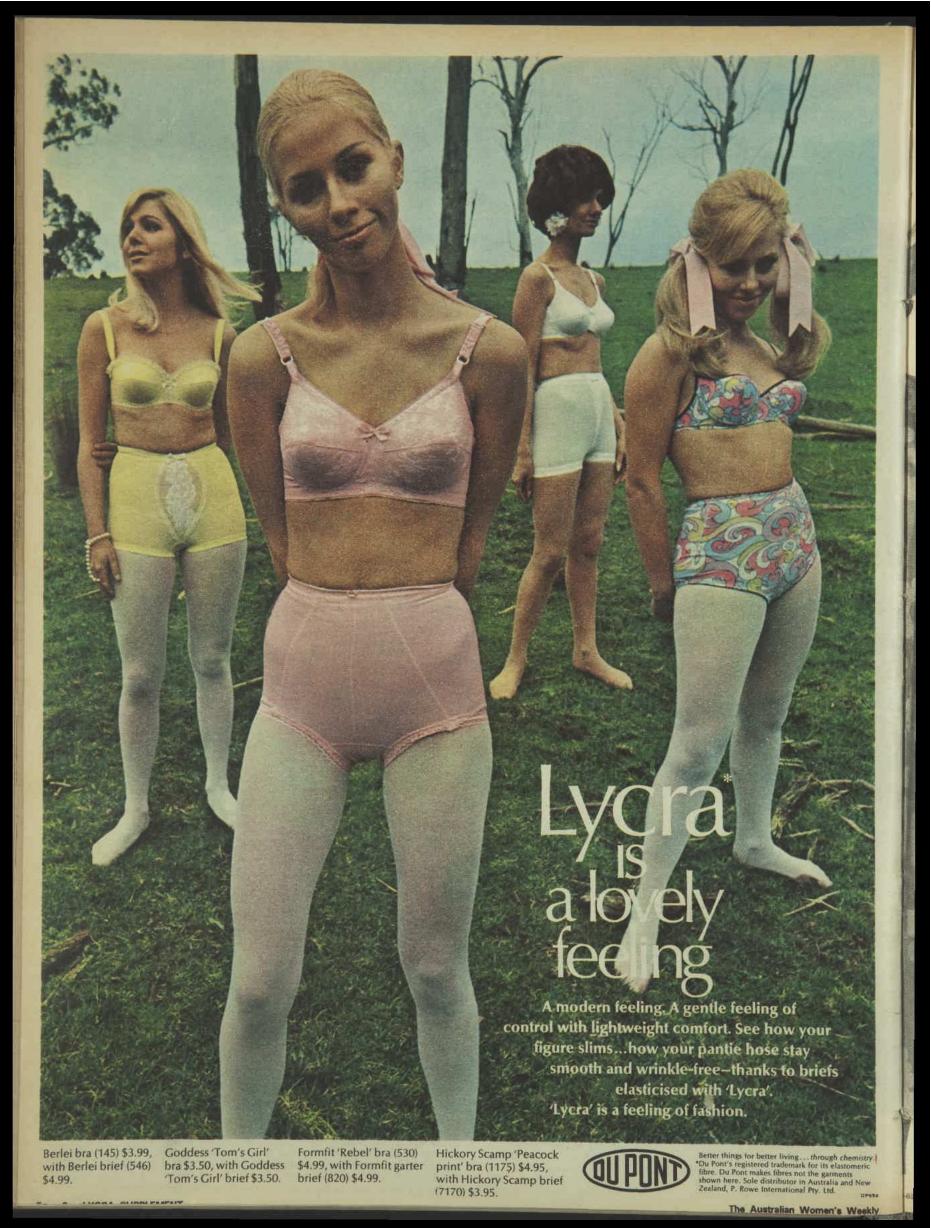


FIGURE - FLATTERY unlimited (left) in a striped top and short skirt in orlon by Watersun. (About \$14.95.) Shaping the figure, a lightweight Lovable girdle for hip and buttock control.

WIDELY STRIPED knit shirt (centre front) in orlon by Bromley (about \$7) with orlon slacks by Watersun (about \$11.95). The nature-makers, a Formfit bra and slimming pantie girdle. EYE-CATCHING bonded orionjersey dress with striped sleeves (centre back) is a surefire figuremaker. By Watersun, about \$14.95. It is worn over a new Hestia bra which rounds the bust. SLITHER of a dress in easycare orlon jersey (right) by Sportscraft (a b o u t \$25). Underneath a cool Liberty braslip for a gentle, unbroken bodyline from neck to hemline.





CAMPUS SWEATER

Color picture page 1

Materials: 11 (12) balls Lincoln Crepetta; 1 pair each Nos. 12, 11, and 10 needles; 4in. zip-fastener.

Measurements: To fit 33 (35) in. bust; length, 20 (20½) in.; sleeve, 3in. Tension: 7 sts. to lin. on No. 10 needles; 7½sts. to lin. on No. 11 needles. Note: Use No. 11 needles for 1st size and No. 10 needles for 2nd size.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 131 sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 2½in. Change to No. 11 (10) needles.

1st Row: K 7, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 11, rep. from * to last 12 sts., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 7.
2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times.

13th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 5, *
w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 5, sl. 1, k 2 tog.,
p.s.s.o., k 5, rep. from * to last 11 sts.,
w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 6, sl. 1, k 1,
p.s.s.o., k 1.

15th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 4, *
w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 4, sl. 1, k 2 tog.,
p.s.s.o., k 4, rep. from * to last 12 sts.,
w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 4, sl. 1, k 1,
p.s.s.o., k 1.

17th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 3, *
w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog.,
p.s.s.o., k 3, rep. from * to last 13 sts.,
w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog.,
p.s.s.o., k 1.

19th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 2, *
w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog.,
p.s.s.o., k 2, rep. from * to last 14 sts.,
w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 1,
p.s.s.o., k 1.

21st Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 1, *
w.fwd., k 11, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog.,
p.s.s.o., k 1, rep. from * to last 15 sts.,
w.fwd., k 11, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2,
p.s.s.o., k 1, rep. from * to last 15 sts.,
w.fwd., k 11, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 1,
p.s.s.o., k 1.

23rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * w.fwd.,
p.s.s.o., k 1, rep. from * to last 15 sts.,
w.fwd., k 11, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 1,
p.s.s.o., k 1.

p.s.s.o., k 1.

23rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 13, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 16 sts., w.fwd., k 13, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

25th Row: K 2, * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 11, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Page 2 - NEW FOR SPRING

27th, 29th, 31st, 33rd and 35th Rows:

37th Row: K 3, * w.fwd., k 5, sl. 1, k 2 tog., k 5, w.fwd., k 3, rep. from *

39th Row: K 4, * w.fwd., k 4, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 4, w.fwd., k 5, rep. from *, ending k 4 instead of k 5.

41st Row: K 5, * w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, w.fwd., k 7, rep. from *, ending k 5.

43rd Row: K 6, * w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, w.fwd., k 9, rep. from *, ending k 6.

45th Row: K 7, * w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.fwd., k 11, rep. from *, ending k 7.

47th Row: K 8, * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd, k 13, rep. from *, ending k 8.

48th Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st to 48th rows for patt. Cont. 39th Row: K 4, * w.fwd., k 4, sl. 1,

Rep. 1st to 48th rows for patt. Cont. til work measures 124in. To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts.

Next Row: K 3, k 2 tog., patt. to last 5 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. these 2 rows until 101 sts. rem. Cont. straight until armholes measure 4 (4½) in., ending next rows.

patt. row.

Next Row: P 49, p 2 tog., turn, cont. on this side only until armhole measures 7½ (8) in., ending patt. row.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next and foll. 2 alt. rows.

Cast off rem. sts.

Rejoin yarn to centre back and work other side to match.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5 (5½) in. (omitting opening).

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Work

38 sts., cast off centre 25 sts., work to end. Cont. on this side only, dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row 8 times, cont. straight until armhole measures same as back, shape shoulder as back. Rejoin yarn at neck edge and work other side to march. side to match.

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 80 sts., work in k I, p I rib for lin.

Change to No. 11 (10) needles, cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of

every 3rd row until inc. to 90 sts. Work 5 rows.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next row thus:

K 3, k 2 tog., k to last 5 sts., sl. 1,

k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3. Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 54 sts. rem.,
then dec. each end of every row to 24 then dec. sts. Cast off. NECKBAND

Using fine bk-st., join shoulder scams. With No. 12 needles, pick up and k approx. 110 (114) sts. evenly round neck edge. Work 2in. k I, p I rib. Cast off loosely ribwise.

TO MAKE UP

Fold neckband in half to wrong side and sl-st. in position. Sew in zip-fastener. Sew in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams. Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth.

SUN AND SAND

Color picture page 3

Materals: 8 (9, 10) balls Emu Italian Knit 5-ply or French Knit 5-ply; Nos. 9 and 11 crochet hooks. Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 20 (204, 21) in. Tension: 3 sps. to lin. TOP WITH STRAPS

BACK

*** Using No. 9 hook, make 110 (118, 124) ch.

Foundation Row: 1 tr. in 6th ch. from hook, * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., rep. from * to end, turn.

Pattern Row: 4 ch., miss first tr., * 1 tr. in next tr., 1 ch., rep. from * 1 tr. in 3rd of 4 ch., turn. Rep. last row until work measures 13in.

To Shape Armholes—Ist Row: 1 sl-st. into each of first 4 sts., 4 ch., work patt. to within last four 1 ch. sps., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 d.tr. into next tr., turn.

2nd Row: 1 sl-st. into first st., 4 ch., work patt. to within last 2 tr., 1 tr. in next tr., 1 d.tr. in next tr., turn ***. Rep. last row 4 (4, 5) times.

Next Row: 1 sl-st. into first st., 4 ch., work patt. to within last tr., 1 tr. in last tr., 1 turn.

Work in patt. until armholes measure 5 (5, 5½) in. Fasten off.
FRONT
Work as back until armholes measure 4 (4, 4½) in. Work one more row, dec. 1 st. every 6th st. across row. Fasten off.
TO MAKE UP
Join side seams.
FRONT NECK EDGING

FRONT NECK EDGING

1st Row: Using No. 11 hook, right side facing, join yarn to first st. on last row, I d.c. in same place as join, * I d.c. into next sp., I d.c. in next st., rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

BACK NECK EDGING AND STRAPS

1st Row: As front edging, do not

fasten off.

fasten off.

2nd Round: 22 (26, 26) ch. (Shoulder strap formed), 1 d.c. in first d.c. on front edging, 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end 21 (25, 25) ch. (2nd strap formed), 1 d.c. in first d.c. on back, 1 d.c. in each d.c., 1 d.c. into first ch.

3rd Round: * 1 d.c. in each ch., 1 d.c. in each d.c. con from * t.c. and d.c. an

d.c. in each d.c., rep. from * to end, sl-st. in first d.c. Fasten off. ARMHOLE AND LOWER EDGINGS-

Ist Round: R.s.f., using No. 11 hook, join yarn to edge, work 1 round d.c. 2nd and 3rd Rounds: Work in d.c., sl-st. to first d.c. Fasten off.

ROUND NECK TOP

BACK

Work as Top with Straps from *** to *** Rep. last row 1 (1, 2) times.

Next Row: 1 sl-st. into first st., 4 ch., work patt. to within last tr., 1 tr. in

Last tr., turn.

Cont. in patt. until armholes measure

5 (5½, 5½) in.

To Shape Neck—1st Row: Work in
patt., rep. until 11 (12, 12) 1 ch. sps.

are completed, 1 tr. in next tr., 1 d.tr. next tr., turn.

2nd Row: I sl-st. into each of first

2nd Row: 1 si-st. Into each of first 3 sts., patt. to end, turn. Work in patt for 3 (3, 4) rows. Fasten off.
2nd Side of Neck — 1st Row: Miss first 16 (18, 21) tr. for neck opening. Attach yarn to next tr., 4 ch., work in patt. to end, turn.

Continued on page 4



ORANGE FRAPPE

Color picture page 3

Materials: 18 (19) balls main color (m.c.), 12 (12) balls contrast color (c.c.). Patons Gem Knitting Cotton; 1 pair each Nos. 7, 8, and 9 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; No. 9 Phantom crochet hook; 1 stitch-bolder. 8 butters 1 land Carlo Carlo holder; 8 buttons; 14yds. Coats Fine Nainsook hem facing.

Measurements: To fit 32 (35) in. bust; length measured flat, 33 (33½) in.; when worn, 34 (34½) in. (or length desired); sleeve seam, ½in.

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in., measured over st-st. on No. 8 needles with double

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c., contrast color; m 1, pick up and purl thread which lies before next st.; y.b., yarn back.; sl., slip knitways; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; d.c., double crochet.

FRONT YOKE

Using No. 8 needles and m.c. double, cast on 101 (109) sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1. 2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end. Cont. thus:

To Shape Armholes: Keeping cont. of rib, cast off 6 (7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next

and alt. rows until 77 (81) sts. rem. Work 19 (21) rows.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Rib 31 (32), turn. Cont. on these 31 (32) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in alt. rows until 25 (26) sts. rem. Work 4 rows.

To Shape Shoulders—Ist Row: Work to last 8 (9) sts., turn. 2nd Row: Work to end. 3rd Row: Work to last 16 (18) sts., turn.

4th Row: As 2nd. Cast off in rib.
Slip next 15 (17) sts. on stitchholder, join in yarns, and work other
side to correspond.

BACK YOKE

Work as front yoke to end of armhole shaping. Cont. until armholes
measure same as front armholes.
To Shape Shoulders—1st and 2nd
Rows: Work to last 8 (9) sts., turn.
3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 16

(18) sts., turn. 5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 25

(26) sts., turn.
7th Row: Work to end.
8th and 9th Rows: Cast off 25 (26)

sts., work to end.

Change to No. 9 needles and work 7 rows rib for neckband. Cast off loosely in rib.

FRONT

With right side facing, using No. 9 needles and 1 ball each m.c. and c.c., k up 101 (109) sts. evenly along lower edge of front yoke.

SUN AND SAND . . . concluded

2nd Row: Patt. to within last 1 ch. sp., turn. Work 3 (3, 4) patt. rows. Fasten

FRONT

Work as back until 4 rows less are

work as back until 4 rows less are completed to beg, of neck shaping.

To Shape Neck — 1st Row: Work patt. until 12 (13, 13) 1 ch. sps. are completed, 1 tr. in next tr., 1 d.tr. in

ext tr., turn.
2nd Row: 1 sl-st. into first st., 4 ch.,

att. to end, turn.

3rd Row: Patt. to within last two 1 ch. sps., 1 tr. in next tr., 1 d.tr. in next

Page 4 - NEW FOR SPRING

Rep. 2nd row once.
5th Row: Patt. to within last tr., 1 tr.
in last tr., turn. Work patt. row 4 (4,
5) times. Fasten off.

2nd Side of Neck - 1st Row: Miss first 14 (16, 19) tr. for neck, work as 1st row of 2nd side of back neck, turn.

Rep. 3rd, 2nd, 3rd rows of first side of front neck shaping once. 5th Row: 1 sl-st. into first st., patt. to end, turn.

Rep. patt. row 4 (4, 5) times. Fasten

TO MAKE UP

Join side and shoulder seams. Neck, Armhole, and Lower Edgings: As armhole and lower edgings of Top with Straps.

1st Row: Purl.

** 2nd Row: Knit.
3rd Row: K 2 tog., * m 1, p 1, m 1,
y.b., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from

* to last 3 sts., m 1, p 1, m 1, y.b.,
sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.
4th Row: Knit.
5th Row: P 1, * m 1, y.b., sl. 1, k
2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, p 1, rep. from *
to end **. Rep. from ** to ** for 8in.
Change to No. 8 needles and cont.
in patt. for further 8in.
Change to No. 7 needles and cont.
in patt, until front measures 33 (33½)
in. (or 1in, less than desired length)

in. (or lin, less than desired length) from top of shoulder, ending with 3rd or 5th patt. row. Cast off.

BACK Work exactly as for front. SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles and m.c. double, cast on 73 (77) sts., and work 2 rows rib as for front yoke.

To Shape Top: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 43 sts. rem., then every row until 21 sts. rem. Cast off in rib.

FRONT NECKBAND

With right side facing, using No. 9 needles and m.c. double, k up 17 (18) sts. along left side of neck, rib across sts. from stitch-holder, k up 17 (18) sts. along right side of neck. 49 (53)

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from

* to end. Work 6 more rows in rib. Cast off loosely in rib

TO MAKE UP

Using bk-st., join side and sleeve seams and shoulder seams for lin. Sew seams and shoulder seams for I in. Sew in sleeves. With right side facing, using No. 9 needles and m.c. double, k up 20 sts. across back of shoulder openings. Work 4 rows g-st. for underlap. Cast off, Using crochet hook and m.c. double, work 1 row d.c. along front of shoulder openings, working 4 button-loops on each shoulder. Sew underlaps in position. Sew on buttons, With wrong side facing, using 1 ball each m.c. and side facing, using 1 ball each m.c. and c.c., work 1 row d.c. round lower edge of dress. Sew hem facing on wrong side. Press scams.

V-NECK DRESS

Color picture page 3

Materials: 18 (20, 23) balls Patons Breeze, 2 balls Patons Gem; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12, 1 set of four No. 12 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 stitch-holder; No. 11 Phantom crochet hook; 1½yds. Coats Fine Nainsook hem facing

Measurements: To fit 32 (35, 38) bust; length 34 (35, 36) in.; sleeve,

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: M, Breeze; C, Gem; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; t.b.l., through back of loop; r.s.f., right side facing.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and M, cast on 134 (144, 154) sts. and work $2\frac{1}{2}$ (3, $3\frac{1}{2}$) in. st-st.

Next Row — (r.s.f.): K 24, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 26 sts., k 2 tog., k 24.

Work 11 rows. Rep. last 12 rows 7 times. 118 (128, 138) sts.

Change to No. 12 needles for ribbed

Using C, k 1 row, then work 3 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

Using C, k 1 row, then work 9 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

Using C, k 1 row, then work 3 rows k 1, p 1 rib. Break off C.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of 3rd and foll. 20th rows until 110 (120, 130) sts. rem. ** sts. rem.

Cont. until work measures 25 (251,

26) in. from beg.

To Divide for Neck — Next Row (r.s.f.): K 55 (60, 65), turn. Cont. on these sts., dec. 1 st, at neck edge in 2nd row and foll. 3rd rows twice. 52 (57, 62) sts. Work 1 row.

To Shape Armhole — Next Row: Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts., k to end. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next row and

Continued on page 5

V-NECK DRESS . . . concluded

foll. 3rd rows 3 times, at same time dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in alt. rows 5 times. 35 (39, 43) sts.

Cont. dec. at neck edge in every 3rd row, at same time dec, at armhole edge in every 6th row until 23 (24, 25) sts.

rem.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge in alt. rows
5 (4, 3) times, at same time dec. 1
st. at armhole edge in 6th row. 17 (19,
21) sts. Work 1 row.

To Shape Shoulder — Next Row:
Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts., k to last 2 sts.,
k 2 tog. Work 1 row. Cast off.

Join yarn at centre front and work
other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as front to **. Cont. until work

BACK

Work as front to **. Cont. until work measures same as front to underarm.

To Shape Armholes (r.s.f.): Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 84 (92, 100) sts. rem., then foil, 6th rows until 74 (80, 86) sts. rem. Work 5 (3, 1) row (s).

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Work 6 rows on rem. 42 (44, 46) sts.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 5 k 2 tog., turn.

Cont. on these sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 1 st. rem. Fasten off.

off.

Slip next 28 (30, 32) sts. on stitchholder, join in yarn, and work other
side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and C, cast on 70 (74, 78) sts. and work 3 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

70 (74, 78) sts. and work 3 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

Using M, k 1 row, then work 9 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

Using C, k 1 row, then work 3 rows k 1, p 1 rib. Break off C.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th rows until there are 30 (84, 88) sts. Work 3 rows.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, ben dec. 1 st. each end of next and at those until 24 sts. rem.

Work 21 (23, 25) rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

NECKBAND
Using bk-st., sew sleeves to front

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and back, placing half cast-off sts. at tops of sleeve to side of 12 rows at top of back. R.s.f., using set of four No. 12 needles and M, commence at left front shoulder seam and k up 57 (61, 65) sts. along left side of neck, 1 st. from centre front, 57 (61, 65) sts. along right side of neck, and 63 (65, 67) sts. across tops of sleeves and back of neck (incl. sts. from stitch-holder). 178 (188,

198) sts.

1st Round: Using C, k.

2nd Round: Using C, (k 1, p 1) 27

(29, 31) times, k 1, p 2 tog. t.b.l., k
1 (st. at centre front), p 2 tog., * k 1,
p 1, rep. from * to end.

3rd Round: Using C, rib to within
2 sts. of centre st., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.,
k 1, k 2 tog., rib to end.

4th Round: Using C, rib to within
2 sts. of centre st., p 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1,
p 2 tog., rib to end.

5th Round Using M, k to within 2

sts. of centre st., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1,
k 2 tog., k to end.

Using M, work 9 rounds in rib, dec.
each side of centre st. as before in every
round. Break off M.

15th Round: Using C, as 5th round.

Work 3 rounds in rib, dec. each side

Work 3 rounds in rib, dec. each side of centre st. as before in every round. Work 1 round in rib without shaping. Work 17 rounds in rib, inc. 1 st. each side of centre st. in every round. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using bk-st., join side and sleeve seams. Fold neckband in half and sl-st. on wrong side. Using M, work I row d.c. round lower edge. Pin hem facing flat on wrong side at lower edge and sew in position. Press

BY THE SEA

Color picture page 6

SWEATER

Materials: 11 (12, 14) oz. Strutt's Double Lustre or 9 (10, 12) oz. Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 Aero knitting needles; 16in. Aero circular twin pin.

Measurements: To fit 32-34 (36-38) in. bust; length from shoulder, 22in.
Tension: 11 st. to 2in. over patt.; 7

Tension: 11 st. to 2in, over patt.; 7
rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: Cf., cotton forward;
c.r.n., cotton round needle; c.o.n.,
cotton over needle.

PATTERN

Multiple of 11 plus 3.

FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 90 (101)
sts. Work three rows in k 1, p 1 rib,
inc. 1 st. at end of last row. 91 (102)
sts. Cont. in patt.

inc. 1 st. at end of last row. 91 (102) sts. Cont. in part.

PATTERN

1st Row: * K 3, c.f., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., c.r.n., p 2, c.o.n., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., c.f., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3.

2nd Row: P 6, k 2, * p 9, k 2, rep. 2nd Row: P 6, k 2, * p 9, k 2, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 6.

3rd Row: K 6, p 2, * k 9, p 2, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

4th Row: Rep. 2nd row.

These four rows form patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 14in.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping continuity of patt. cast off 6 sts. at her

To Shape Armholes: Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 6 sts. at beg, of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and each alt. row until 69 (80) sts. rem. Work 30 (34) rows in patt. To Shape Neckline: Work in patt. over 14 sts., cast off 41 (52) sts. Work in patt. to end. Work 19 (23) rows in patt. on this section. Cast off. Join cotton at neck edge and work other side to correspond. side to correspond.

BACK

Cast on 90 sts. for 32-34in, and 36in, bust and 101 sts. for 38in, bust. Work as front,

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. Join shoulder seam and side seams.

NECKBAND

Using twin pin, with right side fac-ing, join cotton at shoulder seam, pick up 170 (182, 193) sts. round neckline. 1st Round: Work in rib to within 3

sts. from corner of neckline; mitre corner thus: If next st, is k, k 2 tog., if p, p 2 tog., k corner st., dec. 1 st, in next 2 sts. as first dec., * work in rib

Continued on page 7

HOLIDAY SWEATER

Color picture page 6

Materials: 16 (18, 20) oz. Strutt's Double Lustre or 12 (13, 15) oz. Strutt's Millord Knitting Cotton No. 4; 1 pair No. 10 Aero knitting needles. Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in.

Tension: 6 sts. to lin. over p row

FRONT AND BACK (alike)
Cast on 98 (106, 114) sts. Work 3
rows in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of
3rd row. 99 (107, 115) sts.
Pattern—1st Row: (Right side) purl.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * c.f., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., rep. from * to end.

4th Row: Purl. These 4 rows form patt. Work in patt. until 114 (118, 118) rows from beg. of patt. Cont. thus:

patt. Work in patt. until 114 (118, 118) rows from beg. of patt. Cont. thus:

SLEEVES

Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows and 6 sts. at beg. of foll. 4 rows. 131 (139, 147) sts. Work in patt. until sleeve edge measures 6 (64, 64) in.

To Shape Top of Sleeves, Neckline, and Shoulders: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., work in patt. over 41 (45, 49) sts., turn. Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., work in patt. to end. Next Row: Cast off 8 sts., work in patt. to end. Next Row: Cast off 8 sts., work in patt. to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice.

Next Row: Work in patt., cast off rem. sts. Slip 25 sts. on st.-holder. Join cotton at neck edge and work in patt. to end. Work other side to correspond. NECKBAND

Right side facing, pick up 5 (10, 10) sts. across shoulder near neckline, 15 (17, 17) sts. down side of neckline, transfer 25 sts. from holder, 15 (17, 17) sts. up side of neckline, 5 (10, 10) sts. across shoulder. Work 3 rows in rib dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of each row. Cast off in rib. Work other piece the same. Join shoulder seams.

SLEEVE BAND

Right side facing, pick up 76 (80, 84) sts. across sleeve. Work 3 rows in rib, cast off in rib. Sew up side seams.

Press all seams on wrong side lightly with warm iron and damp cloth.

NEW FOR SPRING — Page 5

NEW FOR SPRING - Page 5



SUMMER STRIPES Color picture page 6

Materials: 23 (25, 27) oz. white, 3 (4, 4) oz. green Strutt's Double Lustre or 17 (18, 20) oz. white, 2 (3, 3) oz. green Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; 1 pr. each Nos. 7, 8, and 9 Aero knitting needles; No. 12 Aero crochet book

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in.

bust; length from top of shoulder, 334in.

Tension: 5 sts. and 7 rows to 1in. on No. 7 needles; 11 sts. and 15 rows to 1in. on No. 8 needles; 6 sts. and 8 rows to 1in. on No. 9 needles.

Abbreviation: C.f., cotton forward.

BACK AND FRONT (alike)

Using white and No. 7 needles, cast on 110 (116, 122) sts. Work 6 rows st-st.

on 110 (116, 122) sts. Work 6 rows st-st.

7th Row: K 2, * c.f., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. (Hem row.)
Cont. in st-st.: 19 rows white, 2 rows green, 20 rows white, 2 rows green. 20 rows white, 2 rows green until 3 green stripes have been completed. (For longer length work extra rows in this section before change of needles.)

Change to No. 8 needles, complete 3 green stripes. Change to No. 9 needles,

green stripes. Change to No. 9 needles, complete 2 green stripes. Work 20 rows white.

white.

Beg. to Shape Sleeves on Next Green
Stripe: Cast on 3 sts. at beg. of next 4
rows. Cast on 8 sts. at beg. of next 2
rows. 138 (144, 150) sts. Cont. in stripe
patt. until sleeve edge measures 5½ (6,
6½) in., ending on p row.

To Shape Neckline: K 48 (50, 52),
cast off 42 (44, 46), k to end. Work
8 (10, 12) rows on this section.

To Shape Sleeves and Shoulders:
Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next and every
alt. row until 6 (8, 10) sts. rem. Cast
off. Join cotton at neck edge and work
other side to correspond.

other side to correspond.

VERTICAL STRIPES ON FRONT

Place marker in st. at left-hand corner of neckline, trace st. to hem row, insert crochet hook in this st. at hem row, draw green cotton through from back, insert hook in corresponding st. of row above, draw green through and through loop on hook, cont. in this manner to marker, end off. Return to hem row, insert hook between st. just worked and next st. and work in same manner. Count 15 sts. each side of stripe and work 2 more stripes in same manner.
TO MAKE UP

Press pieces on wrong side with hot iron and very damp cloth. Join shoulders and side seams matching

NECKLINE AND SLEEVE EDGING Using white, work 1 row d.c. round

edges.

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., (1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c.) in next d.c., rep. from * to end. Fasten off. Press.

CROCHET JUMPER SUIT Color picture page 8

Materials: 21 (22, 23) balls Emu Italian Knit or French Knit 5-ply; No. 10 and 13 crochet hooks; waist-length

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; hips, 34 (36, 38) in.; length, 20 (204, 21) in. for sweater, 19in. for

Tension: No. 10 hook — 10 h.tr. to 2in.; No. 13 hook — 3 patts. to 3\frac{1}{2}in.

SKIRT BACK AND FRONT (alike)

Using No. 10 hook, make 91 (96, 11) ch.

1st Row: 1 h.tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 h.tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn. 2nd Row: 1 h.tr. in each st. to end, 2 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row until work measures

Rep. 2nd row until work measures 15in.

Dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row 6 times. Work lin. in d.c. Fasten off. Join side seams. Work herringbone cas-ing over elastic at waist.

TOP

** Using No. 13 hook, make 92 (98,

104) ch.

Foundation Row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 4 tr. in next ch., * miss 2 ch., (1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.) in next ch., miss 2 ch., 5 tr. in next ch., rep. from * to last 4 ch., miss 2 ch., (1 tr., 2 ch.,

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1 tr.) in next ch., 1 tr. in last ch., turn.
15 (16, 17) patts.
1st Row: 3 ch., * (1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr.)
in 2 ch. sp., 4 tr. in centre of 5 tr.
of previous row, rep. from *, ending
with 1 tr. in turning ch., turn.
2nd Row: 3 ch., * (1 tr., 2 ch., 1
tr.) between 2nd and 3rd tr. of 4 tr.
block of previous row, 5 tr. into 3 ch.
sp., rep. from *, ending 1 tr. in turning ch., turn.

th.) between 2nd and 3rd tr. of 4 tr. block of previous row, 5 tr. into 3 ch. sp., rep. from *, ending 1 tr. in turning ch., turn.

3rd Row: 3 ch., * 4 tr. into centre of 5 tr. of previous row, (1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr.) in 2 ch. sp., rep. from *, ending 1 tr. in turning ch., turn.

4th Row: 3 ch., * 5 tr. in 3 ch. sp., (1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.) between 2nd and 3rd tr. of 4 tr. block, rep. from *, ending 1 tr. in turning ch., turn. These 4 rows form patt., cont. until work measures 12 (12½, 13) in.

To Shape Armholes — Next Row: Sl-st. across 2 patts., work to last 2 patts., turn. ** Cont. straight until work measures 19½ (20½, 20½) in.

To Shape Shoulders — Next Row: Sl-st. across 1 patt., work to last patt., turn. Rep. this row twice more. Fasten off.

FRONT

FRONT

Work as back from ** to **. Cont. straight until front measures 17½ (18,

[18] in. To Shape Neck — Next Row: Work across 4] (5, 5]) patts., turn. Next Row: Sl-st. across 2 sts., work

Next Row: SI-st, across 2 sts., turn.
Next Row: Work to last 2 sts., turn.
Rep. last 2 rows until 3 patts. rem.
Cont. straight until front measures
same as back, ending neck edge.
To Shape Shoulder — Next Row:
Work to beg. of last patt, turn.
Next Row: SI-st. across first patt,
work to end.

work to end. Next Row: Work to beg. of last patt.

Next Row: 17 (5, 5½) patts, in from opposite edge, leaving 2 patts, unworked at centre front. Complete as first side.

SLEEVES

12 book make 74 (74, 80)

SLEEVES
Using No. 13 hook, make 74 (74, 80)
ch. Work in patt. for 2in.
To Shape Top — 1st Row: SI-st. across 2 patts., work to last 2 patts., 1 d.c., turn.

2nd Row: Sl-st. across 1 patt., work to last 1 patt., 1 d.c., turn.

3rd Row: Sl-st. across ½ patt., work to last ½ patt., 1 d.c., turn. Rep. 3rd row 4 times. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP
Join shoulder seams, sew in sleeves,
join side and sleeve seams. Press with
warm iron and damp cloth.

EDGING

Work 5 rounds of d.c. on lower edge and neck edge and 3 rows on sleeve edges, one row on lower edge of skirt.

BY THE SEA . . . continued

to within 3 sts. from next corner, work in same manner, rep. from * to end of round. (K corner st. in every round.) Work 5 more rounds, cast off in rib.

ARMBANDS

Using twin pin, pick up sts. round armhole. Work 6 rounds in rib. Cast off in rib.

Materials: 5oz. white, 6oz. navy
Strutt's Double Lustre, or 4oz. white,
6oz. navy Strutt's Milford knitting
cotton No. 4; No. 11 crochet hook; 1
pair 6in, detachable bag handles; piece
material for lining; 1 large button.
Measurements: 15in. x 11in.
Abbreviation; Shl., shell.
Using navy, make 145 ch., join toform circle. (Do not twist chain.)

1st Round: Miss 2 ch., 5 tr. in next

cong havy, make 149 ch., join to form circle. (Do not twist chain.)

1st Round: Miss 2 ch., 5 tr. in next ch. (shl.), miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch. * miss 2 ch., 1 shl. in next ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., rep. from * to end. Drop navy, join in white.

2nd Round: 3 ch. count as 1 tr., 2 tr. in base of 3 ch. (half shl.), * 1 d.c. in centre of next shl., 1 shl. in next d.c., rep. from * to last shl., 1 d.c. in shl., 2 tr. in same st. as half shl., join in top of 3 ch. Drop white, join in mavy.

3rd Round: * 1 shl. in d.c., 1 d.c. in centre tr. of shl., rep. from * to end of round. Drop navy, join in white. Rep. last 2 rounds until 25 rounds have been worked from beg.

Next Row: Using white, 3 ch., 2 tr. in same st., work in patt. until 11 shls.

Concluded on page 15

Concluded on page 15

NEW FOR SPRING - Page 7





SPRING SWEATER

Color picture page 8

Materials: 12 (13) balls Lincoln Bri-Nylon 4-ply or Cleckheaton 4-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (35) in. bust; length, 21 (21½) in.; sleeves, 13in.

Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 131 (147) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st. until back measures 131in., ending

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 103 (115) sts. rem. Cont. straight until armholes measure 4 (4½) in.

Next Row: Work 50 (56) sts., work Next Row: Work 50 (56) sts., work 2 tog., turn, work on this side only until armhole measures 7½ (8) in., ending armhole edge. Cast off 10 (11) sts. at beg. of next and foll. 2 alt. rows. Work 1 row, cast off rem. sts. Rejoin yarn at centre back and work to correspond with first side.

FRONT

Work basque as back. Change to No. 10 needles and patt.:

1st Row: K 1, k 2 tog. * k 6, w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 6, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * k 5, w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 5, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * k 4, w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 4, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

7th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * k 3, w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

9th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * k 2, w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

Page 10 - NEW FOR SPRING

11th Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., * k. 1, w.fwd., k. 11, w.fwd., k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1.

13th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 13, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

14th Row: Purl.

Rep. these 14 rows until work measures same as back to armholes. Shape armholes as back. Cont. straight until armholes measure 5 ($5\frac{1}{2}$) in.

To Shape Neck-Next Row: Work 39 (44) sts., cast off centre 25 (27) sts., work to end. Cont. on this side only, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 9 (11) rows. Cont. straight until armhole measures 7½ (8) in., ending armhole edge. Shape shoulder as back. Rejoin yarn at inner edge and work to correspond with first side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 64 (70) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 14in. Change to No. 10 needles, cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and foll. 6th rows until inc. to 94 (102) sts. Cont. straight until sleeve measures 13in. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, Work 2 rows straight.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k l, p.s.s.o., k 2. Work 3 rows straight. Dec. 1 st. each end of next row as before. Then dec. each end of every alt. row until 50 (54) sts. rem., then each end of every row until 26 (28) sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using fine bk-st., join shoulder scams. With No. 12 needles, pick up and k approx. 104 (114) sts. evenly round neck edge. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

TO MAKE UP

Sew in sleeves, join side and sleeve ams. Fold neckband to wrong side seams. Fold neckband to wrong side and sl-st. in position. Work 2 rows d.c. on back opening, making 3 buttonholes on right side in 2nd row. Sew on but-

BLUE SKIES

Color picture page 9

Materials: 8 (9) balls main color (m.c.), 3 balls contrast (c.c.) Patons Gem Knitting Cotton; 1 No. 11 Milwards crochet hook; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 33 (36) in. bust; length, 21 (21½) in.

Tereiro 6 by the balls of a state of the color of the

Tension: 6 h.tr. to 1in., 4 patts. to

Abbreviations: H.tr., half treble; y.o.h., yarn over hook; dec., (y.o.h., draw loop through next st.) twice, y.o.h. and draw through all loops on

FRONT YOKE

Using c.c., make 79 (87) ch. loosely.

1st Row: Miss 2 ch., 1 h.tr. in each
ch. to end, 2 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 h.tr. in each h.tr. to

end, 2 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd row 8 (10)

To Shape Neck — Next Row:
1 h.tr., in each of first 26 (28) h.tr.,
dec. over next 2 h.tr., 2 ch., turn.
Cont. on these sts., dec. once at neck
edge in next 11 rows — 16 (18) h.tr.
To Shape Shoulder — Next
Row: Sl-st. over first 8 (9) h.tr., 1 h.tr.,
in each h.tr. to grad Fester off Miss. in each h.tr. to end. Fasten off. Miss next 21 (25) h.tr. at neck edge; join in yarn and work other side to corres-pond.

FRONT

Using m.c., work along other side of foundation ch. of yoke as follows: Join yarn in first ch. and work 4 ch., 3 tr. in same ch., * miss 3 ch., (1 d.c., 3 ch., 3 tr.) in next ch., rep. from * to last 4 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. in last ch., 4 ch. tum

ch., turn.
2nd Row: 3 tr. in d.c., * (1 d.c., 3

ch., 3 tr.) in ch. loop, rep. from * to last ch. loop, 1 d.c. in loop, 4 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 3 tr. in d.c., * (1 d.c., 3 ch., 3 tr.) in ch. loop, rep. from * to end, 4 ch., turn.

4th Row: 3 tr. in first tr., * (1 d.c., 3 ch., 3 tr.) in ch. loop, rep. from *

3 ch., 3 tr.) in ch. loop, rep. from * to end, 4 ch., turn. Rep. 4th row 4

9th Row: 3 tr. in first tr., * (1 d.c., 3 ch., 3 tr.) in ch. loop, rep. from * to last ch. loop, 1 d.c. in loop, 4 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row until work measures (21½) in. from shoulder, omitting

turning ch. in last row. Passell BACK YOKE AND BACK Work exactly as for front. TO MAKE UP

Using flat seam, join side and shoulder seams. Using matching colors, work 1 row d.c. round neck and armholes, then work second row, using m.c. Sew on buttons as illustrated.

PRETTY PINK

Color picture page 9

Materials: 16 (16, 17) balls Emu Italian Knit 5-ply or French Knit 5-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 8, 10, and 11 needles; ribbon for waist; frame and

lining for bag.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 35 (35\frac{1}{2}, 35\frac{1}{2}) in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in. on bodice patt., using No. 10 needles.

SKIRT SECTION (knitted sideways)

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 110 sts. 1st Row: Sl. 1, k l, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times y.fwd., k to end.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, k 2, p to last 2

sts, k 2.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, k 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, y.fwd., k to end.

4th Row: As 2nd.

5th Row: Sl. 1, k 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, y.r.n., p to last 3 sts., k 3

6th Row: Sl. 1, k to last 8 sts., p 6,

7th Row: Sl. 1, k 1, * (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) rep. from * to last 4 sts., y.fwd.,

k 4.

8th Row: Sl. 1, k to end.

9th Row: Cast off 4 sts. (5 sts. have been used), k 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, y.r.n., p to last 3 sts., k 3.

Rows 2 to 9 incl. form patt. Rep. these 8 rows until work measures 36 (38, 40) in., then work 2nd row once. Cast off at same tension as cast on.

BODICE BACK

With right side of skirt facing, using

With right side of skirt facing, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k 117

Continued on page 13



PARTY GIRL

Color picture page 11

Materials: 4 balls pink 818, 1 ball snow-white D-M-C Knitting Cotton, special quality No. 4; one pair each Nos. 13 and 14 knitting needles; 4 curtain rings (for buttons); 3 ½in. but-

Measurements: To fit 4- to 5-year-old; length from top of shoulder,

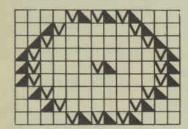
18½in.
Tension: 15 sts. and 22 rows to 2 sq. in. on No. 13 needles.

LEFT FRONT

With pink and No. 13 needles, cast on 75 sts. Work 34 rows st-st. Before beg. 35th row, pick up cast-on sts. on No. 14 needle, then k tog. 1 st. from each needle forming hem. P 1 row. **

Cont. thus for next 18 rows: 4 sts. in st-st., 1 openwork patt. (see graph), 9 sts. in st-st., 1 openwork patt., 9 sts. in st-st., 1 openwork patt., 14 sts. in st-st.

OPENWORK PATTERN. Odd rows 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17 are shown on graph and worked from right to left. Even rows (not indicated) are worked in purl throughout.



sl. l, k l, p.s.s.o., yarn over hook.

Yarn over hook, k 2 tog.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at outside edge every 10th row 9 times and 1 st. at front edge every 3in. 3 times, at the same time, after every 18th row work

Page 12 - NEW FOR SPRING

I openwork patt. at front edge, placing

when work measures 12½in. from bottom, shape armhole by casting off on every 2nd row 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. once, 1 st. 7 times.

When work measures 16¾in., shape

neck by casting off on every alt. row at neck edge 6 sts. once, 4 sts. once, 3 sts. once, 2 sts. twice, 1 st. once; at the same time in last 10 rows cast off 6 sts. 5 times on alt. rows at shoulder

RIGHT FRONT

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, reversing shapings.

LEFT BACK

With pink and No. 13 needles cast on 72 sts. Work as front to **.

Cont. thus for 18 rows: 6 sts. in stst., 1 openwork patt. (see graph), 9 sts. in st-st., 1 openwork patt., 9 sts. in st-st., 1 openwork patt., 9 sts. in st-st., 2 openwork patt., 9 sts. in st-st., 3 times and 1 st. at outside every 3in. 3 times and 1 st. at outside edge every 10th row 9 times.

edge every 10th row 9 times.

When work measures 123in. from bottom, shape armhole by dec. on altrows, 3 sts. once, 2 sts. once, 1 st. 7

When work measures 131in., cast on

3 sts. at centre edge for turning. When work measures 17½in., cast off on alt. rows 9 sts. once and 3 sts. 4 times at neck edge, 6 sts. 5 times at armhole edge.

RIGHT BACK Work as left back, reversing shapings.

TO MAKE UP Press lightly on wrong side. Join centre back and front seams, then shoulders and sides. Fold in turning on

back opening.

BAND AND BOW

With white and No. 13 needles, cast on 28 sts. Work in st-st, for 16\frac{3}{2}\text{in., cast} off, Fold in half and join long edges by

overcasting; place this seam in middle of band and overcast ends. With white and No. 13 needles, cast

With white and No. 13 needles, cast on 24 sts. and work in st-st. for 5½in. Join in same way as 1st band. Gather across centre to make bow shape.

Place seam of long band over centre front seam and sew on four buttons previously covered with cotton, thus

joining band to dress. Slip bow under-neath band, as illustrated, before attaching top button.
ARMHOLE FACINGS (2)

With pink cotton and No. 13 needles, cast on 86 sts. K 6 rows st-st. Change to No. 14 needles, work 4 rows st-st.; change to No. 13 needles, work 6 rows st-st. Cast off. Make another piece the

NECK FACING (1)

With pink and No. 13 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work as armhole facing.
TO FINISH OFF

Sew facings to inside of garment lin. from edges; fold half on to right side and sl-st. in place.

Make 3 button loops on back opening and sew on buttons to correspond

AT THE PARK

Color picture page 11

Materials: 10 (12) balls main color (m.c.), 4 (4) balls contrast color (c.c.) Patons Gem Knitting Cotton; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive needles; 6 small but-tons; Phantom crochet hook No. 10;

Measurements: To fit 24 (26) in. chest; length, 19 (20) in.; sleeve, 2in. Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in.

FRONT

Using No. 8 needles and m.c. double, cast on 104 (110) sts.

1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row: Purl. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times.

Next Row: K 26, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 42 (48), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 26. Work 11 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 25, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 40 (46), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 25. Work 11

Next Row: K 24, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 38 (44), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 24. Work 11

Next Row: K 23, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 36 (42), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 23. Work 11 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 22, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 34 (40), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 22. Work 11

rows st-st.

Next Row: K 21, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 32 (38), sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 21. Work 11 rows st-st.

Continued page 13

FREE-WHEEL

Color picture page 11

Materials: 3 balls blue 796, 4 balls snow-white D-M-C Knitting Cotton, special quality No. 4; No. 2½ crochet hook; one pair No. 13 knitting needles for edgings of panties; 4in. zipfastener; elastic thread,

Measurements: To fit 4- to 5-year-old; length from top of shoulder,

194in.
Tension: 18 rows and 23 sts. measure

4 sq. in. PATTERN STITCH

1st Row (right side of work on a foundation of d.c.): 2 ch. for turn, foundation of d.c.): 2 ch. for turn, *
1 tr. in 1st foundation st., leaving last loop on hook, 1 tr. in 2nd foundation st., leaving last loop on hook, y.o.h. and draw through 3 loops on hook (1 group made), rep. from * to end of row, working 1st tr. of each group in same st. as last tr. of preceding group and 2nd treble in next d.c. To keep patt. straight, end this row with 1 tr. in same st. as 2nd tr. of last group.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): 1 ch. for turn, 1 d.c. in each group in previous row.

vious row.

Rep. these 2 rows, passing hook through both upper loops of each st. in row below.

Note: Dccs. are made on d.c. rows.
To dec. at beg. of row: Work sl-st.
over dec. sts. and cont. in patt. To dec.
at end of row: Leave specified number
of sts. unworked, turn, and cont. work.

FRONT

Using blue and No. 2½ hook, make 92 foundation ch. plus 1 ch. for turn.

FREE WHEEL . . . concluded

Next Row: Miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each of foundation ch. Cont. in patt. st. working 8 rows blue, 2 rows white, 8

rows blue.

Cont. in white, dec. 1 st. every 6th row 9 times. When work measures 14½in. from beg., shape armholes by dec. at each end of every alt. row 3 sts. once, 1 st. twice.

When work measures 18½in., shape neck and shoulders, thus:

Leave 10 sts. unworked in centre, dec. 6 sts. on alt. rows three times at

6 sts. on alt. rows three times at shoulder edge, 4 sts. once, 3 sts. once, and 2 sts. once on alt. rows at neck edge for each side

BACK

Work as front until back measures 14½in. from beg. (64 sts.) Divide work in centre and finish each side separately. Cont. in patt. until back opening measures 44in. Dec. 7 sts. twice on alt. rows for neckline. Fasten off. Work 2nd side as 1st.
TO MAKE UP

Sew up shoulder and side seams, matching rows.

ARMHOLE EDGINGS

Using white and crochet hook, make chain 9in. long. Work 1 row d.c. into ch. Join with sl-st. into circle. Fasten off. Stitch trimming round armhole wrong side out.

NECK EDGING

With blue and crochet hook, make ch. 12in. long. Work 1 row d.c. into ch., then 1st row of patt st. into d.c. row. Finish with 1 d.c. row worked over patt. row and along narrow ends. Fasten off. Stitch edging to neckline.

Using white, work 1 row d.c. round back opening excluding neck edging. Sew in zip-fastener,

Work 1 row d.c. on foundation row round bottom of dress.

PANTIES

PANTIES

PANTIES

(In one piece, starting at back.)

With blue cotton and crochet hook, make 68 ch. plus 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: Miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each ch. to end. Cont. in patt. st. as for dress for 22 rows. Cont. in patt., dec. 3 sts. each end every alt, row 8 times, then inc. each end every alt. row 1 st.

3 times, 2 sts. twice, 3 sts. once, 4 sts. once, 8 sts. once. Work straight in patt. for 22 rows. Fasten off.

With No. 13 needles, pick up 66 sts. on last crochet row, knitting twice into first and last st., and once into every other d.c. Work 10 rows k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely. Work back border the same, picking up 70 sts.

Work 4 rows k 1, p 1 rib round each leg, picking up 86 sts. Cast off.

Join side seams. Stitch 2 rows elastic thread through rib at waist and single row round each leg.

AT THE PARK . . . concluded

Next Row: K 20, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 30 (36), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 20, 76 (82) sts. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 14½in. from beg., ending with p row **. Break double m.c., join in double

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then deconce each end every row until 36 (38)

s. rem. 26in. Size Only: Work 1 row without

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 2 tog, k 12 cast off 8 (10) sts, k 12, k 2 tog. Dec. once each end every alt. row until 3 (5) sts, rem., then at armhole edge only until 2 sts. rem.

Next Row: P 2, turn, k 2 tog. Fasten off

off Join in yarn at neck edge and work to correspond with other side.

BACK

BACK

Work as front to **. Break off double m.c. and join in double c.c.

To Shape Armhole and Divide for Back Opening — 1st Row: Cast off 4 (5) sts., k 34 (36), turn.

Next Row: K 1, p to end.

Dec. once at armhole edge every row until 17 (19) sts. rem., then every altrow until 11 sts. rem. Work 1 row without shaping. Cast off.

Join in yarns and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and m.c. double, cast on 46 (52) sts.

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1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row: Purl. Rep.

1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row: Purl. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.
Break off double m.c., and join in double c.c., and using No. 8 needles cont. st-st. until work measures 2in. from commencement, ending with p

Cast off 4 (5) sts. at beg, of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of needle in next and foll. 4th row, then in every alt. row until 8 sts. rem. Work 1 alt, row until 8 sts. rem. V row without shaping. Cast off.

COLLAR (make 2)

Using No. 10 needles and m.c. double,

lst Row: Knit. 2nd Row: Purl. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times.
Next Row: K 1 (3), (k 2 tog., k 1) 3 times, (k 2 tog.) 11 times, (k 1, k 2 tog.) twice, k 1 (3). Cast off

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using bk-st. seam, sew sleeves to front and back. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Using crochet hook and m.c. double, work one row d.c. evenly round collar edges and lower edge of body and sleeves. Sew collar in position. Sew zip-fastener in position. Sew on buttons as illustrated. Press seams.

PRETTY PINK . . . concluded

(122, 132) sts. evenly along straight edge, from cast on to halfway.

edge, from cast on to halfway.

Beg. patt:

1st Row (wrong side facing): K 2,

* p 3, k 2, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 2, * sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o. the

2 k sts., p 2, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: K 2, * p 1, y.r.n., p 1, k

2, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: P 2, * k 3, p 2, rep. from

* to end.

These 4 rows form patt. Cont. until work measures 28½ (28½, 29) in. from lower edge of skirt, ending wrong-side

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 77 (82, 90) sts. rem. Cont. straight until armholes measure 64in.

Next Row: Patt. 25 (27, 30), turn. Ist Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end. 2nd Row: Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts., work to end. Rep. these 2 rows once. 5th Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to

6th Row: Cast off rem. sts. Fasten

Cast off centre 27 (28, 30) sts., work on rem. 25 (27, 30) sts. as first side. FRONT

Work as back bodice until armholes

work as track bodice until armnoles measure 4½in.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Patt. 28 (30, 33), turn. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next 12 rows. At the same time, when armhole measures same as back, cast off from armhole edge 5 (6, 7) sts. twice and 6 (6, 7) sts. once. Fasten off.

Rejoin yarn, cast off centre 21 (22, 24) sts. and work other side to cor-

Join right shoulder seam. Right side facing, using No. 11 needles, pick up and k 130 (134, 136) sts. round neck

edge.

Ist Row: Purl. 2nd Row: Knit. 3rd
Row: Purl.

4th Row (picot): K 1, * y,fwd., k 2
tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

5th Row: Purl. 6th Row: Knit. 7th
Row: Purl. Cast off fairly loosely.

ARMHOLE EDGINGS

Join left shoulder seam, Right side facing, using No. 11 needles, pick up and k 94 sts. round armhole; work as neckband.
TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct size, press with damp cloth and warm iron, allow to dry before moving. Join side seams of bodice and side seam of skirt. Fold neckband and armhole edgings to wrong side at picot edge and sl-st, in position.

HANDBAG (make 2 pieces)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 82 sts.
Work in bodice patt. for 7in.
Next Row: K 2, * y.fwd., k 2 tog.,
rep. from * to end. Cast off.
Cut lining same length as bag, omit-

ting last row. Join sides and base, attach handle.

NEW FOR SPRING - Page 13



CROCHET SKIMP (above). Worked in groups of treble, it's quick to make. Directions for five sizes at right.

Page 14 - NEW FOR SPRING

CROCHET SKIMP

Materials: 7 (8, 9, 10, 11) balls Villa-wool Gold Label Ban-Lon; Nos. 7 and 8 Aero crochet hooks. Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length, 20in. (all sizes).

sizes).
Tension: 4 tr. to lin.
PATTERN

1st Row: 5 ch., (1 tr. in each of the next 4 ch., 1 ch.) rep. ending 1 tr. in turning ch.

2nd Row: 1 ch., (1 d.c. in the 1 ch. sp., 4 ch.) rep. ending 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in the 4th ch. of turning ch.

Rep. the 1st and 2nd rows inclusive.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE
With No. 8 hook, make 89 (94, 99, 104, 109) ch., 1 d.c. in 9th ch. from hook, (4 ch., miss 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch.) rep. to end. (17, 18, 19, 20, 21 loops.)

ch.) rep. to end. (17, 18, 19, 20, 21 loops.)

Cont. in patt. incl. and when the first 4 rows have been completed change to No. 7 hook. Cont. until work measures 14in. (or length required), ending on 1st row of patt.

To Shape Armholes — Next Row: Sl-st. over 4 tr., 1 d.c., work 2nd row of patt, to last 5 tr., 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp., turn.

of part, to last 5 th, 1 the lift sp, turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1 ch., 1 h.tr. in next ch., 1 tr. in each of next 2 ch., work 1st row of part, to last 4 ch. loop, 1 tr. in each of next 2 ch., 1 h.tr. in next 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., sl-st. in d.c., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over the d.c. 1 h.tr.

Next Row: Sl-st. over the d.c. 1 h.tr. and 2 tr., work 2nd row of patt., 1 d.c. in last 1 ch. sp. (13, 14, 15, 16, 17 loops.) Cont. in patt. until armholes measure 3½in. (or length required), ending on 2nd row of patt.

To Shape Neck: Work 3 (3, 3, 4, 4) patts., turn and work 7 rows on these patts. Fasten off. Miss 7 (8, 9, 9, 9) patts. in centre, join in yazn, 5 ch.

9) patts. in centre, join in yarn, 5 ch., and finish as for other side. TO MAKE UP

Lightly press on wrong side. Neatly join shoulder and side seams, press seams. With No. 8 hook, work 2 rows d.c. round neck, dec. at 4 corners. Work 2 rows d.c. round armholes.

SPECTATOR TOP (below). An easy-line style with directions for 32 to 40in. bust sizes. See page 15.



PINK SWEATER (below). Simply styled to highlight a glowing tan. Crochet directions on page 15.



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SPECTATOR TOP

Color picture page 14

This neat little top looks good over skirts or pants. It's knitted in a simple pattern edged with garter-stitch.

Materials: 6 (6, 7, 8, 9) balls Villawool Purple Label Ban-Lon; 1 pair Nos. 7 and 8 Aero needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length, 19‡ (19‡, 19‡, 20‡, 20‡) in.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in.

PATTERN

1st Row (wrong side facing): K 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.), rep. to last st., k 1. 2nd Row: (K 1, p 1), rep. to end.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Knit.

5th Row: K 1, (k 2 tog., y.fwd.), rep. last st., k 1.

6th Row: (P 1, k 1), rep. to end.

7th Row: Knit. 8th Row: Knit.

Rep. these 8 rows inclusive.

TO MAKE

With No. 8 needles, cast on 94 (100, 106, 112, 118) sts. and k 4 rows.

Change to No. 7 needles and cont. in patt. until work measures 13in. (or length required), ending on wrong-side

To Shape Armholes: Keeping patt. in order, cast off 4 (4, 5, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 76 (78, 80, 82, 84) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 5 (5\frac{1}{2}, 5\frac{1}{2}, 6) in. on the straight, ending on wrong-side row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Work 28 sts., cast off loosely centre 20 (22, 24, 26, 28) sts., work 28 sts.

24, 20, 28) sts., work 28 sts.

Cont. on last 28 sts. and dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every row until 16 sts. rem. Work 4 rows in patt., then k 1 row, p 1 row. Cast off loosely on next row. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side.

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FRONT

Work as back.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up right shoulder and press seam open.

NECKBAND

With right side facing and No. 8 needles, neatly pick up and k 116 (120, 124, 128, 132) sts. evenly on neck edge and k 3 rows. Cast off loosely on next row. Sew up left shoulder and press seam open.

ARMHOLE BANDS

With right side facing and No. 8 needles, neatly pick up and k 98 (100, 102, 106, 110) sts. on armhole edges and k 4 rows. Cast off loosely on next

TO FINISH OFF

Sew up the side seams and press seams open.

PINK SWEATER

Color picture page 14

A gay sweater to make for holidays at the beach. It's trimmed with a pretty picot edging.

Materials: 6 (7, 7, 8, 8) balls Villawool Purple Label Ban-Lon; No. 7 and 8 Aero crochet hooks.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length, 20in. (all sizes).

Tension: (1 d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c., 2 ch.) equals lin. (6 ch.)

BACK

With No. 8 hook, make 99 (105, 111, 117, 123) ch. Work 1 d.c. in 6th ch. from hook, (2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch.), rep. to end. (32, 34, 36, 38, 40 loops.)

Next Row: 3 ch., (1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in the 2 ch. loop), rep., ending 1 tr. in 3rd ch.

1st Row: (2 ch. 1 d.c. in 1 ch. be-

tween trs.), rep., ending 2 ch. 1 d.c. in

tween trs.), rep., ending 2 ch. 1 d.c. in 3rd ch.

2nd Row: 4 ch., 1 tr. in 2 ch. loop, (1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in 2 ch. loop), rep., ending 1 tr. in 2 ch. loop, 1 ch. 1 tr. in base of the 2 ch. loop.

3rd Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. in 1 ch. loop, (2 ch. 1 d.c. in 1 ch. loop), rep., ending 2 ch. 1 d.c. in the 3rd ch. of the 4 ch. 4th Row: 4 ch., (1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in 2 ch. loop), rep., ending 1 tr. in the 1 ch.

Rep. these 4 rows incl. Work until 8 rows, then change to the No. 7 hook and cont. until work measures 14in. (or length required), ending on 2nd

(or length required), ending on 2nd patt. row.

To Shape Armholes — Next Row: Sl-st. to the 3rd 1 ch. loop, patt. to the 3rd last 1 ch. loop, turn.

Next Row: 3 ch., miss 2 ch. loop, patt. to last 2 ch. loop, 1 tr. in last loop, turn.

Cont. in patt. for 2in., ending on 3rd row of patt.

To Shape Neck: Patt. 6 (6, 7, 8, 8) loops, 1 tr. in next d.c., turn. Cont. in patt. on these 6 (6, 7, 8, 8) loops until armhole measures 7in. on straight. Fasten off.

Miss 12 (14, 14, 14, 16) loops, join in yarn to d.c. and finish to correspond with the other side.

with the other side.

FRONT

Work as back.
TO MAKE UP

Lightly press work on wrong side. Neatly sew up shoulder and side seams

and press seams.

BORDER FOR NECK

With right side facing and No. 8
hook, join in and work 1 row d.c.
round neck edge, dec. in the 4 corners;
join with sl-st.

Next Round: * (4 ch., sl-st. back
into 1 ch. of the 4 ch., 1 d.c. in the
next 3 d.c.), * rep. to end, join with
sl-st. and fasten off.

RORDER FOR ARMHOUSES AND

BORDER FOR ARMHOLES AND LOWER EDGE

Work I round of d.c., then from * to * of the next round of border of neck.

BY THE SEA . . . concluded

and I half shl. has been worked, 3 tr.

and I half shi, has been worked, 3 in in next d.c. Cut cotton.

Next Row: Join in navy at beg. of last row. Work 12 shis. Cut cotton.

Work 4 more rows in patt. on this section. Fasten off. Join cotton and work other side to correspond.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch., turn. (12 d.c.) Work 18 rows in d.c., 1 ch.,

(12 d.c.) Work 18 rows in d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to last 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., 1 d.c. in last d.c., 1 ch., turn. Rep. last row 4 times. (22 d.c.)

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., 2 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to last 3 d.c., 2 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., 1 ch., turn. Rep. last row once. (30 d.c.)

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each of next 1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., 1 d.c. in last d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Rep. last row once. (30 d.c.)

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each of next 11 d.c., 8 ch., miss 8 d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 11 d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 11 d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 11 d.c., 1 d.c. in each of 8 ch., 1 d.c. in each d.c., to end, 1 ch., turn.

Next Two Rows: 1 d.c. in each de 1 ch., turn.

d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 4 sts., 1 d.c.
in each d.c. to last 4 d.c., sl-st. in

next d.c., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 4 sts., 1 d.c. in each of next 16 d.c., sl-st. in next d.c.,

Next Row: Sl-st. over 4 sts., 1 d.c. in each of next 9 d.c., sl-st. in next d.c. Fasten off. Work d.c. row round flap.

TO MAKE UP

Press flap only. Work 1 row d.c. across bottom of bag, around side openings, and across top. Seam lining and stitch into place, leaving \$\frac{1}{2}\text{in.}\$ opening at ends, then \$\frac{1}{2}\text{in.}\$ from top stitch lining to bag to form hem. Stitch flap to 3rd row from top at centre. Sew button on. Attach handles.

NEW FOR SPRING - Page 15

LACY-KNIT CARDIGAN

Materials: 11 (12, 13, 14) balls Sirdar Double Boucle; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 7 needles; 8 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; actual measurement lin. larger for easy fit; length from top of shoulder, 22½ (23, 23½, 24) in.; sleeve seam, 12½ (12½, 12½, 12½) in.

Tension: Approx. 5½ sts. to 1in. over

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 86 (90, 96, 100) sts. Work 7 rows garter-st, dec. 1 st. beg. last row. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. 1st Row; Knit. 2nd Row: K 1, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) to end of row. 3rd Row: Knit. 4th Row: K 2, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) to last st., k 1.

These 4 rows form patt. Cont. patt. until work measures 14in. or required length, ending 2nd or 4th row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 sts. beg.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 sts. beg.
next 2 rows in 4th size only. Keeping
patt. correct, dec. 1 st. each end next
and every alt. row on all sizes until 21
(23, 25, 25) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10° needles, cast on 48 (50, 52, 54) sts. and work 7 rows in g-st, dec. 1 st. at end last row. Change to No. 7 needles.

1st Row: K to last 6 sts., sl. these sts. on safety-pin for button band.

2nd Row: K 1, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) to end. 3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: K 2, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) to last st., k 1. Cont. patt. until work measures as back to raglans, ending 2nd or 4th patt. row.

To Shape Raglans — 4th Size Only: Cast off 2 sts. beg. next row, k to end. Next Row: Work in patt.

All Sizes: Keeping patt., dec. 1 st. beg. next and every alt. row until 22 (23, 23, 23) sts. rem., ending 1st or 3rd row.

Next Row: Cast off 4 (5, 5, 5) sts., patt. to end. Cont. raglan shap-ing as before, at same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next 3 rows, then dec.

1 st. at neck edge of next 2 alt. rows.

Cont. raglan shaping only until 2 sts.

rem. Work 2 tog., fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 48 (50, 52, 54) sts. Work 3 rows g-st.

Next Row (right side facing): K 2, cast off 2 sts., k 2, k to end.

Next Row: K to last 6 sts., k 2, cast on 2 sts., k 2. Work further 2 rows

Next Row: K 6, sl. these sts. on safety-pin, change to No. 7 needles, and comm. 1st patt. row as back. Complete right front as left front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 49 (51, 53, 55) sts. Work 7 rows g-st. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. as back, inc. 1 st. each end of 9th and each foll. 8th row until 61 (63, 67, 69) sts. Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 12½in., ending 2nd or 4th row.

To Shape Raglans: 4th Size Only: Cast off 2 sts. beg. next 2 rows.

All Sizes: Keeping patt, dec. 1 st. each end next and every 4th row 3 (3, 3, 4) times, then dec. 1 st. each end every alt. row until 3 sts. rem. Cast off.

BUTTON BAND

Using plain matching yarn, join rag-lan seams, Using No. 10 needles, pick up sts. from safety-pin on left front, rejoin yarn, and work in g-st, until sufficient length to fit front when slightly stretched. Leave on safety-pin. Mark position of 7 buttons, first one on 4th row from cast on, top one approx.



BUTTON-THROUGH cardigan, knitted in an openwork pattern-stitch in boucle yarn, is designed for 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust sizes.

2in. down from neck, and 5 more evenly spaced between.
BUTTONHOLE BAND

Using No. 10 needles, pick up sts. from safety-pin on right front, rejoin yarn, and work in g-st. to same length as button band, making buttonholes, as before, opp. markers.

NECKBAND

Right side facing, k across 6 sts. of buttonhole band, pick up and k 26 sts. around side neck, 4 sts. from sleeve top, 21 (23, 25, 25) sts. from back neck, 4 sts. from other sleeve, 26 sts. down other side neck, and k 6 sts. of

button band from safety-pin. Work 3 rows g-st. Next Row: K 2, cast off 2 sts., k to

Next Row: K, casting on over castoff sts. of previous row. Work 3 rows
g-st. Cast off knitwise.

TO MAKE UP

Using plain matching yarn, join side and sleeve seams, using seam tension to hold garment shape. Attach buttonhole and button bands to centre front edges. Sew on buttons to coincide with buttonholes. Press with warm fron and damp cloth damp cloth.

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